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"DAISY."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

Offcourse you can remain awhile.]
Step in, I pray, and warm your thumbs,
I never close my humble door;
'Tis open to whoever comes.
I'm always glad to see a face—
It's very lonesome here alone—
Take off your hat; 'tis wet with snow—
Ah! how the winter wind does moan.

Yes, yes, I know 'tis Christmas eve,
That all the world is gay and glad;
But, sir—O, pshaw, the story 's old,
What matter if an old man's sad?
You say you'd like to hear the tale;
Then, sir, I'll tell it all to you—
'Tis 'bout a dainty, pretty girl,
Wi h scarlet mouth and eyes of blue.

Coy was she as the wildest fawn—
No one could ever call her bold—
Indeed she seemed a fairy queen—
More than a child, and yet not old.
I mind well the day she was born,
Was hard at work, in Taggart's mine,
When old Job Tracy brought the news—
I couldn't see a thing for brine.

I hurried home with grimy face,
Couldn't dig any coal that day—
Had the daisies been fringed with gold,
I wouldn't have stopped to pluck a spray;
No, sir: I was wild with delight,
For even miners have hearts you see,
And I could hear mine beating plain,
Until it almost frightened me.

Perhaps you have seen babies, sir,
Fat and white, in swaddling clothes,
With dimples hiding everywhere,
And doubles fists and tender toes;
Well, that was how my Daisy looked,
Prettier, far, than I can tell,
And when she grew to maidenhood
Some folks called her the village belle.

The years flew on; her mother died,
And when we laid her clay in clay,
And I wept long, for poor, dead wife,
My Daisy kissed the tears away;
And then I pressed her to my heart,
O sad, sad heart, of joy bereft,
And thanked the great, good God above,
That all alone I was not left.

Never was there a better child,
No, sir, though I say it myself—
She always met me with a smile;
The house shone like a piece of delf.
She had a place for everything—
My coat and can and mining lamp;
I b'lieve her nursing saved my life
When I was struck with fire-damp.

Time slipped away in months and years,
And then a stranger came out here,
And by and by, I know not how,
My darling learned to love him dear;
When autumn burned the maples red,
They often walked down by the shore,
But when the snow veiled all the land
He disappeared, and came no more.

She never laughed much after that,
And when she did 'twas cold and wan,
As moonlight on the crested snow,
With all the old time music gone;
I pitied her with all my heart,
Although I never spoke of him,
And often when I saw her cry
My own old eyes grew darkly dim.

At last the Christmas time came 'round,
Time of feasting, joy and mirth,
And I resolved to chase the woe
That shrouded all my home and hearth;
Giving Daisy a swift good bye,
Trudged I off to the market-place,
Where happy faces shone like stars,
And Christmas boughs gleamed green through lace.

My heart was big, my purse was light—
I bought some ribbon to tie her hair,
A brooch of gold with rubies bright,
Such as I knew she'd like to wear;
I think I ran across the fields
Ankle deep in the clinging snow,
I wanted so to see her smile,
Smile, as she did in the long ago.

When I came there was no one here—
Said I, "She's in her chamber there."
And then I spread her presents out
Just where you're sitting, on that chair.
"Daisy," I called. "Daisy, come here;"
Only hollow echoes came back—\
"Oh, Daisy, 'tis your father calls;"
The room was bare—the night was black.

My heart grew numb, and icy, too,
And I cried, I knew, the blow to face;
And, in my agony, I knelt
And begged him for sufficient grace
To bear the heavy burden up;
I asked Him, too, to lift the cross—
I could not drain the bitter cup,
I could not bear my fearful loss.

O, may you never, never know
The pain that wrung my poor heart then;
There are things, sir, that can't be to'd,
Some things beyond both tongue and pen—
It's many a long day since then,
But in my heart burns Hope's bright star—
Some night she will come back to me,
That's why I leave the door ajar.

* * * * * * *

The stranger rose with tear-dimmed eye—
"Old man," said he, "you'll wait no more,
I've brought your darling back to you,"
And then flew wide the oaken door;
And Daisy, wife and mother now,
From blemish free, or stain, or sin,
Wept with joy on her father's breast,
And thus the Christmas time came in.

DARCY'S CHILD;

OR,

THE DUKE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYBIL'S INHERITANCE," "EVELYN'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms the maiden dropped,
And died to succor me.

It was a wonderful contrast that was presented to the eyes of the two young noblemen in that dark and extensive Conigre Wood. The fainting form of Geraldine, who had so utterly succumbed to the mere terror that an averted danger produced, lying helplessly in the arms of the Duke St. Maur, and carefully and tenderly succored by the wounded and heroic girl who had saved her life. And yet there was such a childlike innocence in the lovely young daughter of Sir Ralph, and the duke was so wearied of the conventional damsels of a London season, that for the moment Geraldine's very timidity and helplessness gave her a new and touching charm.

"What can we do with her, young lady?" he said. "I fear she will never be able to ride back to Mont Aspen Court, and there does not appear to be any house near."

Rosalind hesitated. Her father's commands had been so stringent that she dared scarcely carry out her first impulse and suggest her own cottage as a refuge for the invalid, yet surely the most severe judge could not blame her for breaking his rules on such an occasion.

"I—I am afraid it would be too far for the young lady to walk even to my father's cottage," she said, hesitatingly. "But perhaps I could ride her horse to the nearest lodge and get assistance. It is at the entrance to the wood."

Lord Dudley gave her an admiring glance, that fortunately escaped both her own and St. Maur's notice.

"Good Heavens! the idea of your attempting to ride with your arm wounded!" he exclaimed. "It is impossible!"

"Oh, I am too much accustomed to it to be afraid," she returned, quietly; "and no one else would find the place; I mean so quickly. I am afraid we cannot restore the young lady without some help," she added, gazing down on Geraldine's still closed eyes.

But at the moment a faint sigh and quivering of the eyelids betrayed returning consciousness, and Rosalind redoubled her cares at the promising symptoms. Some brandy was successfully poured between the half opened lips of the patient, and Rosalind managed to relieve the tight clasp of the habit, which had retarded the circulation—albeit, her powerless hand made the task a difficult one. Lord Dudley watched her every gesture and movement with a keen, though carefully veiled attention. He noticed the extreme grace of her most unconscious attitude, her white, beautifully moulded fingers, and the air of refinement over her whole figure and mien.

"Miss Tyrell," he said, at length, "you cannot do more. I insist on your attending a little to your own injuries, which, alas! I so unwittingly inflicted. St. Maur, you can support Miss Darcy till she fully recovers, while I venture to be surgeon to her preserver."

He attempted to take Rosalind's wounded arm in his gentle grasp, but she involuntarily recoiled from the uncontrollable glance of passionate admiration that flashed from his dark eyes, which she rather felt than saw.

"Oh, it is nothing; it will bleed a little, but it will be quite easy when it is properly bound up," she said. "Only now that the young lady is better I think I will go home. Shall I send any one to the Court for a carriage?" she added, faintly, for she knew that her strength would not much longer sustain the loss of blood and pain, though she was determined not to yield to a weakness that would entail most dreaded and officious care from the strangers.

Clinton St. Maur looked sharply at the girl's face; there was a deathlike pallor fast spreading over her features that was far more ominous than Geraldine's passing swoon. The young duke had in early manhood been trained for a soldier's life, and he recognised the bloodless hue which the drain of life blood spreads over the warmest skin. And she was suffering, that beautiful, heroic girl, from her own daring courage—her very existence might depend on the stanching of that wound, which was incurred on Geraldine's behalf. Clinton was in love, with a sudden, ardent passion. But yet he uneasily compared these two pale and suffering girls, and his sense of justice prompted him to suspend his tender precious care of his beautiful burden.

"Will you permit me to look at your arm, Miss Tyrell?" he said, respectfully. "I have often dressed wounds, and have some idea what they require. It may save you, and those who love you, much suffering," he added gently.

There was something in his voice and manner that awakened Rosalind's interest, and induced her to lift those wonderful eyes of hers, as if to read in his real truth and meaning. It was an electric-like exchange of sentiment that the momentary gaze into each other's hearts, as it were, passed through those two so widely separated in station; yet, from that instant, there was a strange submission of her will to his. She quietly permitted him to look at the white arm which her loose-hanging sleeve easily exposed to view, and it was faintly streaked by the crimson line of her pure blood. Clinton held it in his hand with the respect he would have shown to an empress. Not one slight pressure, not a thoughtless touch, could offend her proud sensitiveness. No one could possibly have betrayed less obtrusive consciousness that his patient was young and lovely.

"This is a deeper injury than I had hoped," he said, as he gently pressed the spot immediately round the wound and perceived the girl's involuntary shrinking from the pain it inflicted. "I fear there are some shot in the flesh which ought instantly to be removed. Have you courage and faith to allow me to probe it?"

Rosalind smiled faintly. She would have borne a far more desperate operation from that earnest, noble looking man. Besides, it might save her father from anxiety and pain.

"If you think it ought to be done, I will be thankful for you to take the trouble," she murmured, in her sweet, clear tones, that scarcely trembled even in that hour of pain and exhaustion. But at the moment a faint cry came from Geraldine.

"Oh, take her away, take her away! I cannot bear to look on blood!" she gasped, as her eyes strained wildly at the sight of the girl's injured arm.

Rosalind moved within the shade of the thick trees, and signed to Clinton to follow.

"Some persons cannot endure it," she said, apologetically.

"Not even when their own lives have been saved by it," he returned, with an impatient shrug.

"No, not even then, besides, she does not understand. Please be quick, and return to her," added the girl, with an involuntary sharpness for which she could scarcely account even to herself.

He raised the sleeve to the very shoulder, and, as he did so, he remarked a strange scar near the very armpit. A most remarkable scar it was, perfectly unlike all the tales he had heard or read of birth-marks or hereditary peculiarities of race. A kind of circular row was disclosed, as if strong teeth had been imprinted on that soft skin and left their very mould behind—albeit the progress of time and growth had rather filled up and smoothed the deeper dents which they had once made. Rosalind's look followed his with a faint smile.

"You are wondering at the scar," she said. "It is a very peculiar one, I suppose."

"Can you account for it, Miss Tyrell? Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" asked Clinton.

"Never, that I can remember, or my father either," she replied, "though there is another row of the same kind underneath, as if I had once been seized by one. But please do not lose any time," she added, anxiously.

"Are you so very much alarmed?" he asked, as he quickly took out a small case from his pocket and selected from it a tiny probe, which he introduced into the orifice of the wound.

It must have been a painful operation, far more severe than the first infliction of the injury, and it was necessary to move the arm with care and irritate the very tenderest part. But after the first involuntary gasp Rosalind never uttered one groan, and held her arm firmly stretched out without one shrinking and baffling gesture, till the tiny instrument was withdrawn with one or two small shot attached to its point.

"Miss Tyrell, you ought to have been a soldier. I never saw one bear pain so bravely," said the duke, carefully wrapping up the injured limb in his own handkerchief, then making a sling of a scarf he took from his throat. "Miss Darcy will reproach her own feebleness when she knows what you have endured for her."

"Then do not tell her. It is so different for any one brought up as she has been," returned the girl. "Miss Darcy has been reared in sunshine."

"And you—have you been more hardly dealt with?" he asked, curiously.

"No, no. My father is but too good and gentle to me," she answered, eagerly. "But sometimes he is sad and anxious, and we have of course more hardships than you who are nobly born," she added, with a pretty shake of her head.

"And in some cases more happiness," he responded; "but perhaps you are right, Miss Tyrell. We had better not lose any more time."

Whether from alarm for the heiress or the humble maiden could not perhaps be determined, but the duke led the way hurriedly back to the more open space where they had left Geraldine and Lord Dudley. But the group had increased during their absence. Lady Greville and her cavalier were on the scene, and the little ambassadress was inspecting the young invalid with a strangely compounded expression, which changed completely as she turned to the wounded girl.

"Then this is the heroine who saved Miss Darcy's life," she said, holding out her hand. "It is a service beyond price, fair girl," she added, gazing on Rosalind's face, "and I suspect you would not even accept a reward."

"I have had one already," murmured the girl.

"In being tended by a duke," whispered Mr. Farquhar, who was Lady Greville's companion.

"But you must come with us," resumed Lady Greville "I have already sent for a carriage to convey Miss Darcy and I must insist on your accompanying us and receiving proper care and attention. Sir Ralph will be eager to thank you in person."

"I neither wish for nor merit thanks," returned the girl, haughtily, as she perceived Lord Dudley's significant smile. "I knew there were strangers in the wood, and felt certain they were in danger. Whoever it had been would have had the same poor service from me. If you please, I will leave you now," she said, suddenly turning from them to retrace her steps. But either the excitement or the movement the wound appeared to open afresh. The girl staggered as the blood gushed in a torrent from the arm; her head reeled, and she would have fallen but for Clinton's supporting arms.

"This is all simple madness," exclaimed the lady. "The girl has been enduring torture all this time, and her powers give way at last. Mr. Farquhar, be so good as to see whether the carriage has come. Duke, there need be no appeal. Please to convey our little heroine, while Lord Dudley and I will lead Miss Darcy between us."

Geraldine heard this arrangement with a vague distrust towards her preserver, for which she felt an uneasy sense of shame. Her own faintness was well nigh past. She knew that it was her bounden duty to express her gratitude to the preserver—to offer him the help in her suffering, yet she shrank from approaching her or meeting the eyes that she had so recently seen bent admiringly on her beautiful preserver.

"You are still weak and faint. Lean more heavily on me, Miss Darcy," said Lord Dudley. "The shock to the nerves is far more painful than any physical injury. I dare say you will suffer much longer than the wounded damsel who seems so full of pluck," he added.

The girl obeyed in silence. They walked on, with the Duke and Rosalind in front. Geraldine and Lord Dudley fancied that Clinton clasped more closely than was needful that slight form—that he gazed down with causeless agony on the pallid face—that he smoothed away with blameable freedom the shining tresses that flowed over her face as she fell forward on his arm.

"It is astonishing how natural the position seems to be to both," sneered Dudley to his fair companion, who was heavily leaning on his arm. "One would think it was by no means the first time it had been tried, eh, Miss Darcy? I fancy the young girl understands how to make the best of her advantage after all her proud reserve. You have yet to learn these womanly arts, my beautiful Miranda," he murmured. "You are as transparent as the very breath of heaven."

Geraldine did not repulse him. Her heart was sick and her head giddy, and beyond all was that gnawing, dead pain of jealousy, which had never before entered with its barbed arrow into her soul. She would gladly have endured that pain to have won such care—to have been supported in those arms—to have heard the anxious tones which soothed the sufferer during the drive home. But they fell unheeded on the ears for which they were intended. Rosalind's powers had given way at last. Her hands were ice cold, and her features pale and livid during the drive home. The wound did not appear to bleed anew, and the fresh air blew revivingly as they passed rapidly along. The duke and Lady Greville exchanged looks of alarm. They both experienced an uneasy feeling that there was some more serious injury than had yet been discovered. Would it be too late to remedy the mischief? Was the peerless girl to fall a victim to her noble heroism to an unknown stranger?

* * * * * * *

Clinton St. Maur had dressed with a most sublime unconsciousness of the toilette he was making on that eventful evening. His mind was engrossed with Rosalind Tyrell and her danger—ay, and, perhaps, his own. What madness even to dream of the beauty of an obscure village girl—of the offer he had made on the door domestic of his host. The blood of the St. Maurs rushed headlong to his face at the very idea of such plebeian attraction. Yet he could not but confess that Geraldine's childlike loveliness paled to an insipid tint before the image of that splendid girl.

"I will not even think of her, much less see her more!" he exclaimed, after his valet had gone to inquire for the sixth time after the sufferer. "But it is but common humanity to be anxious till she is quite out of danger."

"If you please, your grace, the young person is in bed, and is to be kept very quiet. They are afraid she may be feverish, your grace."

Clinton nodded. He literally feared the comments of his own valet where this bewitching girl was in question. He left the apartment, and took his way to the drawing-room. Geraldine was already there—the very perfection of soft, delicate, timid loveliness, as he approached her, with cheeks still somewhat blanched, and lips that almost asked for a reassuring embrace in their quivering, childlike pout.

"I am rejoiced to see you are equal to this exertion," he said, taking her hand for a moment in his. "I fear your preserver has not quite so much recovered as your precious self."

"Ha! I am told that Tyrell's girl has done good service," remarked Lord Mont Aspen. "I am not surprised. He is a remarkably cool, brave fellow, and I suppose she is a chip of the old block, as the phrase goes."

"And with the old, old motive, I understand," observed Lord Dudley. "I believe there was some expected assignation in the case—some rustic lover, I suppose; and she thought it was all over when my unlucky gun went off."

"Are you sure of that, Vyvian?" asked the earl. "I have seen this girl once or twice, and she always seemed to be the very incarnation of pride and coldness. I could scarcely get a word from her when I took a little civil notice of her for her father's sake."

"That was just it, my dear lord. It was not for her own sake, you see," responded Dudley. "My authority is no less than the cousin of the fortunate swain, who was unhappily prevented by the stern bond of servitude from flying on the wings of love; in plain English, he is your lordship's under-bailiff, who, I suppose, expected the coast to be clear when 'papa was at the hunt,' but had to stay at home to look after his party."

"Then my daughter may feel relieved from a heavy weight of gratitude," observed Sir Ralph. "It is rather to fate than to this young person that her gratitude is due."

"Or, rather, to Providence," put in Lady Greville, gravely. "But I must confess I do rather doubt after all that this same fair Rosalind did not intend to rescue your little Geraldine. Sir Ralph, and my dear, she kept up most nobly till Miss Darcy recovered her composure—did she not, duke?"

"Porcelain is more delicate than Wedgwood," replied Clinton, placing himself by Geraldine on the couch. "I dare say the young person has had a good many narrow escapes in these secret assignations before now."

"Dinner is served, my lady!" at last interrupted the retort that trembled on Lady Greville's lips.

She had been strangely fascinated by the tale of that brave, beautiful girl's heroism, and could scarcely picture to herself the plebian love-making of which she had been accused.

"There is more true aristocracy there than in the pretty little Darcy," she confided to Mr. Farquhar. "And I mean to make acquaintance with her father, in order to decide whether the faries were at work when she was born."

"Ah, that all comes from your foreign training, Lady Greville," replied the bachelor thus addressed. "Even sober, practical English people seem to get infected with German superstitions. But in our cool-blooded ideas no mere physical accidents should raise one rank to the level of another; and I should not be surprised if this girl be ruined for life by this vaunted deed. If I were Sir Ralph I should give the father fifty pounds—for the doctor's bill and loss of his daughter's services—and have done with it. The sooner she is out of the house, and all the fuss about her ended, the better for herself. That's my idea, Lady Greville, if you please."

"But not mine," rejoined the little ambassadress, turning resolutely to her neighbor, and the subject was not renewed for the remainder of the repast.

CHAPTER IX.

For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.

"I have kept my word," said Sanders as Sir Ralph entered his room late on that same evening. "There are few things that baffle me, I can assure you, and even in this strange house I have influence enough to find out many of its secrets or control its tenants. For instance, I assured your man that I would take his place at your toilet this night, and if you choose I can obtain you a glimpse of what it may import you to see, Sir Ralph."

"You may perhaps get your friends out of their berths by your officiousness," remarked Sir Ralph, sternly. "Monson will have his dismissal if he should venture on such insolence again."

"For allowing me the pleasure or waiting on you at your toilet, Sir Ralph? Surely you would not be so very inconsiderate," returned Sanders. "It is far better than a repetition of the nocturnal dodge I tried last night. It's one of my principles never to run any unnecessary risk, but you have not always acted upon it Sir Ralph. One or two of your little escapades were very unnecessary, I must still think. However, that is past. It is with the present we have to deal, and there is enough to do, I can tell you, to keep matters straight. I have heard of the unlucky business to day with your daughter and Miss Tyrell."

"I suppose so. Servants of course exaggerate. I shall give the girl or her father a reward and have done with it," was the impatient reply. "What have you to say as to my proposal of last night?"

"Matters about end to day, Sir Ralph. If I do entertain it, I must be still more handsomely paid than was proposed. That girl is in herself a dangerous rival for Miss Geraldine."

"Do not be so foolish, Saunders," returned Sir Ralph, angrily. "If you venture on one more such insolent allusion to what does not concern you I shall decline any further transactions with you. I can do perfectly well without your assistance."

"Don't be too certain, Sir Ralph," said Sanders, changing his sarcastic tone to one of more determination. "I tell you that you are at my mercy. I know that of which you are ignorant, as well as what would be ruin to you to make public—secrets that have lain buried under the ruins of Darcy Abbey for many a long year. I told you that I could produce Marcus Darcy in a short time. What if I should choose to do so?"

"And in another day see him in prison as a felon," returned Sir Ralph, scornfully.

"Or in the manor as its master, with perhaps an heiress as fair as your own to its wealth and name," said the man, significantly.

"Idiot, he had no child. It died the same night that the Grange was destroyed. I scarcely think he was likely to marry again," answered the baronet.

"He has a daughter, and a fair one, worthy of her race," said Saunders, firmly. "Marcus is no profligate, and he loved his wife well and faithfully. Perhaps there may have been a girl born to him before then," he suggested, thoughtfully. "For if I can guess aright, this daughter will be nearly as old, or even older, than the period of which you speak."

"Pray where is this wonderful Minerva?" observed Sir Ralph. "I suppose she sprang from the ground, according to your theory, for I can safely aver he had but the boy, who died when only a few hours old. In fact, I know that it was desperation on that score which drove him to such crimes."

"Hush, do not utter such frightful untruths when unnecessary," returned the man, bitterly; "but I suppose it is second nature, and you are afraid to break through it, like a false skin that mightn't if it were put off. Will you be convinced if I show her to you? If I tell you that she is near—in this very house, and that by a strange fatality she has saved your daughter's life?"

Sir Ralph started to his feet and glared on his companion like a tiger.

"The falsehood is too absurd, Sanders. Take care you are not exposed as a scoundrelly impostor. As if Walter Tyrell's daughter, the huntsman at Mont Aspen, could be a Darcy. Why, the very idea is preposterous. I saw him this very day, and this is his child."

"So I have been impressing on your mind, Sir Ralph. I am glad you are at last convinced," was the cool rejoinder.

There was a pause for a moment. Ralph Darcy looked as if some extraordinary truth was dawning in his mind.

"Then you mean to imply that Walter Tyrell is Marcus Darcy?" he whispered, with an involuntary shudder.

Sanders nodded.

"I did not recognise him! Good Heavens, how changed!—if it is true," muttered Sir Ralph, rather to himself than his companion.

"You are about right, Sir Ralph. He is changed; but not so much as yourself," answered Sanders, coolly. "Marcus Darcy has weathered sixteen or seventeen years of hardship and hard labor; but they are, perhaps, less hurtful than evil passions and a guilty conscience. His head is white, indeed, before his age. His beard disguises the deep scar cross that was given by your hand when boys in your parents' house, and his face is bronzed with exposure and toil. Still there are the same fine features and the same proud mien that mark your race. And I can prove my words, if you dare me to do so."

He might have gone on for half an hour. Sir Ralph's whole facile, insensate frame was dulled by the tidings. The very atmosphere which was shared by this brother seemed poisoned to his guilty conscience.

"Sanders, if it is so—if you are right—even then it is impossible that this girl can be his daughter; unless you can prove to me a second marriage, and a child's birth."

"I am not quite so well up in that part of his history, Sir Ralph. But I know that the girl who has been brought up by him, and that he has sacrificed all he could do for a child, I am as certain of as that I stand within a few yards of the young lady herself; and I don't think any one could doubt it who saw her likeness to what you and I remember him."

"Then she is base born; she has no claim—no right. You are utterly collapsed in such a theory, Master Sanders," said the baronet, with a miserable attempt at jocularity. "It won't do to leap too high, you will fall over the horse, you know."

"Would you like to see her?" asked Sanders, calmly. "Yes, to see her, when you can well study every feature, without fear of interruption, or the changes that might alter the actual likeness? If so, come with me."

"Whither?"

"To her chamber, where she is lying insensible for the time of all external objects, her brain wandering and fevered, her fitful slumber broken by pains. There is no danger. She will not distinguish you from the hand some duke, who don't forget her in a hurry, I suspect."

Sir Ralph hesitated.

"I should be seen by the servant. It is too great a risk. There is no cause for such a proceeding. Yet I might be better satisfied that you are perfectly frantic in such a fancy, Sanders."

"There has been a mistake," she exclaimed, "a great blunder made. That nasty, stupid servant girl understood that the turkey and fixings was for the Jones', and hawked it up to them."

"But Polly, dear, they must have known it was a mistake."

"Not a bit of it. They took it for granted, thinking that it was a Christmas present from Mrs. Hardscramble."

"Very natural," said I, laughing, "but what does Mrs. Hardscramble think of the turn of affairs."

"Oh, she hurried up to the Joneses room and found that they had it pretty well gobbled up, and they feel very sorry for the mistake.

"They sympathise, no doubt," said Bill Brown, with one of his broad grins.

"Mrs. Hardscramble apologizes," resumed Polly, not heeding my friend's remark, "and is going to do the best she can for us under the circumstances. Oh, dear, but to think that we are done out of our Christmas turkey by a stupid, good-for-nothing minx."

"Think no more about it," said Bill Brown. "What's done can't be undone. The best of us are liable to mistakes, and I look upon this affair as a very good joke."

"No joke to be swindled out of a dinner," I replied, dryly.

At this moment there was a light tapping at the door, and, on its being opened, Mrs. Hardscramble entered with some nice cold mutton and fixings; and behind her was the ugly lodger who had been the cause of our misfortune, bearing a tray of some confectionary.

"Well," thought I, "things are not so bad after all."

Mrs. Hardscramble again apologized to Polly and then betook herself off, but not before she made us promise that we would never mention anything about it to our fellow boarders and lodgers, as she would never hear the last of it, and it might be the death of her.

Well, we promised to keep mum, and forgave her, and forgave the poor drudge who worked early and late for a miserable pittance, and Bill Brown forgave us for disappointing him in his Christmas dinner. But, to do justice to Mrs. Hardscramble, I must say for myself and Polly on behalf of Polly and Bill Brown, that we heartily enjoyed the old landlady's repast.

That was how we lost our Christmas dinner. I say "Christmas dinner," because I look upon no dinner as that day complete without a turkey, and I have told you how we lost ours.

BE IN CHEERFUL to be sitting in a railroad car going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and have a train full through— 'em and put a treat in your lap —— "Prepare to meet your God."

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

Oh! I love to greet
The merry Christmas time;
When friends long parted meet,
And unite in pleasures sweet,
And anon the deep toned Christmas bell rings out its distant chime.

Oh! I love to hear
The merry, merry bells;
When their cadence loud and clear
Swells upon the listening ear,
How many a joyful pleasure-hour their melody foretells!

Oh! I love to ride
O'er the fleecy, fleecy snow;
All aglow with love and pride,
Swiftly, softly now we glide,
And the heart expands with pleasure as we lightly, fleetly go.

Oh! I love the sound
Of the happy, happy laugh;
When, with richest dainties crowned,
All the social hour I surround,
And a double health to friendship there right joyfully we quaff!

HOW WE LOST OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HARRY SACKETT.

I am boarding in an up town house; I mean that we have a room in an up-town house; that is, my wife and I have a room in an up town house, for be it known that I am mated.

Polly—that is my wife's name—suggested a few days before Christmas that I should buy a nice turkey and fixings, and that she would get Mrs. Hardscramble—that is our landlady's name—to cook it. Well, of course I complied, as my story will prove.

Oh, what a dear, delightful turkey I did get, to be sure. Why, it was so luscious looking that it made my teeth fairly water. Polly hung it up in our dear little room, and ever and anon we would feast our eyes upon its beauties, longing for the merry Christmas day to dawn. It would become a thing of the past; but, alas for human longings, little did we imagine what was to be the fate of the beautiful bird, and that ——. But no; wait until I tell you how it all happened.

It was Christmas eve, merry Christmas eve, and Polly slipped down to Mrs. Hardscramble's parlor to inform that good old lady of our wishes concerning the disposal of the lovely bird. Of course the dear old soul would cook it, and after one long, lingering look, it was consigned to her care.

It was a lonely Christmas eve to us, so far away from kindred and friends, and as we are of rather a retired nature, we kept aloof from the merry gathering of boarders and lodgers, who were assembled in "social conclave" in the parlor below. So Polly and I thought that we would go out and see the sights afforded on such an auspicious occasion; so off we went for a ramble on Broadway. If it had not been for that walk we would not have met with Bill Brown, whom we invited to our Christmas feast on the following day.

Well, Christmas Day, as everybody knows, came at last, and with it Bill Brown. To while away the hours we had all sorts of games, from chess to forty-fives. Yes, and we had banjo playing, accordeon playing, and we had even a game of lotto, in which Bill Brown lost ten cents. We only played for a cent a game.

I tell you we had a jolly time of it, and the hours slipped away fast enough. Indeed, the hours passed so quickly that we did not notice the time until Polly rose from her chair with a bound, her eyes transfixed upon the clock, exclaiming, "Why, it is almost two o'clock, and we should have had dinner at one. I wonder why on earth Mrs. Hardscramble has not sent that girl up?"

So Polly drew our nice marble top table from the wall, and throwing a nice white table cloth over it, arranged things nicely for our "sumptuous meal," and then bounded like a fawn out of the room, away down to the previous below.

Five minutes had elapsed (in fact, minutes were like hours now to me, for I was thinking of the turkey), and so Polly returned.

"Well," said I, as I shook the ashes off my cigar, "I guess this will be the latest Christmas dinner ever I enjoyed."

Bill Brown was about to reply, when Polly threw open the door and cried out, "They have eaten our turkey, the mean, contemptible things."

"Who has eaten our turkey?" I exclaimed, dropping the ashes of my cigar upon my velvet vest and sky blue scarf.

"Oh, my gracious goodness, what shall we do?" she wildly ejaculated, apparently not heeding my question.

"Polly, calm yourself," was my reply, "and tell us what all this means. Surely there must be some mistake."

"There has been a mistake," she exclaimed, "a great blunder made. That nasty, stupid servant girl understood that the turkey and fixings was for the Jones', and hawked it up to them."

"But Polly, dear, they must have known it was a mistake."

"Not a bit of it. They took it for granted, thinking that it was a Christmas present from Mrs. Hardscramble."

"Very natural," said I, laughing, "but what does Mrs. Hardscramble think of the turn of affairs."

"Oh, she hurried up to the Joneses room and found that they had it pretty well gobbled up, and they feel very sorry for the mistake.

"They sympathise, no doubt," said Bill Brown, with one of his broad grins.

"Mrs. Hardscramble apologizes," resumed Polly, not heeding my friend's remark, "and is going to do the best she can for us under the circumstances. Oh, dear, but to think that we are done out of our Christmas turkey by a stupid, good-for-nothing minx."

"Think no more about it," said Bill Brown. "What's done can't be undone. The best of us are liable to mistakes, and I look upon this affair as a very good joke."

"No joke to be swindled out of a dinner," I replied, dryly.

At this moment there was a light tapping at the door, and, on its being opened, Mrs. Hardscramble entered with some nice cold mutton and fixings; and behind her was the ugly lodger who had been the cause of our misfortune, bearing a tray of some confectionary.

"Well," thought I, "things are not so bad after all."

Mrs. Hardscramble again apologized to Polly and then betook herself off, but not before she made us promise that we would never mention anything about it to our fellow boarders and lodgers, as she would never hear the last of it, and it might be the death of her.

Well, we promised to keep mum, and forgave her, and forgave the poor drudge who worked early and late for a miserable pittance, and Bill Brown forgave us for disappointing him in his Christmas dinner. But, to do justice to Mrs. Hardscramble, I must say for myself and Polly on behalf of Polly and Bill Brown, that we heartily enjoyed the old landlady's repast.

That was how we lost our Christmas dinner. I say "Christmas dinner," because I look upon no dinner as that day complete without a turkey, and I have told you how we lost ours.

BE IN CHEERFUL to be sitting in a railroad car going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and have a train full through— 'em and put a treat in your lap —— "Prepare to meet your God."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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To Clubs of [illegible] more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, [illegible] per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,560 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

J. W., Port Hope.—"A and C are playing a game of euchre against B and D; C deals; A orders the trump down, and says he plays it alone; B says, 'I play it alone against A.' In the event of B not making three tricks, what, if anything, is A entitled to count against B; and should B succeed in making three tricks, what can he, B, count against A, and can A euchre B if he does not make three tricks?"......B had no right to go alone, and cannot be euchred if he fails to take three tricks. Should B make three tricks, he euchres A, and scores two points therefor. If A makes three tricks, he takes one point only.

MANCHESTER BOX, Brooklyn.—"At cribbage, No. 1 has played all [illegible]; No. 2 plays a 5; No. 3 a 7; No. 4 a 6 and claimed a run of [illegible], which was correct. Nos. 2 and 3 having played all their cards, No. 4 plays another 6 and claims a run of 3, as well as 2 for the pair and 1 for the go, pegging 6 holes. Is he right?"......No. 4 is only entitled to 3 for the pair and go. Having paired his own 6, how could he make a run also?

JACK, Toledo, O.—B having built up a nine when he does not hold a card of that denomination in his hand, forfeits the game. Rule 11 distinctly states:—"Should a player build up one or more cards to a certain denomination, or call a card, and it subsequently transpires that he holds no card of a similar denomination with which to redeem or take the cards thus built up or called, he forfeits the game."

JOHN E. C., Havre de Grace.—The party mentioned has frequently walked one mile inside of eight minutes, and we think he has done it in less than the time H. acknowledges he cannot run the distance. Of this we are not positive, however; but, if H. is willing to bet a sufficient sum of money, he can readily get on a match.

YOU T., Boston, Mass.—An infant is in its first year from its birth until it is one year old, so it is in its second year immediately after the completion of the first. As soon as the year 1800 was completed the nineteenth century commenced; therefore, until the completion of the year 1900 we shall continue in the nineteenth century. Will these illustrations enlighten A?

SUBSCRIBER, Cumberland, Md.—1. Can any points be counted against a person if he causes his ball to jump off the table in playing the American four ball game of billiards? 2. Must he replace his ball on the table? 3. What is the right pronunciation of the name Dion?......1. Yes. 2. He must replace his ball. 3. As if spelt De-on.

WYANDOTTE, Mich.—1. The bells used by Swiss bell ringers are not for sale in this country. The way you could obtain them would be to get some importer of musical instruments to order you a set. 2. J. W. Smith can be addressed at South Glastonbury, Conn. 3. Yes.

E. M. L., Boston, Mass.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is not the author of the quotation referred to. He, however, used the expression, "God bless the theatres" in a sermon upon the late Chicago conflagration, in referring to their noble response for relief to the sufferers.

CONSTANT READER.—During the second revival of the "Black Crook," at Niblo's Garden, a "mechanical" dog—a figure like a dog with two boys inside—appeared on the stage. Some writer for one of the daily papers christened it Zimmerman's dog, out of compliment to the treasurer of that theatre.

J. H. K., Oneonta, N. Y.—1. According to your own statistics the Republicans had a gross majority of 351 in your town; consequently as there were seven candidates on each side, the average majority is 50, with one to spare for the Republicans. 2. We don't answer correspondents by mail.

D. N. R., Monroe, La.—1. According to the rules of the American Jockey Club, all bets stand when a race is postponed, but if the slightest difference is made in the terms of the race all bets before the alteration are void. 2. There is no recognized billiard champion of the world.

A. B. C., Charlestown, Mass.—1. You must take off the five and six; moving from the five to the two point would only constitute a gray move, which, according to your throw, would be illegal. 2. The modern "Pocket Hoyle." 3. We make no charges for answers to correspondents.

J. S. O., Springfield, O.—1. It was not generally conceded to have been a put up job. 2. The player must move the piece touched. 3. [illegible] cannot demand of the dealer how many cards he holds in his hand. He must first see A's bet, and then if A's hand is foul B is entitled to the money.

READER, Jerseyville.—The Bingham House, located on the corner of Market and Eleventh streets, Philadelphia, was formerly called the United States Hotel. The American is located on Chestnut street, opposite Independence Hall.

D., Newark.—The penalty for revoking can be enforced for as many revokes as he has made during the deal. In the case you mention two revokes were made, and the double penalty must be enforced.

W. W., Boston.—Your opinion on the point is shared by many good players, but the weight of authority declares that a straight flush does not beat four aces, or, indeed, four of any kind, unless specially agreed to before commencing to play.

CONSTANT READERS.—December, January and February are, in ordinary discourse, the three months of winter, but astronomically winter commences about Dec. 21st, when the sun enters Capricorn and ends at the equinox in March.

GEO. H. G., Hornellsville.—1. We cannot furnish the desired back numbers. 2. There is no published account of those fights which give the information asked for. 3. In cutting at casino the lowest card deals, and ace is low.

W. B. H., Beersheba Springs, Tenn.—1. A, having won two games out of three, has won, and cannot be compelled to play the third game. 2. The fastest 100 yards time on record is 9¼ seconds, by Geo. Seward.

M. M., Vicksburg, Miss.—1. It is only necessary to declare that you will play it alone. 2. When your partner announces his intention to play alone when he orders you up on your deal you cannot play alone yourself.

GEO. L. JONES, St. Louis.—As the gentleman named in your note requested the withdrawal of his, we have concluded to omit all the letters bearing upon the subject, at present.

C. W. H.—We don't believe the party you mention ever ran any one there, and we are certain he never contended against any one possessing any claim to the championship.

A. W., Dix Island, Me.—1. The steamer C. Vibbard was advertised during the summer to carry passengers only. 2. $3 50 for 6 months.

AN OLD BALL TOSSER.—No one in this country would lend money on such precarious collaterals. In England they do it when estates are entailed.

ALEXANDRIA, Phoenixville, Pa.—1. A letter addressed to Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa., will reach the parties. 2. We do not know whether the agency is in existence or not.

F. C. B., Manchester, N. H.—1. He will be entitled to one notice. 2. We do not know of any one who would take the trouble to send it.

J. C. H., Brooklyn.—1. Four 3's and a 9 starter at cribbage count 24. 2. You are wrong in your attempted correction and evidently don't know the game.

F. G., Columbus, Ga.—The rate of flying speed of a wild goose is estimated by some ornithologists at 80 miles an hour; others place it as high as 90 miles an hour.

W. H. B.—"A and B are shaking poker dice. A shakes four fives and a deuce, B says he can beat it, and throws four fives and a four. Which wins?"......B's throw being the highest, wins.

BUTCHER, Detroit.—Your opponent cannot take an ace off the table, and with an ace in his hand play it on your build of 8 and call it 10.

FAT MAN, Fort Hays, Kansas.—You are correct. At Casino you can build two piles at the same time on the board, provided you hold cards to take them.

CRIBBAGE, Wilkesbarre, Pa.—B is only entitled to 2 points for making 31. In the cards, as played, 9, 7, 7 and 8, there is no sequence.

READER, Boston.—A straight can comprise cards of different suits. A straight flush does not beat four of a kind, unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.

W. D. L., Boston.—The rule is distinctly laid down in Hoyle that a player at bluff is entitled to a sight for his money. It is not, as you think, a mere matter of courtesy extended to the player.

"SIVAD."—Received, thank you; we are glad that it did not "take" you off. The "Breaking Out" is now being "broken in" for our next.

J. C. S., Washington.—The rules governing the match expressly declare that all bets upon the result of the battle must go with the main stakes; therefore the wager is a draw.

H. B., Phila.—1. A must play as long as he can go; he must, therefore, play his 3, making 31, and take 2 points for it. 2. B can only count three points for the sequence of 5, 6 and 4.

J. C. H., Brooklyn.—The carrying of a pistol or revolver does not come under the operation of the act in relation to carrying concealed weapons, being exempted by special provision of that act.

A. B., New Orleans, La.—Yankee Robinson's Circus has disbanded. A letter addressed to the treasurer of that concern, in care of this office, will reach him.

A. O. C., Chicago.—We cannot insert your challenge unless you send on a deposit as a proof of sincerity, especially as you do not attach your name.

BILLIARDS, New Orleans.—Yes; A. P. Rudolphe defeated Joseph Dion in a match for $1,000, the championship and diamond cue, at Apollo Hall, this city, Oct. 7th, 1870.

W. B., Allegheny.—Lilly and McCoy fought in New York state, half-way between Yonkers and Hastings.

E. KNUX.—It is not worth the trouble you have bestowed upon it.

W. E. C., Quebec.—At forty-fives, the ace of hearts may be revoked at any time, except when the knave or five of trumps are led.

G. L., Gloucester.—Write to the *Army and Navy Journal*, Park Row, this city.

JAMES SAWARD, Canada.—1. Our terms are $5 per annum. 2. There is no such work in existence.

CONSTANT READER, Fall River, Mass.—His proper name was Morley, we believe.

A. H. H., Phila.—You have been misinformed, as a glance at the various departments will convince you.

ARCHIE WALLACE.—You are right; Sayers left the ring and Heenan called upon him to return, but he would not do so.

W. B. H., Cleveland.—The British regular army numbers about 120,000, and the volunteers and militia about 300,000.

J. A. M.—We never answer questions concerning the domestic affairs of professional ladies.

G. E. B., Providence, R. I.—See musical summary of the present issue for whereabouts of Blind Tom.

BERRY, Natick, Mass.—1. Sol Smith is dead. 2. Niblo's Garden seats 2,068 persons.

C. C.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

ALLEGHENY.—Send to Ed. James' Publishing Bureau, as per advertisement.

CONSTANT READER, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Lina Edwin's Theatre is now the name of what was once Hope Chapel.

SPORT, Newton.—Write to Ed. James, whose advertisement appears in another column, for Fistiana; price, $2 50.

W. H., Manchester, N. H.—Money was twice posted for a match between Sayers and Mace.

INQUIRER.—You can obtain the "Life of Wm Poole," giving all particulars, at R. M. De Witt's, 33 Rose street, this city.

JOHN AND FRANK, Chillicothe, O.—You had better write to Mr. Haney and ask him to explain.

E. R., Haverstraw.—We are unable to say whether the person mentioned is living or not.

CONSTANT READER, Auburn, N. Y.—We have published several chronologies. A calendar accompanies this issue.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—Three sixes and a pair of deuces beat three fours and two aces.

C. E. R., Elmira.—Thanks for your offer, but we prefer one who is not already acting in the same capacity for another.

PARTHENIA, New Haven.—"Woman's Weakness" shall be brought to light, probably in our next.

GLOBE, Philadelphia, Pa.—The party holding high, and having but one to go, went out first.

A. B., Willimantic, Ct.—The player can do as he pleases, except that he must follow suit or trump if he can.

C. E. C., Lockport.—In most cases, we do; at present we are pretty well supplied.

JOHN F.—John Morrissey was born on the 5th of Feb., 1831; Jas. Mace, April, 1831.

J. G. D.—At cribbage, four trays and a nine count twenty-four, viz., twelve for fifteens and twelve for double pair royal.

C. L. KNIGHT.—The CLIPPER goes to press on Monday evening; so you win.

C. S., East Saginaw.—Your opponent lost the fight by picking up his bird.

BATHURST BOY.—1. Yes; at the National Theatre and Howard Athenæum. 2. The bet is a draw.

J. M., Cincinnati, O.—The dealer cannot play alone when his partner assists.

J. B. B., East Boston.—D, not having objected to the faced card until after the trump card was turned, cannot refuse it.

A. K., Philadelphia.—Write to the proprietors of the hotel in question and they will, doubtless, give you the information desired.

S. M. H., Knoxville, Ill.—The firm rents offices in the CLIPPER Building.

[illegible] G., Dundas, Ont.—B was entitled to the card or a fresh deal.

[illegible], Danielsonville.—There is no such list published.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Petroleum Centre.—Not recorded.

[illegible], West Meriden.—No authentic record.

[illegible].—We believe the firm sold out last week.

[illegible].—The female will soon bloom again.

C. W. F. [illegible].—We do not require one.

[illegible] HOWARD, Elmira.—Cannot do it.

[illegible] FOX.—One dollar and sixty cents.

W. G. D.—For three months, $1 40.

C. W. L.—See answer to J. B. B.

W. H. D.—Respectfully declined.

[illegible].—Received payment.

IS IT BECAUSE there is so much *reel* pleasure in it that our country friends take such delight in dancing a *reel*?

A FALSE ACCUSATION.

The gentlemen who are engaged in the work of reformation now going on in New York are becoming rather reckless in their assaults upon individual character. During the past week they permitted a statement to go before the public charging John C. Heenan with being concerned in the robbery of the vouchers in the Comptroller's office. This charge not only appeared in our own city papers, but was telegraphed all over the country, and sent to Europe per cable, appearing in London and other papers almost at the same time that it was published here. Now who started this falsehood we have not learned, but it is possible that its author or authors will be made to answer for it. Mr. Heenan was absent at the time in London, and as soon as he saw the charge in the metropolitan papers he lost no time in pronouncing the statement a shameless fabrication, without the slightest foundation in truth; he also called at Reuter's cable news agency, in London, through which the report was made public there, and threatened to bring suit against that concern for libel; and our latest intelligence from London states that Mr. Heenan was to have left on or about December 23d, for New York, to ferret out and bring to account the perpetrators of the outrage. The District Attorney and other legal functionaries say that no bill has been found against Mr. Heenan, and that they know of nothing that should have been so construed as to implicate in any way the hero of Farnsboro' in any of the disreputable proceedings which are now engrossing so much of public attention. We have always found Mr. Heenan to be an honest, straightforward man, disdaining falsehood, deception and roguery of all kinds; had he been otherwise he could have been a rich man to-day; as it is, he is quite the reverse. His character is of more value to him than ill-gotten wealth, and we are not at all surprised that he should feel so sensitive at the deep wrong inflicted upon him in the dissemination of a groundless, and wickedly false accusation. Those who originated this calumny, and those who have assisted in sowing it broadcast throughout the land, owe it to themselves, as well as to the man they have thus wickedly maligned, to make what atonement they can by correcting their misstatement and misrepresentation at once, and giving to it the same wide-spread publicity that they have given to the falsehood.

SELF DEFENCE.

There is no denying the fact that there exists in the average human breast a strong and well defined feeling of admiration for any act which tends to display man's power of self defence as shown in the good use of the honest weapons which nature has provided him with. And this instinctive feeling is natural and legitimate, and of healthy origin; based, as it is, upon a purely natural principle, as distinct and far removed from the so-called principle of "honor"—which leads men to stand up and blaze away at each other according to the dictates of the "code"—as nature is distinct from art: the one, springing from the honest "aggressiveness" which prompts a true man to defend himself in as natural a manner as possible, without resorting to the use of weapons, the other springing from a false notion of "honor," and a nervous horror of the taunts of "society" in case of a non-appearance, which nerves the poor victim to his "honorable" deed. Although the art of self defence, as illustrated in the prize ring, has of late fallen greatly into disrepute—principally on account of the timid exhibitions made by some of its delineators—it is an important question whether it might not be beneficial to the human race—inasmuch as it might cause less resort to the use of weapons—to make some effort whereby "the art" might be shorn of its vicious associations, and thus popularized, by destroying one of the grand causes of complaint which anti-muscular croakers are always harping on, and by thus keeping comparatively clear of all such vicious associations, perhaps gaining the great point of having a passage-at-arms noticed and reported by said croakers *without* the standing expressions "beastly," "sickening," "disgusting," etc. Moralists may preach and weak-kneed specimens of humanity may croak, but the responsive chord which is awakened in every rugged breast at the sight of physical prowess is too deep and natural to be easily eradicated. This being the case then, the question is, whether it would not be better to cease hurling wordy anathemas at worthy disciples of the "manly art," and proceed to inaugurate such reforms as will do away with the darker side of it, and thus attract attention to and inculcate an interest in a manly accomplishment—the art of self defence.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The two succeeding issues of the CLIPPER will be of especial value to our readers, as in addition to our customary cargo of theatrical and sporting intelligence, short stories, sketches, condensed news, items, etc., they will contain chronologies of events which have transpired during the year 1871 in the world of amusements, and in the various departments of sport—the turf, rowing, yachting, pedestrianism, the trigger, cricket, quoiting, snow-shoe racing, billiards, lacrosse, skating, curling, cocking, the prize ring, etc—in all sections of the globe. As a matter of record, and for the purpose of reference, the value of these chronologies (which have been carefully compiled expressly for our columns and will be found perfectly reliable), will be inestimable, and as the demand for them will be large, retail newsdealers will consult their own interests by ordering an increased supply for the weeks mentioned at as early an hour as possible.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—As we write, Christmas is being celebrated with considerable joyousness, especially among the German element. Storekeepers and dealers in fancy goods look rather uncomfortable and sullen, seeing that the weather of the past week so sadly interfered with their operations; and "candy butchers" do not wear that mild and benign cast of countenance which usually characterizes them, owing to the same depressing cause. The fine weather of Sunday, and the day we celebrate, both warm and sunshiny, like fine days in April, will, no doubt, however, help New Year's trade to make up for Christmas deficiencies.

"OUR JIM" has become uncommon smart of late, and is preparing a budget of songs and jokes to accompany him in his New Year calls. Looking in the window of a picture store on Broadway, a day or two since, the dreadful boy suddenly turned, and startled us by saying:—"See here, do you think the man inside there makes a *business* of picking pockets, because *he has pictures?*"

"OUR JIM" went to a dental operator a few days ago to get his teeth sharpened and straightened, in anticipation of the labor they would be called upon to perform during the holidays; but the indefatigable operator nearly broke the boy's jaw, and merely apologised by saying that it was entirely *acci-dental*; so James *axe*-identally laid the man out for his pains.

IT DON'T TAKE much to satisfy *some* people. In Georgia they are boasting of a farmer who raised 365½ bushels of sweet potatoes from an acre of ground. That's nothing to brag of, for while Georgia folks are engaged in this small potato business, our people figure very extensively in "raising" checks on less ground than that.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A Philadelphia paper says that the affghan presented to the Grand Duke, in that city, "was the work of an old lady whom it took six years to finish." Just so, yet they only took one day and one night to finish the duke.

WHERE'S THE GRAND JURY?—It is said that 5,000 young children are annually stolen from their parents in Italy, and sold to persons in the United States. Goodness knows we have enough children of our own, without being called upon to father other people's.

PARTIES who write to us for positions as correspondents for the CLIPPER are respectfully notified that there are no vacancies at present that we desire to have filled, and they will please receive this as a reply to their several applications.

WICKED.—A number of young men in Waterville, Me., have organised an anti-corset society, pledging themselves not to marry any girl who reduces her size by *tight-lacing*. We presume that the girls will *so-lace* themselves in some other way.

IT IS NOT TRUE that the gentlemen implicated in the "little unpleasantness" of New York frauds are engaged in the study of "Dick's Future State." They have enough to do to confine themselves to the present state.

GREAT QUANTITIES of turkey, geese, pigs, and other fowl were fattened up last week, to be ready for *slaying time*.

CATACAZY was sickened with "one Fish bawl" at Washington, and is going home for the holidays.

A LOVER is said to be persecuting Nilsson, but she, being like good wine, "needs no Busch."

THE RENFORTH MEMORIAL.—On the evening of Dec. 6th the Renforth Memorial Committee held a meeting at the Queen's Head Hotel, Gateshead, Eng., Mr. John Elliott, Chief Constable, in the chair. The chairman stated that the total amount he had placed in the bank on behalf of the fund was £357, 16s., 3d. Something like eighty lists had not, however, yet been returned, and with other subscriptions which yet remained to be collected it was estimated that the full sum realized would amount to £500. On the motion of Mr. William Blakey, the meeting determined to advertise for designs for the proposed monument.

Squibs and Things.

—The following epitaph was written on the death of one Henry Miles:—

"This tombstone is a milestone, and why so?
Because b neath it is Miles; he's miles below.
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
Yet now stretched out at least two Miles he lies.
This grave, though small, contains a space so wide
There's Miles in length and breadth and miles beside."

—A Chicago poet says:—

"A tinker and a tailor,
A soldier and a sailor,
A newspaper reporter who couldn't get happy,
Bank messengers and tellers,
And a host of other fellers,
Are now carpenters and masons at $5 a day."

—An Indiana doctor saves the expense of advertising in the newspapers and dodges the "code of ethics" by carrying a white umbrella with his name and office location painted in large black letters on it. Patients can't have much chance with such a doctor.

—A peculiar feature of the fur trade is that almost every country which produces and exports furs, imports and consumes the fur of some other place, frequently the most distant.

—A persistent effort is being made by some of the newspapers to discourage the lately introduced fashion of wearing feathers which some of our big and little swells are adopting. The reason for this opposition is not very apparent. If any one thinks it a "feather in his cap" to stick in and the discarded covering of a hawk or buzzard, why not let him do it? It's only a matter of "a pinion" after all.

—The following advertisement is copied from a late London, Eng., paper:—"LOST—A small lady's watch, with a white face; also, two ivory young lady's work boxes, a mahogany gentleman's dressing case, and small pony belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail." That tale should not be told publicly—therefore we whisper it privately.

—Fashion's vocabulary defines "wedding" as a grand crisis of clothes; "bride," a peg on which all kinds of finery is hung; "bridegroom," a sober black object following the bride, of no particular account, but without whom there would be no fuss, and the fuss could not go on.

—An exchange says:—"An Augusta, Me., merchant recently lost a pig from his barn *which he had just killed*; the unknown thief returned it a few days after, "nicely salted in a half barrel." We have no disposition to be inquisitive, but we should like to know the dimensions of that barn before it was killed.

—The statue of Franklin, which is to be placed in Printing House Square, and unveiled on the 17th of January, represents him as he appeared when seventy years old dressed in the costume worn while Minister at the Court of Versailles. The statue is twelve feet high, weighs 3,500 pounds, and cost over $25,000.

—In the days of Solomon fine horses were valued at 150 silver shekels (about $100) a head. The same authority informs us that Solomon was an extensive dealer in fine stock; that he bought of the Egyptians and sold to the Hittites and Kings of Syria, and was the owner of 40,000 chariot horses.

—A Pennsylvania editor thinks Chicago, before the fire, must have been the most populous city in the world. He says:—"Some fourteen millions of her 'destitute citizens' have passed through this city in the past three weeks. You can't throw a cat in any direction without hitting a 'sufferer.'"

—An applicant for a reportership on a western paper offered the following as his introductory:—"We are informed that the gentleman hoo stood on his head under a pile driver for the purpose of having a tite pair of butes druv on, shortly afterwards found himself in Chiny, perfectly naked and without a cent in his pocket."

—All the reporters who have seen the sarcophagus which is being exhibited in Philadelphia and is said to contain the remains of the apostle Paul, say that it is "nothing but a big stone coffin, without a sign of a pall about it."

—The Queen of Madagascar, it is said, is sufficiently civilized to wear hoops. An exchange says:—"Our own native Indians have indulged in whoops for some time, and they've got on the 'skirts' of civilization besides."

—The supervising architect of the treasury department at Washington reports that New York's new post office "is progressing satisfactorily." It's really wonderful how little it takes to satisfy some people.

—Not that man—but another man—who lately received a letter from Horace Greeley, says that:—"If Horace had written that inscription on the walls of Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

—An exchange says:—"Twenty years ago Leland Stanford arrived in California with only *one* shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate twenty millions." Does it mean the man has that number of shirts?

—A gentleman of Richmond, Va., who has been blind in one eye for several years, was kicked in the face by a horse, a few days ago, and thereby recovered his lost sight. Query—Would it be advisable for all blind people to have horses kick them in the face?

—A gentleman, who advertises a farm for sale, extols it thus:—"The surrounding country is the most beautiful that ever came from the Creative Hand. The scenery is celestial—divine; also two wagons and a yoke of steers."

—It is thought that during the present session of Congress, Utah, New Mexico and Colorado will be added to the number of states forming the United States—the whole number will then be forty.

—The territory of the Russian Empire comprises 7,770,883 English square miles, about one-seventh of the territory of the world; or one twenty-sixth of the entire surface of the earth. The population, in round numbers, is 87,000,000.

—The old depot building of the Boston and Providence railroad, at Boston, which is supposed to weigh 100 tons, was lately loaded on four cars and transported to a new location, the whole operation being performed in twenty minutes—so the papers say.

—A man who was "making a night of it" happened to read on a plumber's sign:—"Cast iron sinks, all sizes," and asked the proprietor of the shop if he thought "everybody was fools," and "didn't know it?"

—An encouraging bit of news for the shipbuilding interest comes from Little Rock, Ark., where, it is said, a large factory is employed in making "euchre decks."

—A noted physician in writing to the papers of a new disease says he is "peculiarly interested in it." Guess he means to "lay in" with the undertaker.

—A western editor says "that when weddings are announced accompanied by the words 'no cards,' it means they don't play poker."

—"On Dit" says that "Fashionable language is languishing for a new bit of slang." Fashionable language is generally "cant" enough, even if it can't have anything new.

—An old colored lady says she never wears white dresses, "Kaise I allus thinks a white dress makes a cullud pusson look like a fly in a pan ob milk."

—The early and sudden closing of the canals has thrown nearly 50,000 people out of employment. It is estimated that fully 4,500,000 bushels of grain are frozen in.

—A ten year old "acquaintance" of ours wants to know if Moses wasn't the wickedest man the Bible tells of, "because he broke all the commandments at once."

—A young lady in California lately took a small quantity of strychnine from the point of a penknife to improve her complexion, and succeeded beyond her hopes—she's very pale ever since.

—A farmer, 130 years old and who had been in the body guard of Frederick the Great, died not long ago, leaving a 100 year old orphan, without a guardian, to inherit his property.

—It is asserted by some naturalists that a common fly has 8,000 eyes (rather an uncommon fly we'd say) and another says that certain species of butterflies have 25,000.

—The latest bit of foreign news is that the Emperor William has been on a five days' hunting excursion dressed in a "perfectly fitting scarlet swallow-tail, with cords, dark buff tops and black hat."

—One of our city papers asks:—"Why is it that we never hear 'Anna Bolena' in American opera houses?" Perhaps it's because she never was engaged at any of them.

—An Englishman manufactures violins which, he says, are equal to the best Cremonas, out of tin, the cost of which is about 1s. 6d. to each violin.

—Twelve bricks were lately exhibited in Indianapolis which were valued at $15,000—but they were solid silver and came from Colorado.

—Trinity Church property is said to be worth $50,000,000; and it is thought that the heirs of Anneke Jans will have to wait until it is doubled before it is divided among them.

—A Michigan paper says that "the old clothes sent to sufferers by the late fires in that state, would give about 200 pairs of old pants and 100 pairs of old boots to each sufferer."

—A Missouri farmer gathered from an apple tree this fall 56,000 apples, which measured 45 bushels—one of them weighing 21¼ ounces.

—A forty year old "damsel" of Akron, O., has commenced suit against a prominent citizen of that place for $35,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

—Dubuque is excited over a newly discovered spar cave filled with crystals and stalactites. In the centre of the cave is a lake of pure water.

—A Miss Skinner lately fell over an embankment eleven feet high, and landed on her head. A four ply, double roll, French plait waterfall saved her life.

—An exchange publishes "The Confessions of a Murderer," and says:—"Little confidence is placed in the statement of the prisoner, who writes poetry and shows other signs of weakness."

—In the British Islands there are owned 123 packs of English fox hounds—the maintenance of each pack costing about $15,000 a year.

—An eastern physician who lacks experience and wants practice always has the sidewalk in front of his office washed when the thermometer is below the freezing point.

—More candles are consumed in the United States than in any other country in the world; and it is estimated that New York alone uses more than the whole of France.

—A California paper says of a notorious ruffian and murderer:—"He has a wonderful faculty for bereaving any family he does not happen to like."

—An enthusiastic sportsman says he wouldn't be happy in the "summer land," unless it was "a boundless prairie, with an eternal September, and I'd an everlasting gun and a never dyin' dog."

—If a man is found drunk in the streets of St. Petersburg, Russia, he is compelled, no matter what may be his station, to sweep the streets for a day.

—A lady, who was once a patient in a California hospital, has sued the attending physician for publishing a history of her disease.

—Californians call an elopement the "Pacific slope," but it's doubtful if that "slope" is "pacific" for a very long period.

—The mills at Paterson, N. J., produce about four tons of manufactured silk every six days.

—Philadelphia papers advise small-pox patients not to frequent public assemblies.

—Eight family Bibles, three pianos and twelve ice pitchers, were among the articles lately presented to a New York bride.

—A Liverpool policeman was lately sentenced to five years penal servitude for stealing eight pence from a bootblack.

—A sprightly young lady says there is nothing with less romance about it than the "act of patching old trowsers."

—A Vermont lass splits a cord of wood a day and expects shortly to be wooed by a whole raft of fellows.

—A Chicago correspondent in writing of the late fire says his "very soul was coiled up in horror" at some of the incidents.

—Light brown is *the* style for note paper—and green ink is the latest rage.

—Tea leaves placed upon a stove and allowed to burn so as to produce a smoke it is said will prevent the spread of small pox.

—A bill before the German parliament provides for the criminal prosecution of ministers who abuse the privileges of their office.

—A suburban butcher somewhat irreverently styles his shop a meat-ing house.

—All the metallic cartridges used in the United States army are manufactured at the Frankford Arsenal, at Philadelphia.

—It is estimated that more than 90,000 southerners have settled in New York since the fall of the rebellion.

—Most of the public libraries in Massachusetts are managed by females.

—Mrs. Sarah Norton says:—"Early marriages and no divorce laws is the right thing for women," and Sarah ought to know.

—A popular lecturer opposes the co-education of the sexes, because "it is not safe to hold fire to flax."

—It is reported that Mr. Ashbury is about to build another yacht and will take a trip to India next year.

—New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City employ 1,394 bakers, who make nearly 1,000,000 loaves of wheat bread every day.

—Out west a colt was lately born having horns, and scientific men have decided that the horns were "due to the equine-ox."

—Oregon has at least one Virtue-ous office holder—at least he's known as Mr. Virtue.

—A parasol, which can be folded up and carried inside the muff, is one of the latest novelties of feminine gear.

—A London paper announces that Wilkie Collins and J. A. Froude contemplate visiting the United States, on a lecturing tour.

—It is reported that a shower of winged ants fell at East Whiteland, Chester county, Pa., a few days ago.

—A down town hotel, among other features, furnishes its guests with seats in one of the churches on the Sabbath.

—It is said that New York ladies are laying in a stock of handkerchiefs, which cost from $200 to $600 apiece.

—Rentz, the once famous circus rider of Brussels, says that the Queen of Belgium is a better horse trainer than he is.

—It is estimated that a Milwaukee Sewing Society is capable of blasting the best reputation in just seven minutes.

—A Hackensack lady is the happy owner of a hen which not only lays eggs for her but catches mice as well.

—Oysters are selling in England for five times as much as they brought ten years ago.

—Wolves are very numerous around Dalhousie, C. E., and have destroyed nearly all the deer.

—A Detroit man has opened a new branch of trade in taking orders to supply families with buckwheat cakes for breakfast.

—A man in New Haven carried a watch key in his lungs for four years, from the effects of which he died a few days ago.

—It is reported that a Philadelphia establishment has contracted to furnish the Russian government with 500 locomotives.

—Georgia has twenty-three colored men in her legislature—six in the senate and seventeen in the house.

—An evening paper wants to know if selling 1,700 pounds of coal for a ton isn't one of the "weighs that are dark?"

—New York has 21 cities, Massachusetts 15, and Connecticut 6.

—House painters have been celebrated as "huers of wood."

—An old pack of cards are "hard things to deal with."

—Is listening at a keyhole a "private hearing."

—Georgia has twenty-three colored legislators.

CHAMPION WRESTLING MATCH.—About 2,400 persons assembled at the Borough grounds, Oldham, Eng., on Dec. 2d, when D. Diggins and J. Butterworth, *alias* Dockum, met to wrestle the usual two out of three back-falls, in the Lancashire style, for £25 a side and the champion challenge cup. Punctual to the advertised time the athletes entered the arena, each having the services of well known seconds, and, on disrobing, their condition gave every satisfaction, and showed that no pains had been spared to get them as fit as possible. "Dockum" was installed favorite, and a considerable sum was wagered at 2 to 1 on the Oldham representative. After the usual preliminaries, the men threw themselves into position, and, setting to work with a will, a severe and exciting struggle ensued for thirty-eight minutes, when Butterworth, getting his man in a critical position, forced him to succumb. The usual ten minutes for rest having expired, they faced each other, when Butterworth again proved successful in the brief period of three minutes and a half, and became the winner of the match, as well as the championship at 5 score 10 lbs. R. Clough, of Oldham, was referee, and J. Marsden, the proprietor, was stakeholder.

ED. C. DUNNING defeated Franklin Weed in a wrestling match, for $50 a side, collar and elbow, at South Norwalk, Conn., on the 21st inst., throwing him twice in succession.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Japan advices, via San Francisco, Dec. 18th, report that the social and political revolution is making astonishing progress. The government is considering the policy of sending twenty-one young ladies, daughters of daimios, to America to be educated. The Buddhist priests have been notified that their temples will be closed and that they must earn their own living in [illegible]. The [illegible] has visited a number of foreign [illegible].

*** [illegible] by the [illegible], South America, we are informed by a telegram [illegible], and a demonstration having been made by the people, troops were called out and they fired upon the crowd, killing one person and wounding [illegible].

*** Prince Bismarck threatens to retaliate upon France for the assassination of German soldiers by doubling the army of occupation, and he threatens to seize hostages in the occupied provinces unless escaped assassins are delivered up to the German officers by the French authorities.

*** The severe storm of Dec. 18th did considerable damage to property in Toledo, O., Indianapolis, Ind., and destroyed $30,000 worth of property in Springfield, Ill., the skating rink and a new rolling mill having been destroyed. Advices from Omaha state that it extended to the Pacific coast and western trains are snow-bound.

*** A car, containing the mail's express matter and baggage, on the morning train from Indianapolis to Terre Haute, Ind., on Dec. 22d took fire from a stove and was entirely destroyed, with the contents.

*** A London, Eng., telegram, of Dec. 23d, informs us that the new Attorney General, Barlow, proposes in his official capacity to break up the whole combination of the Erie "Ring," without respect to persons.

*** A notice has been issued from the American Legation in London to the effect that it is desirable that all citizens intending to travel on the Continent of Europe should provide themselves with passports.

*** A mail train on the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Junction Railroad was thrown off the track and wrecked near Morristown, Ind., on Dec. 23d. Three men were killed and several persons injured.

*** A destructive fire occurred in Pleasantville, Pa., on Dec. 21st. It broke out in the New York Hotel and destroyed a great part of the business portion of the town. Loss about $100,000, and forty families rendered homeless.

*** A singularly daring attack was made on the jail at New Brunswick, N. J., on Dec. 17th, on the night of which a party of masked men attempted to release a prisoner, but an assistant keeper frightened them away by firing his pistol and raising an alarm.

*** The Commissioners for the arbitration of the Alabama claims held a formal meeting in Geneva, Switzerland, on Dec. 18th. Count Selopis was chosen president, and the commission adjourned till the 15th of June.

*** A telegram dated London, Eng., Dec. 18th, states that a riot took place in Londonderry, Ireland, on that date, when the police and military dispersed the procession of 'prentice boys. A severe fight ensued and several persons were wounded.

*** The French bark Costa Rica, from Havre, was run into and sunk on Dec. 17th, off the Isle of Wight. Seventeen of the crew perished with the vessel, as the unknown ship with which she collided made no attempt to save them.

*** The Committee of Seventy, in this city, on Dec. 19th, passed resolutions calling for the speedy removal of Mayor A. Oakey Hall and Wm. M. Tweed, the Commissioner of Public Works, from their offices.

*** The aggregate returns made at the census office for the year ending June 1st, 1870, as applied to the entire country, state as follows:—Acres of improved land, 188,806,761; acres woodland, 159,908,171; acres unimproved, 59,366,633; cash value of farms, $9,261,775,1.1.

*** A man named Toler was lynched at Union City, Tenn., on Dec. 19th, by a party of disguised men, who also shot Levi Farrington, an express robber. Toler had on the previous night shot and killed police officer Kline, while being pursued.

*** A heavy wind did considerable damage out west on Dec. 23d. Buildings were blown down in Chicago and St. Louis, a steamer blown ashore at Memphis, and about 700 feet of trestle work on the Air Line railroad, near New Albany, Ind., destroyed.

*** The purifying house of the Metropolitan Gas Works, Eleventh avenue and Forty-second street, this city, was destroyed by an explosion on Dec. 23d, and the city from Thirty-fourth street to Seventy-ninth street, from river to river, was left in darkness.

*** Three boys, named Grosvenor, Coam and Fallett, were drowned, on Dec. 21st, while skating on the Muskingum river, at Marietta, Ohio.

*** The small pox prevails to an alarming extent in Birmingham, Eng. Special hospitals are to be established, and the sick are to be quarantined.

*** A telegram dated Vienna, Dec. 22d, states that the forthcoming budget will show a surplus of 1,000,000 florins for the year, instead of a deficit, as was anticipated.

*** The Roman Catholic Bishops of Holland have united in a memorial to the King praying him not to discontinue to maintain the Dutch Legation at the Vatican.

*** John Footman and daughter were drawn upon the track by an unmanageable horse, between Boston and Stoneham, Mass., on Dec. 20th, and struck by a train of cars. Mr. Footman was killed.

*** Fifteen persons were injured on Dec. 20th by the upsetting of a train on the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad, near Newton, Pa.

*** Some days last week the thermometer in the Dominion of Canada varied, according to locality, from 16 to 40 degrees below zero.

*** Elizabeth Monroe, while insane from fever, leaped from the window of her father's house, at Woburn, Mass., on Dec. 21st, and was killed.

*** The steamer Delaware, Capt. Preston, which sailed from Liverpool, Eng., for Calcutta last week, was totally lost off the Scilly Islands, and all on board are supposed to have perished.

*** Dr. J. A. Howard, an American citizen, has been tried at Cienfuegos, Cuba, for giving aid to the rebels, and sentenced to eight years imprisonment.

*** The thermometer stood at one degree below zero in this city on Dec. 21st, at 6 A. M., and seven degrees above at 6 P. M. It was the coldest day since Jan. 8th, 1866.

*** Advices from Hindostan, via San Francisco, Dec. 18th, state that great damage had been done by floods in Bengal, and that a dangerous rising of Sepoys had taken place at Goa.

*** Charles Callender, the public examiner of banks, was arrested in this city on Dec. 20th, and held in $20,000 bail to answer charges of blackmailing, and publishing false reports.

*** A bill for the protection and benefit of the families of drunkards, by making the liquor seller liable to damages, was passed by the Illinois legislature on Dec. 20th.

*** Patrick Flynn was found murdered in the rear of 39 Meadow st., Hoboken, N. J., on Dec. 20th, under circumstances which left no clue to the perpetrator.

*** A telegram dated London, Eng., Dec. 18th, states that Mr. Dennison, the Speaker of the House of Commons, has resigned that position.

*** A deputation of French Protestants had an interview with President Thiers on Dec. 20th and received an assurance that religious equality should be maintained in France.

*** Chase & Co's lozenge factory, at Boston, Mass., was burned on Dec. 18th, and about $45,000 worth of paper in an adjoining building badly damaged. Loss, $40,000.

*** Crosby, the first mate of the schooner W. R. Heard, was swept overboard and drowned by the breaking of a chain at Yarmouth, N. S., on Dec. 18th.

*** The steamer Florida, which had for a long time been blockaded at St. Thomas, W. I., by Spanish men-of-war, sailed from there on Dec. 14th, under convoy of an United States gunboat.

*** Advices dated Mexico, Dec. 11th, state that, in consequence of the anarchical state of the country, an American protectorate is seriously discussed.

*** The London, Eng., *Times* denies that there is any truth in the report telegraphed last week from St. Petersburg, that the Czarewitch had made an assault on the Prince de Reuss.

*** A dispatch from Omaha, Neb., dated Dec. 19th, states that the snow on the plains had interrupted telegraphic communication for the previous thirty-six hours.

*** Much anxiety is felt in Portugal over the emigration of workmen to the United States, and remedial measures are recommended.

*** Horace Sprague, residing at White's Corners, N. Y., committed a double murder on Dec. 19th, by cutting his child's throat and crushing his wife's skull with an axe.

*** The Fourth National Bank, of Philadelphia, Pa., suspended on Dec. 19th, and the affairs were placed in the hands of a receiver.

*** Captain James Carle, of the schooner Columbia, of Bangor, Me., fell overboard and was drowned at Boston, Mass., on Dec. 19th.

*** M. de Lesseps is trying to negotiate the sale of the Suez Canal, but the Sultan of Turkey and Khedive of Egypt have refused to purchase it.

*** Amos Armstrong, of North Bridgewater, Mass., was, on Dec. 19th, at Plymouth, sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for murdering his wife two years ago.

*** Leonard Copenhall, sexton of the Holland Church, in Paterson, N. J., and his wife were both suffocated by gas generated from a stove in their apartments on Dec. 23d.

*** It is semi-officially stated that Gen. Schenck, United States Minister to England, has withdrawn from the Emma Mine speculation.

*** A locomotive on the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill railroad exploded on Dec. 23d, between Hartford, Conn., and Rockville, killing the engineer and fireman.

*** Captain Jas. H. Hallett, agent for Isaac Taylor & Co., was instantly killed in Boston, Mass., on Dec. 23d, by falling through the scuttle at the bonded warehouse on Minor wharf.

*** Richard Guffy and his wife were run over by a train at Watsontown, near Williamsport, Pa., on Dec. 21st, and the wife killed.

*** Beaver, Miller and Co.'s planing mill and other property at Fort Wayne, Ind., was destroyed by fire on Dec. 22d. Loss, $30,000.

*** The New England Society celebrated its sixty-sixth anniversary, on Dec. 22d, by a dinner at Delmonico's, this city.

*** Three stores in Binghamton, N. Y., were burned on Dec. 23d, and some adjoining property damaged. Loss, $44,000.

*** John Pettit and Co.'s whiting works, in Philadelphia, Pa., were burned on Dec. 22d. Loss, $25,000.

*** Rear Admiral Edward A. Inglefield, R. N., has been appointed naval *attaché* of the British Legation at Washington.

*** Frank Mays, a negro, who murdered his wife by poisoning her in May last, was hanged at Grenada, Miss., on Dec. 22d.

*** A wagon containing ten persons was struck by a locomotive in Cincinnati, O., on Dec. 20th, and a Miss Bradley instantly killed.

*** John Kelly was killed in Philadelphia, Pa., on Dec. 20th, by being thrown from a sleigh.

*** The British Parliament has been further prorogued until Feb. 6th.

*** H. M. Bale & Co.'s machine works, at Pittsburgh, Pa., were totally destroyed by fire on Dec. 21st. Loss, $45,000.

*** A new ministry has been formed in Canada by Mr. Edward Blake, who is highly spoken of by the Canadian press.

*** The National Woolgrowers and Manufacturers' Convention met in Syracuse, N. Y., on Dec. 20th.

*** The names of the members of the new cabinet formed by Sagasta were announced in Madrid, Spain, on Dec. 21st.

*** A telegram dated Paris, Dec. 21st, states that President Thiers has issued a decree dissolving the council of Algiers.

*** L. A. Coombs, of the Preble House, Portland, Me., committed suicide on Dec. 20th by shooting himself through the head.

*** The office of the *Commercial Bulletin*, at New Orleans, La., was damaged by fire to the extent of $8,000 on Dec. 20th.

*** The Mount Carmel Iron Works, at Mount Carmel, Pa., were destroyed by fire on Dec. 19th.

*** Catherine Howard was killed while crossing the railroad track at Malden, Mass., on Dec. 19th.

*** The Union Flouring Mill and a carriage factory adjoining were burned at Oswego, N. Y., on Dec. 20th.

*** Dr. Mason, of Grand View, Spencer county, Ind., was fatally shot in the abdomen, on Dec. 16th, by a lunatic.

*** Judge McHenry decided on Dec. 18th that the inmates of the Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, O., are not entitled to vote.

*** Henry Keppler, a bookkeeper, committed suicide in Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 18th. Cause, intemperance.

*** The Chicago Smelting Works were burned on Dec. 18th. Loss, not exceeding $40,000.

*** The Orleans Prince De Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale took their seats in the French Assembly on Dec. 19th.

*** Comstock & Co.'s foundry, at Quincy, Ill., was destroyed by fire on Dec. 19th. Loss, $75,000.

*** Allen & Co.'s shoddy mill, in Wakefield, Mass., was burned on Dec. 18th. Loss, about $19,000.

*** Hathaway & Simpson's block, at Deposit, N. Y., was burned on Dec. 19th. Estimated loss, $20,000.

*** The British schooner R. R. Brown, from St. Andrews, is a total wreck on Riding Rocks, near Key West, Fla.

*** M. B. Pierce, sheriff of Fond du Lac Co., Wis., committed suicide at the Union Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 23d.

*** Chas. Banks, aged 24, a convict in the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia, Pa., committed suicide on Dec. 24th.

*** English & Co's oil cloth factory, at Camden, N. J., was destroyed by fire on Dec. 23d. Loss, $30,000.

*** A freight train was thrown from the track near Youngstown, O., on Dec. 23d, and John Ready, a brakeman, killed.

*** The residence of H. B. Kirk, on Fifth street, Morrisania, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire on Dec. 23d. Loss, $12,000.

*** Wm. H. Healy, a burglar, aged 24, was shot dead at Newark, N. J., on Dec. 23d, while in the act of robbing a brass factory, by a trap-gun.

*** The Toledo and Saginaw railroad was opened on Dec. 20th.

THE SHUFFLEBOARD MATCH between D. Wright, of Paterson, N. J., and J. McIntyre, of New York, for $100 a side, two games, 100 points in each game, and the highest number in both to decide the winner, was played last week, the first game taking place at W. A. Parks' hotel, Paterson, and the second at Jackson's, this city. The scores were as follows:—

	First Game.	Second Game.	Total.
Wright, Paterson..........	100	100	200
McIntyre, New York..........	77	98	175
Majority for Wright..........			25

A SWEEPSTAKES shuffleboard contest for a silver medal, valued at $30, took place at Russell's Caledonia Hotel, Reade street, on Dec. 21st, twenty-eight entries. It was finally resolved into a match between Wright and Robertson, the latter receiving 10 points in 21, and winning the medal by a total of 21 to 11.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—An inquest has been held on Miss Mary Lucy Doncaster, who died about Nov. 30th, from injuries received by falling from her horse while out with the Belvoir (English) hounds. She was a good horsewoman, but while jumping a ditch her horse fell and her arm got badly fractured. A surgeon set the bones, she was taken home, and progressed favorably for a week, when tetanus set in, and she finally succumbed to the attack. Her age was twenty-two.

REWARD OF MERIT.—"Sam," said one little urchin to another:—"Does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I suppose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a thrashing every day, and says I merit two."

"SPIRITUS INTUS."—Teacher:—Well, you have told me that you are to "renounce him and all his works." Now tell me what are his "works?" Clockmaker's daughter:—Please, M'm, his inside.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARNOLD, Thomas—Of Lancaster county, and superintendent of the [illegible] state quarries at Thompson, on the line of the North Pacific Railroad—died suddenly, Thompson, Pa., Dec. 20th.

BAKER, The Rev. Osmun C., D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; born in Marlow, N. H., July 30th, 1812. At the age of fifteen he was sent to Wilbraham Academy, where in his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church; after graduating he went to Middletown Wesleyan University, Conn., at the age of twenty-one, and the following year was elected a Professor of Newbury Seminary, Vt., which position he held for five years; was elected Principal of that institution and remained in office five years more. In 1844 he resigned, entered the traveling ministry of the Church, from which, after two years, he was chosen Presiding Elder of the [illegible] District (N. H.) Conference; was subsequently elected Professor in the Concord Biblical Institute, which he had been the means of founding during his presidency of Newbury Seminary; remained in the Biblical Institute five years, and in 1848 was elected delegate to the General Conference which met at Pittsburgh. Again, in 1852, he was sent to General Conference, and was elected to the episcopacy. This position he held up to about five years ago, when, during a visit to the Nevada Conference, his vocal organs became paralyzed and his mind became slightly impaired—Concord, N. H., Dec. 20th, aged 59.

BEAL, Ezra F.—A distinguished architect, well-known throughout the state of Maine. He was one of the first directors of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, and the builder of the depot in that city. He also superintended the erection of the Falmouth Hotel, Brown's sugar house, the Alpine House, at Gorham, N. H., and many other public buildings—Norway, Me., Dec. 19th.

CUDDEHY, Lucy A.—A lady of great benevolence; had visited most parts of the globe; was for a considerable time in charge of the art department for the instruction of women at the Cooper Union, and was also an associate of Melby, the marine painter—died on the recent passage of the steamer Oceanic for Liverpool.

CARLE, Capt. James—Of the schooner Columbia, of Bangor, Me. While stepping from the vessel to the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad wharf he slipped and fell into the dock and was drowned—Boston, Mass., Dec. 19th, aged about 48.

COOMBS, L. A.—One of the proprietors of the Preble House, Portland—committed suicide by shooting himself, Portland, Me., Dec. 20th.

COFFIN, Louisa Harrison—Wife of Prof. J. H. C. Coffin, U. S. Navy—Washington, D. C., Dec. 17th, aged 56.

DICKSON, James—Agent and bill poster. Particulars in another department.

DE MALAJA, the Hon. Fray Pablo Carrion—Archbishop of Porto Rico island, and a native of Spain—died from injuries received by a fall from his carriage, San Juan de Porto Rico, Nov. 29th, aged 65.

FLOYD, Dr. W. P.—A distinguished physician of Tazewell county; a member of one of the most popular families of Virginia; a son of the elder Governor Floyd, brother of John B. Floyd also Governor and Secretary of War, and brother-in-law of Senator Johnston. The deceased was one of the most skilled and competent physicians in Virginia—died from the effects of injuries received by being thrown from his horse, Richmond, Va., Dec. 23d.

FERRIS, Hettie—One of the oldest members of the First Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, and grand daughter of Sir Robert Dunbar, of Scotland—died of paralysis, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 15th, aged 102.

GARDINER, Edouard—The eminent baritone. Particulars in another part of this issue.

GUNN, Dr. Alexander N.—A member of the Academy of Medicine, of the Medical Society of the county of New York, and an eminent medical practitioner of this city—New York city, Dec. 21st, aged 61.

HYNE, Dr. Alfred—Well known in literary circles in this city, having contributed to several of the weekly press under his own name and several *noms de plume*, one of which was "Ralph Ringwood;" studied and practiced medicine in early life; was the son of Dr. Hyne, of Bardstown, Ky., where he was born, and an accomplished musician and artist. He was the husband of Mrs. Sallie Brydges Hyne, well known as the authoress of "Marble Isle," and other poems, and as a magazine writer—New York city, about 20th, aged 37.

HOWE, George—An old merchant of Boston, having commenced business in that city in 1815, and was engaged in the dry goods trade until 1838, when he became interested in the Dover and Lawrence cotton manufactories—Boston, Mass., Dec. 19th, aged 78.

HAREGAWA, Mr.—A native of Japan; one of the several hundred representatives of that country sent to Europe and the United States to be educated, and a student at Troy—died of consumption, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 19th, aged 20.

HALL, E. W.—For many years a well known carriage maker of Charlestown—Charlestown, Mass., Dec. 20th.

HALLETT, Capt. James H.—Agent for Isaac Taylor & Co., instantly killed by falling through a scuttle at the bonded warehouse on Union wharf, Boston—Boston, Mass., Dec. 23d.

JOHNSTON, James—A native of Pearson county, N. C., and a citizen of Hancock county, Miss., for fifty-two years. He was also an active member of the Bay St. Louis lodge, No. 147, F. and A. M.—Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 20th, aged 81.

JENKINS, Joel—Born at Wilmington, Mass., in 1790, went to Lowell in 1829, and was held in high esteem in the latter city—died of typhoid fever, Lowell, Mass., Dec. 19th, aged 81.

JENKINS, Alice Julia Shaw—Wife of John Wilcox Jenkins, of Baltimore, Md., and last surviving daughter of commodore T. D. Shaw, U. S. N.—Dec. 18th, aged 57.

JOHNSON, J.—Actor. See foreign dramatic news.

KEYSER, John—A merchant and native of this city, and well-known in business circles—died from the effects of injuries received about a month ago by falling through a hatchway at No 80 Front street—N. Y. city, Dec. 22d, aged 70.

LAW, Edward—Earl of Ellenborough, Viscount Southam, and formerly governor general of India. The barony of Ellenborough was created by the British crown in the year 1802, in the person of Edward Law, who had discharged the duties of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench for many years. He was the first Baron Ellenborough. The peer now deceased was the eldest son of the first lord, and succeeded him in the baronial title; was born in the year 1790, and came to the peerage in 1818; married (1813) a daughter of Robert, Marquis of Londonderry, who died in 1819; took for his second wife (1824) Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Rear Admiral Digby; was educated at Eton, and took the degree of M. A. at Cambridge University. He sat in parliament for St. Michael's (since disfranchised) in 1812-18; served as governor general of India from 1842 to 1844; commissioned first lord of the admiralty in 1846, and held the position the year next following; was president of the board of control in 1858, and again in the months of March, April and May of 1858. By royalty was elevated to an earldom for his services in India—London, Eng., Dec. 21st, aged 81.

MORSE, Sidney E.—A son of the Rev. Jedediah Morse, D. D., and brother of Richard C. Morse (deceased) and of Professor S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph; born in Charlestown, Mass., February 7, 1794; received a primary education, entered the Freshman class at Yale in 1808, and graduated at fourteen. When sixteen years old he wrote a series of articles on the "Dangers Presenting from the Undue Multiplication of New States," studied theology at Andover, Mass., and law at Litchfield, Conn., became sole editor and proprietor of the Boston *Recorder*, a religious newspaper. In 1833, in connection with his younger brother, he established the New York *Observer*, of which he continued to be the senior editor and proprietor until 1858, when he retired to private life; was the author of a school geography, and in 1817 he and his elder brother patented the flexible piston pump. In 1839 he produced the new art of cerography, for printing maps on the common printing press, and had been engaged with his son in completing an invention for rapid exploration of the depths of the sea—the "bathometer."—died of paralysis (the first illness of his life), N. Y., Dec. 23d, aged 77.

MOTT, Richard—Born at Grand Isle, Jan. 7, 1800. Commenced the study of law at Plattsburg, N. Y., and in 1821 entered upon the practice of the profession at that place; remained at Plattsburg actively employed in the courts of the county of Clinton until 1830, when he removed to this city. Became a partner of J. R. Carey, and was much engaged with cases involving the law of taxes, assessments, streets, and other questions of municipal law—New York city, Dec. 19th, aged 71.

PURCELL, the Hon. William F.—Ex-judge of the Orphans' Court of the District of Columbia—Washington, D. C., Dec. 23d.

PIERCE, M. B.—Sheriff of Fond du Lac county, Wis.—Found dead in his bed at the Union Hotel, with a pistol shot through his left breast, and a pistol lying on the floor—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 23d.

PATTERSON, Helen H.—Widow of Dr. Robert M. Patterson, formerly professor in the universities of Pennsylvania and of Virginia, and director of the mint of the United States—Avonmore, Pa., Dec. 17th, aged 80.

POST, W. H.—Actor. Particulars in another part of this issue.

PITT, John—Music Hall proprietor. Further account in foreign news.

STANDISH, John Miles—The eighth lineal descendant of the noted Capt. Miles Standish, and chief engineer of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad—Maryland, recently.

SHERWOOD, Daniel—Of Pine Plains, a prominent citizen of Dutchess county, and was a member of the Legislature in 1844—Pine Plains, N. Y., Dec. 18th, aged 70.

SCHLAGER, Charles—One of the principal stockholders in the Heidelberg Coal Co., and an active business man of Scranton—died suddenly of paralysis of the heart—Scranton, Pa., Dec. 21st.

TAYLOR, Peter G., ex-alderman of Brooklyn; was a well known merchant in the hardware business, lived in Brooklyn for forty-six years, represented the Fourth Ward in the Common Council from 1846 until 1851, three years of which term he was President of the Board; was also a member of the Board of Education and was a Water Commissioner from 1862 until 1869—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 20th, aged 76.

TAYLOR, The Rev. James B.—For the past twenty-five years corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Association—Richmond, Va., Dec. 22d, aged 69.

UNDERHILL, Richard—Distinguished as a lawyer—Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 20th.

WEBB, Myron S.—An esteemed citizen of Windsor Locks, Conn.; committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a pistol—Windsor Locks, Conn., Dec. 20th.

WELLS, The Rev. Dr.—For ten years past president of the Andalusia College, and an ex-member of the Connecticut bar—died suddenly, Andalusia College, Pa., Dec. 19th, aged 50.

WINSTON, The Hon. John Anthony—Ex-governor of Alabama—Mobile, Ala., Dec. 21st.

SLEIGHING ON HARLEM LANE.

During the past few days the broad avenues of Central Park and the roads beyond have been made musical by the sound of the silver-toned bells, the cracking of whips and the rippling laughter of the fair occupants of the gayly cushioned cutters and sleighs of every kind and size, as they flew like the wind over the frozen snow. Nor has the sleighing been confined to the daytime, for the bright moonlight has tempted hundreds to indulge in the excitement of the sport far into the night. Let us take our seats on the piazza of Harry Berthoff's far-famed hostelrie and note the flyers as they pass in rapid succession before us.

There goes Commodore Vanderbilt, behind Myron Perry and Daisy Burns, and notwithstanding his many years, there are few more reckless drivers on the road. His son, William, follows close behind, driving a black gelding that shows great speed; close after him Senator O'Brien behind his handsome cross matched team, a black and grey; and Mr. Charles Carman joins issue with him in a brush with his roan horse Dick Carhart and his bay mare Annie, a team that few can pass of the many on the road. Here comes Dan Mace behind Kirkwood and Grey Mac, and they fairly fly over the snow in the hands of that master horseman. Mr. Wm. Turnbull, one of the staunchest patrons of the trotting turf in the days gone by, and the most successful of match makers, is out behind his bay stallion in a new and handsome sleigh, and has a brush with Mr. Read, of the Hoffman House, who handles the ribbons over a fast sorrel mare, but not fast enough to give the bay stallion the go by. George B. Alley, the Astoria broker, who first detected the early promise of Dexter and Startle, and brought them out on the turf, flies by at a 2:40 gait behind his long-tailed bays, and Shephard H. Knapp is in hot pursuit of him with his gray trotter White Eagle. But both of them are caught and passed like a flash of lightning by a splendid black horse driven by a tall, powerful figure, whom we recognize as Harry Genet, driving the famous contraband General Butler, a horse that there are few on the road can beat over the snow. A buzz of excitement on the piazza warns us to look out sharp, as something more than usually interesting is about to ensue. We look eagerly down the lane, and, like an arrow from the bow, a "solitary horseman" in a single sleigh shoots past, enabling us only to catch a momentary glimpse of the flying figures of man and horse, but we hear the words:—"There goes Bonner, driving Joe Elliott." There goes the Red Prince of trainers, genial Johnny Murphy, behind his grey gelding Toppy Maguire, who appears to be able to go as fast as his veteran namesake, the jolly host of the "Cayuga." Billy Borst, the handsomest of trainers, shoots past us, piloting Honest Allen and mate at a 2:30 gait, and following them comes the true blue turfman, William Lovell, handling the reins over his promising mare American Girl, who can go fast alike to sleigh and sulky. Jogging leisurely along comes David Bonner, a first class horseman, behind his grey mare Silver Stream. Monitor and mate, a well matched team, in a fancy sleigh, follow, driven by their owner, Mr. W. C. France. Jerome B. Fellows, once so well known for his magnificent six-in-hand team of bays, is out with a handsome black and grey team, that can show a terrific gait, and Hosea B. Perkins, the "silver-voiced orator" of Washington Heights, handles his fleet trotter in style. Mr. Humphreys, the owner of the promising stallion Judge Fullerton, a son of Edward Everett, handles the ribbons over a handsome pair of bays, and Louis Lorillard tackles him for a brush with his team of dark browns. The procession seems endless, for here comes Rocky Moore behind his bay mare Lady Borst; Mr. Gaynor, with the bay horse, Volunteer; Mr. Smith, the Wall street banker, behind a fine team; Lambert, the host of the Fleetwood Park Hotel, with his trotter, Harry Dater; Gus. Noble, the indomitable, with his chum, Harry Casey, behind Meteor, and Mr. Weeks, with his spanking black gelding, Reformer. "But what is that team of flyers that shot past us, as well as everything on the road as far as we could see?" we ask of our jolly host Berthoff, and he tells us that it was Blooming Heather and Triumph, a superb team belonging to that enthusiastic lover of fast trotters, Mr. Thomas P. Wallace, the great brewer, who owns Henry and a lot of other flyers. They are admirably matched in style and speed, and their owner is ready for a brush with anything on the road, except Mr. Bonner's cracks. Mr. Meserole is out behind a spanking pair of bays, and Edward Jones handles two good ones out of his extensive stable. There goes Tom Bennett and his fast chestnut, racing for life with his friend Boyd and his bay gelding for a game supper and champagne at Nolan's, and it looks as if the Fulton street baker would be "euchered." Harry Hill is out with his team of Hambletonian bay mares, and they show fine speed. Dunn Walton's tall form is seen behind a superb team of bays and he is trying to stall off the challenge of the famous trainer, Rodden, who tackles him with a pair of browns, that seem new upon the road. Ben Daniels comes along with the big bay mare Topsy, and she goes along in a lively manner. Gabe Case, the staunch backer of Joe Coburn, drives his fast road mare to a light sleigh, and John [illegible], fresh from his visit to his brood mares and yearlings in Kentucky and Ohio, handles the reins over Jimmy O'Brien, the newly named John J. Bradley that he won of his friend Nesbitt on the senatorial election. In endless line they come and go, and far into the night the sound of the silver bells make sweet melody on the Lane, and hundreds bless the "beautiful snow" which enables them to enjoy the sleighing sport which we have attempted to describe. The rain storm of Sunday has, however, put an end, temporarily, to the sport.

THE TURF.

THE LATE RACE IN CALIFORNIA.

We gave the summary, in our past issue, of the great running race, for $1,000 a side, mile heats, three in five, between those California cracks, Tom Atchison and Nell Flaherty, and we now, on account of its importance and interest to turfmen in particular, lay before our readers full details. The judges selected for the occasion were Senator John Boggs, Henry Williamson and E. J. Lewis. The timers were Tan Woods, Chris Green, Thomas Mott, John Dickerson and Edgar Mills. Distance judge, Robert Allen. Nell Flaherty was ridden by Alex. Lafontaine, 100 pounds up, and Tom Atchison was handled by George Howron, 103 pounds. Pool-selling was quite brisk before the start, there not being much choice between them, although at one time Flaherty had the call at about $50 to $45. Just before the horses were called the owner of Atchison and the backer of Flaherty made a bet of $500 on each of their nags. Considerable money was also wagered on time—bets being freely offered that 1:46¼ would not be beaten in the race. It was about 3 o'clock when the horses were called up and the track cleared for action. Flaherty won the choice of positions, and of course took the inside of the track, although a little muddy in some places. Flaherty's coat glistened like a mirror in the sun after her blankets had been taken off, and she looked the beauty that she is, while she pawed the dirt impatiently for the hard race in which she was about to contend. Atchison also looked the race-horse that he has proved himself to be—a little larger than Flaherty, but compactly put together. He is as gentle as one could wish and shows but little of the restive spirit of his renowned sire, Norfolk, when he ran his celebrated races with Lodi, some years since. Everything being in readiness the horses were turned loose and the bell sounded on a tolerably even start for the

First Heat.—Nell Flaherty led Atchison to the quarter by half a length; they went on in this position to near the half-mile post, when the son of Norfolk commenced to crawl up on the mare, and as they passed the pole they were neck and neck, but Atchison outfooted the mare from this point, and in a few bounds was a length in advance, increasing it to two before the far turn was reached. As they swung into the homestretch for the final struggle it was evident that the mare had found her match, and although she made a gallant brush in the last few hundred yards, failed to reach sufficiently to make it at all dangerous for the grey, and Tom Atchison crossed under the line an open length the winner in the excellent time of 1:45¾, the same time that Flaherty made one mile in a race during the State fair.

Second Heat.—The betting market now chopped in favor of Atchison—pools selling on him at about $65 to $20 on the mare. They got off on the first attempt again, with Atchison slightly in the lead. Around the first turn the grey spun away from Flaherty rapidly, leading her at the quarter by about sixty yards, the rider of the mare not seeming to send her along with her usual vim. When they reached the half, however, she had closed up the distance a little, and had evidently been saved to make the brush on the last half of the mile, but she started in too late to win, Atchison keeping up his gait all the while, and many thought the mare would get the red flag in her face, but in the last few hundred yards she gained on the grey rapidly, and when Atchison had crossed the score, in 1:46¼, Flaherty was only two lengths behind.

Third Heat.—But few pools were sold after the second heat, as it was a sure thing, barring accidents, that the son of Norfolk was more than a match for the Rifleman mare. As a last resort the rider of Flaherty was changed, and Spanish Charley was substituted to ride for this heat. He seemed to do but little better than the other boy; for Atchison cut out the work in the first quarter of the mile, where he led a couple of lengths. They went to the half rapidly, without much advantage to either horse. From here to the entrance of the stretch the mare went for Atchison with much gameness and had her nose at Atchison's flanks. Down they came at a slashing gait, both going for blood every inch of the way. At one time the mare had apparently headed her opponent, but if she did it was but for a second or two, for as they came flying by the distance stand Flaherty lost a little at every stride, and Tom Atchison landed his rider under the line in 1:45¾, the best third heat ever run by any horse in the state. Taking the three heats together, this is the fastest race that has ever been run in California, and if Atchison keeps on improving the way he has in the last six months there are many of the opinion that in two or three mile heats he would be no mean competitor for the renowned Harry Bassett, of whom so much has been said of late. Summary:—

AGRICULTURAL PARK, SACRAMENTO, Dec. 5th.—Match running race, mile heats, three in five; stake, $2,000.

Tom Atchison entered gr h Tom Atchison, by Norfolk......	1	1	1
Henry Walsh entered br m Nell Flaherty, by Rifleman.....	2	2	2

Time, 1:45¾; 1:46¼; 1:45¾.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

Mr. William I'Anson, the owner and breeder of the celebrated Blink Bonny and her equally celebrated son, Blair Athol, the double winner of the Derby and St. Leger, has removed to Hambledon, and commenced public training..........The Prussian Royal Stud directors have purchased the famous steeple chaser, The Colonel, who twice won the Grand National Steeple Chase at Liverpool, from Baron Oppenheim for a stallion..........Mr. David Blanchard, of Boston, has sold the celebrated trotting gelding, License, to Col. Russell, of the same city. License will be trained next season by Charles Norcross......Mr. D. D. Withers has named his imported colt by Blair Athol, out of Connebra by Kingston, Stonehenge, after the famous English sporting writer......Major G. T. Allman, of Tennessee, has purchased the imported thoroughbred horse Canwell, by Stockwell out of Maywell by Helman Platoff. Canwell was imported into Canada in 1863, and was a favorite in the Derby in 1863. Messrs. Hunter & Travers this year imported a yearling colt named Strachino, by Parmesan out of Canwell's dam......Mr. F. Morris was a subscriber to the Weatherby Stakes, but did not name in time. He is now desirous of the unanimous consent of the twenty-seven subscribers for the admission of his nomination.

BOARD OF APPEALS OF THE NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.—This important element of the National Trotting Association of America holds its meeting for the investigation and decision of appeals against the ruling of judges and associations during the past season on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, at the Everett House, in this city. Among the many important matters that will occupy their attention will be the disregard paid by owners of horses to the rule laid down by the association that in all entries of horses for purses the names of their sires and dams should be given when known, and also that the name or names of the owner or owners of such horses entered should be given in full. Both these rules have been, for some time past, practically disregarded, and the mischievous results of such neglect are beginning to be felt. In the case of the stallion Mohawk, whose pedigree was imperfect, and comparatively, until the great merits of his young stock called public attention to him, this evil was conspicuous, and but for the promise given by his son, Mohawk, Jr., his true breeding might never have come to light. Other interesting cases will be brought before the board, which will prove of importance to the interests of the trotting turf. We shall give a report of the proceedings.

APPEAL TO TROTTING TURFMEN.—Racing and trotting men of the old school, as well as those of the present day will learn with regret that the widow and three children of the late Ezra White, who for many years joint owner with Mr. William Shaw of the Union Course, L. I., during its palmiest days, are now living in this city in a destitute condition. Mrs. White is a victim to consumption and has been confined to her bed for nearly two years, which has gradually exhausted the little property left her by her husband. At the present time the only source of livelihood of the family is derived from the sale of artificial flower work, made by one of the children, a boy of 14 years, who has been a cripple from his birth. This appeal for assistance to the sympathies of turfmen who knew Mr. White in the days of the past will, we trust, not be unavailing.

THE LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB.—The attention of racing men is called to the fact that the entries for the great Inaugural Post Stake opened by the Louisiana Jockey Club close on Jan. 1st. This race is two-mile heats for all ages, $100 each, play or pay, and with $3,500 added by the club; the winner taking $2,500, the second horse $750, and the third $250 out of the stakes. This race is to be run on the first day of the Inaugural Spring Meeting, Saturday, April 13th, which continues six days, and during which the liberal sum of $20,000 will be given in purses and stakes for public competition. The Louisiana Jockey Club is an offshoot from the Metairie Jockey Club, and comprises some of the principal turfmen in the southern states.

TROTTING IN CALIFORNIA.—AGRICULTURAL PARK, San Francisco, Dec. 9.—Trotting; mile heats, 3 in 5, to rule. Purse and stake, $300.

Mr. Wilson entered s m Coquette..........	2	1	1	2	1
Mr. Sargent entered b g Grant..........	1	2	2	1	2
J. L. Eoff entered g m Lady Grant..........	3	3	3	3	3

Time, 2:46; 2:49½; 2:41¼; 2:44; 2:38¾.

SAME DAY.—Trotting match for $500; mile heats, 3 in 5.

W. Burdett entered b m Nelly Grattan..........	2	1	2	1	1
T. McClellan entered b m Lady Emma..........	1	2	1	2	2

Time, 2:52; 2:47; 2:44¼; 2:49½; 2:52.

THE RING.

BUTT RILEY'S EXHIBITION took place at a hall located on Twenty-fourth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 19th, and we are pleased to state that the turn-out to see the fun was quite large, which was as it should be, for Butt is one of the old boys, and it's been a long while since he previously offered himself as a candidate for the favors of the fraternity. The boxers also cheerfully assisted, as they're always ready to do for one of the right sort, showing up in the following order:—Harry Parker and Tom Collins, Harry McCarty and Emerson, Hen. Bagley and Billy Edwards, Patsy Hogan and Bill McClellan, Billy McMullen and John Clark, Johnny Grady and friend, Kenny and Tom Brennan, Tim Hussey and Curtin, and the wind-up between Riley and Bill Bennet, a couple who just made things hum for a while. The show was also varied by tumbling by Harry Parker, and a song and dance by Emerson. Uncle Toves was master of ceremonies.

HARRY HICKEN (now matched with Tom Oxford) and Arthur Chambers are to be the recipients of a complimentary benefit on the evening of Friday, Dec. 29th, at Mechanics' Hall, No. 554 North Third street, Philadelphia, when the sports of Quakertown and all others who admire the scientific and genuine fun may calculate upon being both edified and amused. A treat worth traveling a long way to witness will be offered by the wind-up between Harry and Arthur, while it will be preceded by exciting and artistic meetings between the leading boxers of that burgh, interspersed with songs, dances, &c.

THE TESTIMONIAL to Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers came off at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre, 26 East Houston street, on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 21st, and drew a large attendance. The boxing bouts, in which Dooney Harris, Bob Smith, John Clark and others appeared, elicited much commendation, while the artistic exhibition of attack and defensive tactics between the beneficiaries was loudly applauded, as was also the club swinging of the genial host. The singing, dancing, etc., likewise came in for a fair share of applause.

JAMES SMITH writes to us from New Orleans, under date of Dec. 14th, saying that he will be in this city about May next, and that he will then make a match to walk McKittrick upon the terms he (Smith) offered several months ago, for as much money as Mac is willing to stake. Jim, don't think it would be good policy, however, to journey all the way from the Crescent City to Gotham at this season of the year, with the prospect before him of the Bostonian refusing to make the match.

HEN CRANDELL informs us that he is matched to run the old California Plow Boy 130 yards for $1,000 a side in gold, on January 18th, at Bankersville, Cal. He was to have run against a ped known as "The Sheepherder," 100 yards, for $250 a side, in gold, on Dec. 18th. In his match with the Plow Boy, Hen allows six feet on the outcome.

MIKE SHEA, who was under $1,000 bail for being connected with the shooting of Jerry Donovan, in Scranton, Pa., recently, was released on Dec. 18th, there being no evidence showing his complicity in the fatal act.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS' "ben" at the Arcade, Jersey City, on the night of Dec. 22d, was well attended, and the sport gave satisfaction, especially the wind-up between Arthur and Billy Edwards.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Joe Coburn, Jim Mace (?), Mace and Coburn, Col. T. H. Monstery, James Smith and John W. Quad.

THE PAST.—The feeling of most men seems to be that they would not like to live through their past again in its entirety.

BASE BALL.

RECORD OF THE ÆTNA CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

This club played thirty eight games the past season, of which twenty-two were with amateur and sixteen with professional clubs. Of the number of games played with amateur clubs they lost but three—two to the Stars, of Brooklyn, and one to the Lone Stars, of New Orleans—which defeats were, in a measure, offset by a victory over the Forest City Club, of Cleveland, and two over the Actives, of Clinton. The strongest nine placed in the field by the club was probably as follows:—Quinn, catcher; Reid, pitcher; Hallinan, short stop; Lynch, first base; Reynolds, second base; Bredburg, third base; Ward, left field; Graves, centre field; O'Loughlin, right field. It will be seen that they played their last game of the season with the Putnam Club, of Troy, New York, on the eventful ninth of October, while the fire was raging in the city from which they hailed. Below we present tables, giving the games played and the averages of those members who participated in not less than five games, in the order of their batting merit:—

April 22,	Ætna vs. Picked Nine, at Chicago	27	to 4
April 29,	Ætna vs. Picked Nine, at Chicago	27	7
May 3,	Ætna vs. Prairie, at Chicago	30	7
May 6,	Ætna vs. Picked Nine,† at Chicago	46	3
May 9,	Ætna vs. Forest City of Cleveland, at Chicago	4	8
May 10,	Ætna vs. Kekiongas, at Fort Wayne	9	29
May 16,	Ætna vs. Olympic of Washington, at Chicago	10	22
May 22,	Ætna vs. Amateur, at Chicago	9	[illegible]
June 7,	Ætna vs. Liberty, at Chicago	33	4
June 10,	Ætna vs. Active, at Chicago	18	4
June 17,	Ætna vs. University, at Chicago	35	10
June 21,	Ætna vs. White Stockings, at Chicago	3	13
June 22,	Ætna vs. Forest City of Rockford, at Chicago	1	8
June 26,	Ætna vs. White Stockings, Jr., at Chicago	16	8
June 28,	Ætna vs. Active, at Chicago	19	10
July 1,	Ætna vs. Eckford, at Springfield	30	10
July 3,	Ætna vs. Atlantic, of St. Louis, at St. Louis	25	8
July 4,	Ætna vs. Star, of St. Louis, at St. Louis	31	7
July 5,	Ætna vs. Clipper,† at Indianapolis	43	7
July 6,	Ætna vs. Live Oak, at Cincinnati	30	15
July 8,	Ætna vs. Forest City, of Cleveland, at Cleveland	9	20
July 11,	Ætna vs. Boston, at Chicago	4	10
July 14,	Ætna vs. Athletic, of Philadelphia, at Chicago	4	15
July 18,	Ætna vs. Eckford, at Chicago	6	10
July 20,	Ætna vs. Lone Star, at Chicago	4	12
July 29,	Ætna vs. Mutual, at Chicago	10	24
Aug. 9,	Ætna vs. Forest City, of Cleveland, at Chicago	15	16
Aug. 12,	Ætna vs. White Stockings, at Chicago	3	27
Aug. 17,	Ætna vs. Olympic, of Washington, at Chicago	3	17
Aug. 21,	Ætna vs. Star, of Brooklyn, at Chicago	3	5
Aug. 31,	Ætna vs. Atlantic, of Chicago, at Chicago	26	9
Sept. 21,	Ætna vs. Aurora, at Aurora, Ill	14	12
Sept. 28,	Ætna vs. Athletic, of Chicago, at Chicago	14	6
Oct. 3,	Ætna vs. White Stockings, at Chicago	4	26
Oct. 5,	Ætna vs. [illegible], at Philadelphia	41	13
Oct. 6,	Ætna vs. Olympic of Phila., at Philadelphia	23	6
Oct. 7,	Ætna vs. Star, at Brooklyn	41	5
Oct. 9,	Ætna vs. Putnam, at Troy	14	9
	Totals	660	474

† Six innings.

	Games.	1st B. Hits.	Total B's.	Men P.O.	Times As'd.	Av'ge B.H. to a Game.	Av'ge T.B. to a Game.	Av'ge P.O. to a Game.	Av'ge As'd to a Game.
Taylor, sub.	29	63	83	47	39	2-17	2-25	1-61	1-34
Bredburg, 3d b.	32	66	64	45	75	2-09	2-40	2-04	1-40
Reid, p.	35	75	102	31	81	1-88	2-92	0-88	2-13
Hallinan, s. s.	30	50	95	55	96	1-66	3-10	1-83	2-70
Reynolds, 2d b.	31	51	59	95	59	1-64	1-90	3-06	2-56
Graves, c f.	34	55	62	57	2	1-61	1-82	1-68	0-06
O'Loughlin, r. f.	29	46	55	57	3	1-58	1-89	1-96	0-10
Quinn, c.	32	47	54	138	43	1-46	1-68	4-31	1-34
Ward, l f.	31	45	61	41	5	1-45	1-96	1-32	0-16
Sweeney, sub.	9	14	15	14	18	1-55	1-66	1-55	2-00
Lynch, 1st b.	36	39	42	395	8	1-08	1-16	10-96	0-22
Mackey, sub.	5	5	5	7	1	1-00	1-00	1-40	0-20

BALL PLAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

The games played at the Crescent City on Dec. 17th are recorded underneath, opening with the full score of the first championship contest between the Washington and Mutual Clubs:—

WASHINGTON.	R.	1B.	MUTUAL.	R.	1B.
Cusco, l f.	4	2	Lime, p.	0	0
F. Everett, 3d b.	5	3	January c.	1	0
Meldo, p.	5	2	McGraw, s s.	1	0
C. Everett, 1st b.	5	2	Johnson, l f.	2	1
Zingel, 2d b.	3	1	Zingel, 2d b.	0	0
Magnon, s s.	6	3	Burkhardt, 1st b.	2	1
Hoffman, c f.	5	1	Wright, 3d b.	1	0
Jones, c.	4	0	Muster, c f.	1	0
Devonshire, r f.	3	1	Alms, r f.	1	0
Totals	40	15	Totals	9	2

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Washington	3	3	8	1	1	12	3	8	1—40
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	9

Umpire—Mr. C. Wilcox, of the Atlantics. Time of Game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

The Lone Stars and Excelsiors played their second championship game at the park, the following being the result by innings:—

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Lone Star	0	0	3	1	4	6	1	2	5—22
Excelsior	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1—6

Umpire—Mr. C. E. Staub, of the Mutuals. Time of Game—One hour and thirty-five minutes.

The Crescents were beaten by the Pelicans, score, 28 to 15. The Orleans beat the Empires; score, 36 to 11. The Lone Stars played a game with the Orleans, and defeated them by the score of 26 to 13. The Southerns put a terrible head on the Baltics by the one-sided score of 69 to 7. The Alves were beaten by an organization called the Atlantic Base Ball Club, by the score of 21 to 16. The Live Oaks were polished off by the Olympics; score, 58 to 11. The Mandevilles defeated the Louisianas; score, 38 to 21. The Progress beat the Young Americas; score, 11 to 5. The Tigers were captured by the Atlantic, Jr.; score, 32 to 22. The Shoo Flys beat the Pickwicks by the score of 19 to 6.

ARLINGTON vs. BLUE STOCKING.

On December 12th the above-named clubs played a game at Shreveport, La., for a handsome banner, the result of which was as follows:—

ARLINGTON.	O.	R.	BLUE STOCKING.	O.	R.
Seaman, 2d b.	1	5	Craig, 2d b.	3	4
Daffee, c.	3	3	Johnson, c.	3	3
Ashmore, p.	3	3	Thatcher, l f.	3	2
Feliy, c f.	3	3	Nolan, p.	3	2
Durrie, s s.	4	1	Maples, 1st b.	3	3
Piggott, l f.	3	3	Kerley, s s.	1	3
Ford, 1st b.	3	5	Welch, c f.	3	2
Vansant, 3d b.	3	5	Ristner, 3d b.	3	2
McGuire, r f.	1	3	Dillon, r f.	3	1
Total		29	Total		24

Umpire—Mr. Proudorften. Scorers—J. Parvear and F. Nolan.

THE TRIGGER.

John Cornell to Levi Dover.—An agreement had been entered into between these well-known trigger pullers of the City of Brotherly Love to meet at the Hay Market Hotel, one day last week, and stake money for a competitive trial of skill in their favorite sport. The hour fixed upon was 3 o'clock P. M., and at 2.30 Cornell made his appearance, prepared to post whatever sum was desired, from $100 up. After waiting until the appointed time he staked a century, Dover, who had been there early in the afternoon and promised to return, not having shown up. Cornell and his companion (Commodore Harry Hyatt, who, in times past, was able to draw a bead with the best of 'em) waited an hour longer, but neither Dover or any one on his behalf appeared, and they left, sorely disappointed. John has a good man behind him, who is prepared to back him for any sum. If Dover is not shy of Cornell he can get on a match for from $100 to $250 a side, 25 single birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, 1¼ oz. of shot, shooting from a ground trap; both to shoot out of the same lot of birds. The perfect fairness of this proposition cannot be questioned, and we don't see how Dover can decline to accept it without such declension being construed into a tacit acknowledgment of John's superiority. Come, Levi, let's know what you are "going to do about it." Fifty dollars are now on deposit at the New Sample Rooms, Faldon and Colbert, 205 North Second street, on behalf of Cornell, which Dover is requested to cover without unnecessary delay. "Will he do it?" is the question which now agitates the triggerites of Philadelphia.

The Whole Hog or None.—At Tacony, Pa., on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 27th, the possession of a fatted member of the porcine family will be contended for by a number of Philadelphia's expert pigeon shooters, including Cornell, Dover, Peck and Cuthbert. Should the weather not prove unpropitious splendid sport may be anticipated, and it is more than likely that several impromptu matches and sweepstakes will be shot at the same time by professionals and amateurs.

Ward Defeats Bogardus.—On Friday, Dec. 22d, James Ward, of Toronto, C. W., and A. H. Bogardus, the American champion, shot a match at 100 snow birds each, at the former place, Ward winning by a score of 66 to 65.

SKATING.

THE ART OF SKATING.

Upon our first page we present an illustration of a skating scene such as may be witnessed at Central Park, the Capitoline lake, Prospect Park, or other favorite resorts of the admirers of the art in this vicinity. Skating is truly a fascinating pursuit, and non-skaters can have no conception of the fascination which the art exerts over those who are well accustomed to it; but if they wish to find a simile, they may do so in the dreams of flying that we have experienced, in which we have only to flap our arms, glide easily along, and wonder why we never found it out before. Such a mode of progress is obtained by the accomplished skater, who needs no powerful exertion to propel him, but sails about as if by simple volition. Concerning skating in the olden time the following remarks of familiar authors will prove of interest:—

The quaint Samuel Pepys, secretary to the admiralty in the reign of Charles the Second, thus writes in his diary, under date of December, 1662:—"To the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where he would go slide on his *Scates*, which I did not like, but he slides very well." Again:—"Over the Park, where I did see people sliding with their *Scates*, which is a very pretty art."

The learned John Evelyn also records under the same date:—"Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal, in St. James' Park, performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with *Scates*, after the manner of the Hollanders; with what swiftness they passe, how suddenly they stop on the yce; went home."

Dean Swift, in his journal of January, 1711, writes:—"Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble, sliding, and with *Skates*, if you know what that is."

That wonderful table-talker, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, thus makes mention of the Skaters on the Lake at Ratzeburgh, in Denmark:—"The lower lake is now all alive with skaters, and with ladies driven onward by them in their ice-cars. Mercury surely was the first maker of skates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In skating there are *three* pleasing circumstances—the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the skates cut up, and which creep and run before the skate like a low mist, and at sunset become colored; *second*, the shadow of the skater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and *third*, the melancholy undulating sound from the skate, not without variety; and when very many are skating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all around the Lake, *tinkle*."

Sir Walter Scott, although unable to skate, by reason of his lameness, was an ardent admirer of the art. The following paragraph is extracted from "Guy Mannering":—"The scene on the lake was very beautiful; one side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a thousand enormous icicles, all glittering in the sun; on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which pine trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen bosom of the lake itself was a multitude of moving figures, some flitting along with the velocity of swallows, and others sweeping in the most graceful circles."

William Hone, in his "Every Day Book," says:—"The ice-bound Serpentine in Hyde Park is the resort of every one who knows how, or is learning how, to skate; and on Sundays its broad surface is covered with skaters. The ladies in the richest furs bid defiance to the wintry winds, and venture on the frail surface. A lady and two officers, who performed a reel with a precision scarcely conceivable, received applause so boisterous as to terrify the fair cause of the general expression, and occasion her to forego the pleasure she received from the amusement."

Scotland has long been famous for the adroitness as well as for the gracefulness of its skaters. Just one century ago a club was established in Edinburgh for the encouragement of the art; but Mr. Strutt does not seem willing that the fame of the northern metropolis should outrive that of London, for he says he had seen on the Serpentine—"Four gentlemen dance a double minuet on skates with as much ease, and, I think, more elegance than in a ball room. Others, again, by turning and winding with much adroitness, have readily described upon the ice the form of all the letters in the alphabet."

The notion that great space is required by skaters is now completely dissipated, as the highest refinement of the art can be displayed within a very limited space. The movements of an adept are elegantly graceful and dexterous; he abounds with feats and manœuvres, so numerous, however, that we cannot detail them. The result of this increased attention to the art is seen in the improved variety of the skates recently introduced, and the disappearance of the few clumsy forms heretofore in common use. Skates, furnished with three brass wheels to run upon the ground were in use in Paris as early as 1819. They were often seen on the Boulevards and in the public gardens—the skaters moving with great rapidity up and down the long, smooth avenues. They were introduced upon the French stage by the dancer Dumas and his wife; and Meyerbeer's opera, "Le Prophete," included a ballet of skaters, which elicited much admiration; these, without doubt, suggested the parlor skates, the wheels on which are made of India rubber. Jackson Haines, the great American skater, has appeared as a skater, in "Le Prophete," at the Grand Opera, Vienna, Austria.

The increasing popularity of the art is evinced in the interest taken throughout the northern portion of the American continent in its enjoyment. In all parts of the country clubs are organizing and ponds prepared for the amusement of skaters; but the prominent cause of the popularity of this invigorating exercise and graceful recreation is principally owing to the favor with which it is now received by the fair sex.

There was considerable skating during the past week, Brooklyn, as hitherto, monopolizing the sport. On the day of the cold snap—Dec. 21st—all the skating signals were up at all the Park ponds, both at Central and Prospect Parks. At the Capitoline lake that night quite a gala time was had, a race for a silver cup, a match at foot ball and a wheelbarrow race blindfold being the attractions of the occasion. John Oatley won the silver cup in the race, Brady's side won the foot ball game, and a young man named Bennett captured the prize turkey in the wheelbarrow race. The weather was calm but extremely cold, the thermometer at 8 P. M. standing within three degrees of zero. On Saturday rain put an end to the sport. ......The Brooklyn Club is the only organization of the kind in the metropolis and its vicinity that possesses headquarters. They have a handsomely furnished room, ornamented with pictures and evergreens; a fine piano, and every skating night the room is graced with the presence of lady guests. The club have thus far had sixteen days of excellent skating........The Jersey City Skating Rink has been turned into a stable.

BILLIARDS.

The Proposed International Contest.—Dion vs. Cook.—Some weeks ago the Clipper gave in full the negotiation for a series of contests between William Cook, champion of England, and Cyrille Dion, champion of America. Aside from the insignificance of the sum ($500 a side) proposed to be contended for, the undue prominence given to the subject of gate-money was calculated to cause the match to be regarded with disfavor. We are glad to be able to announce that a scheme which could not be conscientiously commended has been abandoned. Playing for a division of the gate-money is, as we took occasion to remark when the now abandoned scheme was first under discussion, unworthy of an expert who, as champion of America, is forbidden to divide the gate-money; and Mr. Dion, having reconsidered the subject, withdraws his proposition to halve the receipts, and now insists that, as is proper, everything shall go to the winner. Appreciating, also, that $500 a side is scarcely a sufficient sum to warrant an international contest, being not much more than enough to defray the Englishman's expenses, Mr. Dion now calls for a stake of at least $2,500 a side (Cook can make it $5,000 if he wishes), and will allow England's champion $500 for expenses. As a further abandonment of his original position, the American champion proposes to play the English and American games only, either even up, or else Cook to give 800 in 3,000 points at the English game, and Dion the same odds at the American. If odds are given, the player who scores the greater total, adding English and American games together, is to receive the full amount of both stakes, although he may have won but one game. As it now stands, the challenge is a credit to the American player. Whether the English champion will accept is almost as good a subject for a wager as would be the games themselves. It is to be hoped that he will.

Changes.—The Astor room, under the superintendence of John Cleveland ("Ten-pin Johnny"), is having all its tables converted into Collender "bevels." It is now doing a heavy business......The veteran Capt. Tom Reeves, at 235 Broadway, is also having his tables beveled......John J. Wiseman has purchased Duffy & Fitzgerald's room, 21 New street, and will put in "bevels."......Frank Parker, ex-champion, has his eye on a room in Chicago large enough to hold ten tables, and is after "bevels."......Seven of the same have been ordered for a new room "away up town," in this city, and five for a room in St. John, N. B.; while on the 23d, fourteen were sent to Mason's room, Albany......Charley Frink is with C. Dion......Harry Smith has returned to Flynn & Mason's......"Patsy" will be with John J. Wiseman in New street, as also will John Montgomery......Ralph Benjamin has gone to the Apollo......There is to be a "new departure" with reference to the Brooklyn championship. The winner is to receive the cue "to hold and to keep." Messrs. Rogers and Rapalee are to play for it on the 17th prox.

The Indiana Championship.—A billiard association with nerve enough to investigate charges against its members has at last been found. Jacob Garratt and John Huegele, accused of collusion to prevent Parker A. Byers from playing the first-named gentleman for the Indiana championship, have been expelled from the Indiana State Billiard Association. This is an item for William Goldthwait; and were Michael Phelan alive to-day, he would look with admiration upon the Indiana Association, whose action has been so different from that of the now obsolete "American Billiard Congress," which gave up the ghost in 1865 from sheer lack of inclination to draw breath, much less act when called upon. The Indiana association has declared Mr. Byers champion, in place of Garratt.

Another Dion after a Match.—Frank Dion having challenged Joseph Bennett, of Toronto, the latter gentleman writes:—"In response to Mr. Frank Dion's challenge of the 9th, which I suppose is intended for me, I will play him in Brooklyn on or about the 10th of Jan., 1,500 points up, on a carom table, push and crotch barred, for $250 a side, if he will allow me $50 for expenses, the entrance money to go to the winner." Dion in turn says:—

"I have read Mr. Bennett's answer to my challenge of the 9th inst. I am willing to allow him $50 for expenses, on condition that there is no admission fee charged, and that we play at Van Cleaf's rooms on the 25th of January for $250 a side, $100 forfeit. The remainder to be put up five days before playing the match.

"Frank Dion."

Pennsylvania Championship.—Edward J. Plunkett and Edmund H. Neims are hard at work practising for their contest on the 15th prox. for the championship of the Keystone State at the three-ball game. Both are reported to be doing well, and both are variously reported as the favorite. A few days ago Plunkett made a run of 62—a feat not common in Philadelphia.

Giving Exhibitions.—Messrs. Garnier and Daly have been giving exhibitions in Newark, Orange, and Trenton, N. J., and in Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn. This is better for billiards than playing matches, and in the end will be more profitable to the players. Madame Garnier accompanies them.

Byers vs. Pierce.—The latter, ex-champion of Missouri, was, on the 17th inst., at Indianapolis, defeated by a score of 750 to 442. Parker A. Byers, who is responsible for this, averaged over 44.

At the "Hub."—R. E. Willmarth and Charles Dignon, on the 13th, defeated Edward Daniels and L. A. Brooks by 5 points in a three-ball game of 300.

In Hartford.—Mattie Hewins, Daly, Garnier and others were to play in Hartford on the 27th, in a grand exhibition in connection with Hewins' gift enterprise.

Death of Maurice Leonard.—This well-known metropolitan professional, whose illness was reported last week, was buried on Dec. 17th at Calvary Cemetery.

The McDevitt Fund.—Additional subscriptions of $46 in cash make the McDevitt memorial fund foot up $443 50.

Morill vs. Dion.—C. Dion offers to play Morrill, of Burlington, Vt., in this city, and allow expenses.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FAST TIME IN AUSTRALIA.

In the issue of *Bell's Life in Sydney* dated Sept. 23d we find the following report (copied from another Australian journal, the *Lyttelton Times*), of a match in which Frank Hewitt, of Millwall, Eng., undertook, for a bet of £50 to £35, to beat J. Nuttall's time (1 min. 55¼sec.) for half a mile, which had hitherto been the fastest on record:—

"Yesterday was, in due course, named for the event to come off, but the locale was left unspecified until the morning of the race (the date is not given), in order that the direction of the wind might be considered in making the selection. The morning broke as beautifully as could be desired, with a light but fitful breeze from the northwest. All the main roads converging towards Christchurch were visited, but the wind was not directly favorable to any, and ultimately the Riccarton road, near the Plough Inn, was selected, although the wind was almost direct across the road. In our opinion Lincoln road would have been the most favorable in respect of wind, and certainly more fall in the road would have been secured, for the Riccarton road at the point referred to is all but level. A large crowd of spectators assembled to witness the event, but although several offers were made to back Hewitt at evens and at slight odds, no betting was done. Previous to starting the roadway was carefully cleared of loose stones, and was also measured with the requisite degree of nicety. When these and other preparations were completed, Hewitt made his appearance in pedestrian costume, and it was observable that he had trained to a shade of what was desired. He was in really splendid form, looking as lithe and sinewy as his most ardent supporter could wish. From this, and the style in which he did his preliminary, opinion turned still more strongly in his favor. Mr. E. P. Andrews had been appointed starter, and the official timekeepers were Mr. H. Cohen (Messrs. Peterson and Co.) and Mr. Smith (Messrs. Coates and Co.) All being ready, the former gave the signal, and Hewitt bounded away on the instant at a magnificent pace. The beautiful manner in which he stepped, and the immense stride he took, were the themes of general admiration. At the end of the first quarter of a mile, which distance he accomplished in 51¾ secs., Harris, who had also donned his running costume, joined him, and ran the final quarter of a mile with him. When nearing home the pace seemed rather slow for the time it was to be done in, and cries arose of "He'll not do it; he'll lose." These surmises proved incorrect, for Hewitt running about three feet in the rear of Harris, passed the mark at 1 min. 53½ secs. from the time of starting. Although the exact time was not known on the instant, the timekeepers' watches having to be compared, it was known that Hewitt had won the event, and several lusty cheers were given in honor of the performance. When the watches had been compared, the result was the time we have already given, and in proof of its correctness we may note that Mr. H. Redwood, than whom no one is more *au fait* at timing races, made the time 1 min. 54¼ secs., or only a quarter of a second more than the official timekeepers. The result, whichever time is taken, records a victory of which Hewitt may well be proud. It is considerably the best time yet made, either in England or the colonies, and at once stamps Hewitt as a pedestrian of the highest order at the distance."

The London *Sporting Life* is disposed to question the correctness of the above, because it was copied from a journal which is but little known and which is not considered an authority. On the other hand, *Bell's Life in London* says:—"Since Hewitt reached maturity he has proved himself a first class runner, and has not only contended successfully with the best men England ever produced, but has shown exceedingly fast time in several contests. For instance, he ran 868 yards in 1 min. 54sec.; so that, had he completed half a mile, his time then would have been within a fraction of Nuttall's unprecedented performance. We are at a loss to imagine, therefore, why any doubts should be cast on the feat, and it must now be accepted as the fastest on record." It will be observed, however, that there is an error in regard to the time as given in the report, the official time being announced as 1:53½, while that kept by others, 1:54¾, is said to be *only a quarter of a second* slower than that of the regular timers, whereas it is *one second and a quarter* slower. Until this mistake is rectified, therefore, and the reliability of the record proven, Nuttall's time, which appears upon the time table accompanying this issue, must be considered the best. Persons are cautioned against betting upon it, however, until the correctness or falsity of the report is established.

At Newark, O., on Saturday, Dec 16th, the running race between the horse Unknown, 300 yds., and Mr. Burgess, 150 yds., came off, and was won by Burgess by about 300 feet. Burgess' time was 15¾ seconds. It was for a purse of $200.

THE GREEN ROOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Have you a fancy to cross the green room threshold and peep within? If so, then come with me, and we will pass the threshold of more than one to-night. Take my hand, for we must almost grope our way up this dimly-lighted passage, and confront this sleepy door-keeper, who rouses to challenge us as sharply as a sentinel; but we have the "open sesame" to-night, at which magic talisman the stage door swings upon its hinges, and here we are behind the scenes of a theatre. What is that smell? Gas escaping, and the remains of all the red and blue and green fires, and gunpowder, and burnt rosin used nightly here, still clinging about the atmosphere. A peculiar smell? Very, for bring an actor blindfold here and at a single sniff he could tell you he was "behind the scenes." But come, for time flies, and we have much to see, and that distant tuning of fiddles warns us that the overture is about to begin. Up this short flight of steps, and here we are in the green room, "a green room that belies its name, for it is crimson," with rows of seats down each side of it, like the cabin of a ferry boat.

Happily we are now invisible, else the young lady in fairy skirts, standing before that large mirror, must have caught our reflection in the glass as we entered, and would, I fear, have favored us with a stare and frown. Why? Because we're strangers, and strangers in the green room are looked on as intruders, I'm told, unless chaperoned by the manager, or some theatrical celebrity. So, unobserved, we'll watch the young lady before the mirror, who is so intent upon her reflection there. Her lips move, she is counting softly to herself—one, two, three—four, and raises her foot, does two or three indescribable evolutions, and slips on the carpet. *What did she say?* Never mind what she said, she's going to try it again; she does, and slips as before, and stamps her little foot impatiently, but instantly commences humming a tune as she turns and nods good naturedly to two other fairies entering. Fairies! It must be a show-piece then, to-night. Yes; and the fairy before the glass has just been trying another fairy's last successful step, and had intended introducing it in her own solo? Not by any means; for there is a code of honor among stage fairies which forbids anything of the kind; but does not forbid the dancer using the steps in some other theatre in a future engagement.

But see, the dancer enters, and advances to the mirror. How old she looks, close, too! And yet she is not old; her dancing has aged her face before its time. How serious she looks! Yes, her profession is a serious business to those who excel in it. Truly, the most laborious and irksome branch of the theatrical profession, in which there are but few sensational effects to bring down the house, and even the clap-trap of stage dancing can only be accomplished after severe training. The most mediocre actress on the boards is at a greater advantage with an audience than the most clever dancer, for the actress is privileged to use that sympathetic bond, that wonderous magnetic link between artist and audience, her voice. While the dancer in public is doomed to perpetual silence, an actress occasionally represents a nymph or fairy, but is generally the representative of some character embodying the passions and emotions of a woman, enlisting the public's sympathy, while the dancer rarely appears in any other form but that of a sylph, or some etherial creature, with whom the public have no sympathy; thus, while gazing upon her in some moonlit fairy dell, or coral grotto, we seldom realize that those graceful movements, traditionally natural to a fairy, are something surprising when considered as the movements of a mortal; but I am forgetting *the* dancer before the mirror. She tries no steps, but simply elevates her foot in front of her and slowly carries it round in a line, at the altitude of her head, behind her; that done, she gives a little sigh of relief and wriggles her satin boddice down over her hips, while giving a little triumphant glance around her. Pardon her momentary vanity, for she has just accomplished the most difficult feat in dancing, and yet, when executed by her upon the stage, scarcely receives a hand of applause; but she well knows, as the dancers about her know, the weary hours, with years of practice, it cost her to accomplish it, and takes the silken cloak from the hands of an old woman who stands near her and throws it negligently over her own shoulders. This old woman is the dancer's mother. You will remark most of the dancers here have their mothers with them, and every mother considers her daughter the best dancer in the theatre. And here come more dancers, by twos and threes at a time, all making straight for the looking glass, as if it were a loadstone that drew them irresistibly towards it; and pray note how all look at their reflections there, with a strange appearance of looking at the reflections, not of themselves but of somebody else, and all, without exception, wriggle their boddices down over their hips.

You will observe, too, that a few of them have too much red on their cheeks, and are in their tights, proof that they are "extras," and have not been long in the *ballet*, and wear, if you look closely at them, too, a good deal of cheap jewelry, in the way of finger rings and Milton gold lockets, totally lost to us from the auditorium, but which each girl firmly believes has a brilliant effect from front. You can't hear yourself speak? I should say not, with all these young ladies chattering at once. What are they talking about? Here are two girls coming close to us—listen. They are comparing notes on—corns! and a painfully interesting subject to dancers they prove. But hark! A step approaches, and not a fairy footfall; an actor enters, and *he* makes straight for the looking-glass. He is to play the lover in the spectacle, is very elegantly attired for the character, surveys himself in the mirror with a critical eye and evident satisfaction, particularly his legs, which he regards with the admiration of a Simon Tappertit. After a prolonged scrutiny, and evidently feeling his appearance is perfect, he seats himself and coolly surveys the *ballet* dancers. Oh, how coolly! Nor does he appear to consider himself a privileged individual to be so near these charmers. Senseless creature! when young Fitznoodle would give the world to have *his* opportunity. How earnestly, though, the actor looks at one of the sylphs. Hush! He is about to address her.

"See here, you Miss Brown, I'd thank you not to block up the wing when I come on in the cavern scene. You spoil my entrance; I had to speak to you about it last night, but you never remember anything. If I have to speak again I shall complain to the stage manager."

Heavens! If Fitznoodle could hear his divinity thus prated to. And here comes the heavy man, who is to entice the villain, a scoundrel who plots to slay his rival and carry off the drooping maiden, that young lady now entering the green room as well, and she greets this proposed destroyer of her peace quite cordially, as he advances towards her, newspaper in hand. See, he is kindly pointing out to her a little "notice" of her in this morning's critique, which she eagerly reads, never desisting meanwhile sucking vigorously at a lemon. She is a vocalist, and shares a popular delusion with many stage singers that lemon juice improves the voice.

But the curtain is rising; there is a whirl and a rush for the stage. You haven't seen all the performers in the green room? No, for many never reach the green room before the curtain rises, but scatter from their dressing rooms on to the stage, barely in time for their cues. What's that noise? The tramp of the supernumeraries coming up stairs. Coming in here? Oh, no; they're never allowed in the green room, and when they have finished in the scene they are going on in now they will be ignominiously hustled by their captain into some obscure region, to await another summons to the stage. You wouldn't like that? Oh, you'd get use to it, if you were a super, and used to more, for if you occupied that humble position you would find you would be made the scapegoat were anything broken or anything missing, and the verdict, "Some super's work." But here comes two boys, their arms loaded down with glittering paraphernalia. See how systematically they range helmets and breastplates and spears on those cushioned seats, and how anxiously the youngest boy picks out one particular helmet from the heap and lays it carefully aside. It is for the houri he is "mashed" upon, and the proper boy's love takes this form of expressing itself. Giving an extra polish and a comfortable head lining to his dulcinea's helmet, and *real* fruit purloined from a ducal feast, thrust stealthily in her fair hands, are his modest offerings at Cupid's shrine. But the first scene is over. Stand aside, for here come the *coryphees* blowing like porpoises, giggling and whispering, and one girl lagging behind the rest, limping and hopping like a sparrow, with a white circle round her mouth and the perspiration starting through the enamel on her face as she sinks, as if half dead, in that seat. Over exertion? No, tight shoes, and here comes a lean and lank third dancer, holding a bouquet thrown her in the scene just over, carrying it with a poor pretence of not caring anything about it, and as if quite accustomed to such homage. And here comes the principal dancer, her lips parted and her breathing a little quickened, but apparently as cool as an iceberg, followed by the inimitable mother, carrying *her daughter's* bouquets; but this mother looks neither at the flowers, nor at anything, or any one but her child, and offers her a fan, a glass of water, a handkerchief, and whispers an anxious question or two. Does this sight in any way recall to *your* mind a trainer watching his man?

A brief pause, another whirl and rush for the stage, and the green-room is again deserted. Let us begone as well, and sail away on fancy's wings to a far distant city, where November winds are mild and balmy, and, where, as we near a stately edifice, the air is heavy with the perfume of magnolias, borne in baskets by old black crones, crouching on the "banquette," which they solicit us to buy in their "mongrel" French. Open sesame, and here we are behind the scenes of the French Theatre of New Orleans. The silence of death reigns, broken at length by the peal of a gong, the signal for the performers to enter the green-room. Let us glide in as well. A goodly company of ladies and gentlemen are here assembling in full court dresses. How many there are! Yes, for every person who plays in to-night's comedy, whether in the first or last act, is compelled to be here before the curtain rises on the comedy. What's the matter with that little man? A mere trifle, though from his frantic gestures and volubility you might deem it something serious. It is the stage manager, and he has discovered that the actor he is addressing so earnestly has got on buckles worn in the reign of Louis XIV. instead of Louis somebody else, and quickly dispatches him to his dressing-room to make the requisite change. How particular? Yes, and had we time to remain during the night's performance we would see a theatre conducted like clock work, and the performers, from the highest to the most humble, honoring their profession with zeal and attention.

But we wing our flight onward, and find ourselves, at last, in the green room of a "far west" theatre, whose little windows are blocked with ice and snow, and whose looking glass reflects the figures of several actresses huddled, shivering in their stage attire, around a red hot stove. See how reluctantly they move away from it when called to the stage—that cold stage, where the wind whistles through the rafters overhead, and where the players strive to keep their teeth from chattering while they act. Among the drowsy few hovering near the green room fire, still waiting to be summoned to the stage, is the low comedian, he in the black scratch wig and elevated eyebrows, who is now sauntering towards the deserted looking glass, where he grimaces to him self very violently for a few seconds, then resumes his usual melancholy countenance and dignity of manner, and looks with some little interest as a boy enters the green room with a written paper in his hand, which he fastens against the wall and then disappears. In an instant the low comedian, as well as all the inmates of the room, are eagerly surrounding the document. When it is read a strange silence falls on all there—broken only by the few hurried whispers:—"Poor fellow." "Didn't think he'd go so soon," and as each performer comes hurrying in from the stage their attention is directed with an expressive gesture to the paper on the wall. A lead pencil is called for, and when produced it passes quickly from hand to hand, and a long list of names rapidly appears on the paper, followed by sundry figures. An actor, one of the company, died this morning, and this is a subscription to bury him decently. You have seen, and please relate hereafter, how not one member here failed to put down his or her name beside a sum subscribed according to the means of the donor. True, to-day is salary day. How do I know that? From the whispered words of those young ladies over yonder relative to a projected supper of "oysters" and other delicacies which they will regale themselves with before their bed-room fire, after the performance—a feast their very limited salaries will not admit of every night in the week; I know to-day was salary day from the reckless expenditure in confectionary by the younger members of the *ballet*, now gorging themselves with the same, and catching glowing descriptions of tippets, etc., to-day's purchase; and the sullen aspect of the young man seated apart, brooding and chewing the bitter cud of reflection, for he has lost the better part of *his* salary to-day at keno, is inwardly vowing he will play no more, and he will faithfully keep his vow until next salary day; and from the cheerful face of the young lady in the tawdry page's dress, who posted the better part of *her* salary to-day to her mother in a far distant town. But if this had not been salary day that subscription list would have been filled just the same, even if necessity had compelled any member to "draw on the treasury" in advance to meet the payment of any sum subscribed. But the night is fast advancing, warning us to bid adieu to the green-room, and wend our way homeward, disappointed. And why, pray? Expected to hear some green room gossip? Did you, indeed; a believer in that popular fallacy, eh? While regretting your disappointment, I can but assure you that how much or how little gossip you might have overheard to-night, in the green room, would not have been more or less than you might overhear in any room with the same number of people, non-theatrical, assembled there on casual terms of intimacy. You expected something more? You smile. Expected to see more freedom of manner, and a little hugging and kissing in the green room? I don't doubt it, and there are too many people in the world, having had your privileged peep of to-night, would have looked for exactly the same thing. Let me assure you the devil is not always as black as he is painted, and, in relating to-night's experience, you will be kind enough to say so? You will not fail to do so? Thank you and good night.

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AN OLD PIE WARMED UP FOR CHRISTMAS.

'Tis said the Chinese people, as a nation,
Are adepts in the art of imitation.
I found a story in a China bowl
That they—oh, basin-sinuation!—stole
From a well-known and ancient nursery rhyme,
Which we've all heard full many and many a time.
The bowl in question, so I am informed,
When they the Emperor's summer palace stormed,
Was taken—here you will this bit of loot see.
As for the tale, it's taken from Con-Foo-See.

The tale connects a pocket full of rye
With twenty-four baked blackbirds in a pie—
Although the adjective is quite mistaken,
Since the two dozen dickies were not baken;
Because, as soon as e'er the pie was open,
The birds escaped—or, so to speak—escopen.
[Some poets, when their skill some rhyme's a tax on,
Resort at once to Scottish, German, Saxon;
So, surely I, when dealing in Chinese,
May fly to "pigeon English," if I please.]

The pocket full of rye and song-birds flitting
Supply a moral very apt and fitting.

If you are bent on plenteous, prosperous crops,
Restrain your sparrow-clubs from bangs and pops.
Let lark and linnet live to sing and love you—
Make no eye-sore of their high soar above you.
Still let the ousel whistle blithe and merry—
Give the black gentleman his tithe, a cherry.
So shall you save your grain from worm and fly—
Protect your pocket, and ne'er look awry!

The King—so further doth the tale relate—
Instead of musing on affairs of State,
Was counting out his money like a miser;
And the fair Queen, like any gourmandizer,
Within her parlor took delight to spread
The golden honey on the wheaten bread.

Meanwhile the servant-maid, with graces winning,
Was in the garden hanging out the "linning"—
When—all at once—a blackbird, jackdaw, pigeon,
Lark, tomtit, robin, sparrow, finch or widgeon,
As in the bleaching-ground her airs she shows off,
Comes unexpectedly, and pecks her nose off.

Of this the moral is (to end my ditty)—
Monarchs should have no dealings in the city,
Should rather liberally spend than hoard,
And set no store on money they have stored.
Queens—in fact, all beauty and all youth—
Should never cultivate a "sweetish tooth,"
And should avoid, above all else, by George!
The glutton's vice—a solitary gorge.

Last, servants should (and here my legend closes)
Be very careful where they thrust their noses.
Moreover, they'll be better off, no doubt,
In places where "the washing is put out."

"BEDTICKS."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWNE.

He was not more than half-witted at best. He lived wherever an empty barn or vacant cellar way offered shelter. He did odd chores now and then for the people of Etherstown; and, when not thus engaged, wandered about the village, in rain or shine, winter or summer, closing all the street gates which he found open, and assiduously searching for bones, which were never disposed of.

We called him "Bedticks." Somebody had given him this appellation on account of a pair of pantaloons that he once wore, fashioned from the tick of an antiquated straw bed. It clung to him ever after, like the "Hon." to the name of an ex-member of the state legislature.

There was one marked characteristic of Bedticks—he was half a fool and he knew it. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to call himself an idiot. He had been told, years before, that his mind was clouded, and that some time, perhaps, the cloud might rise. And so year after year he lived on, waiting for this joyous event to take place. Whether he really expected some day to see a cloud rise out of his head and float off into the sky, or whether he looked forward to a flood of knowledge bursting suddenly upon his darkened mind, I connot state, but the aim of his existence seemed to be in waiting for the cloud to rise. Poor fellow! He watched so patiently, so long—I do not think he watched in vain.

We never knew precisely where Bedticks came from. He seemed a sort of permanent fixture in the village, just as Dobson's grocery and Squire Goodale's house did. We always thought it unaccountable when a stranger came to Etherstown that he should never even have heard of Bedticks. "Not know him?" we would ask in surprise, "why he's a character. Lives anywhere, anyhow; isn't very bright, but inoffensive and kind-hearted; thought every one knew him; he's odd, very odd; he's Bedticks!" and this climax seemed the most conclusive argument we could present that it was singular the stranger didn't know him.

It was Christmas, and a very clear, cold Christmas, too, at Etherstown. The snow lay crisp and frozen on the ground, the sky had a chilly tinge in its deep blue, and the sun, though its rays were dazzling bright, dispersed very little warmth. Yet no one thought of complaining; for what a sorry failure of a day is Christmas sloshy, warm, muggy! No, no one complained. The very air, so fresh and bracing; the myriad gems that glistened on the trees and fences; the sparkling eye and rosy cheek of every one you met; the distant sound of a tinkling sleigh bell, as it broke on the morning air; the ringing echo that your steps made on the snow-covered walk; the indescribable brilliancy and beauty of everything about you; all compelled you to forego complaint. And even though your fingers did grow numb, and your ears tingle in the icy air, it was worth these little drawbacks to feel the blood coursing so gloriously through your veins, and to experience such a keen enjoyment, such an outbursting of all your powers, from the mere inhaling of the pure atmosphere.

A very perfect day it was for Christmas, and a very enjoyable one it promised to be at Etherstown. If there were any very poor people in the village—and I hardly think there were, for it was one of the thriftiest places in thrifty New England—they were surely made comfortable and happy on that day by the good will and generosity of their more prosperous neighbors. Even Bedticks had received an invitation to spend the day at the Falls Hotel, a public house situated a half a dozen miles from Etherstown, where, in return for making himself generally useful, he was to have a sumptuous dinner and all the bones that remained.

It happened that the Belnaps, who occupied the highest round of Etherstown aristocracy, were to hold a double celebration on this particular Christmas. In addition to the great Holiday, it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Judge's marriage, and so a host of relatives and friends came flocking in to the spacious old homestead. Such preparations were made for the event as quite astonished the good people of Etherstown. It was rumored that the parlors were to be trimmed with *bona fide* roses, brought at a fabulous expense from the Boston greenhouses; that Miss Arabella, the only daughter of the Judge, was to be arrayed in a dress, the cost of which would have swallowed up the yearly income of many an Etherstowner who considered himself well to do. And it was no rumor, but a well-established fact, that a score of the most monstrous turkies and choicest steaks in the market were labeled "Judge Belnap" on the day before Christmas.

The Judge's son, who was completing his course at Yale, was to be the lion of the occasion; he was a young man of not very brilliant intellect, holding his inferiors in worldly possessions his inferiors in all things, and looking down with a proper degree of contempt on the mass of the inhabitants of Etherstown. However, his coming was looked forward to as one of the events of the day. Everybody who was invited to the grand affair availed himself of the invitation, and went. So, when this bright Christmas day dawned, the house of Judge Belnap was thronged with guests, and resoundant with merriment. I will not attempt to describe the scene. The sumptuousness of the dinner; the affability of everybody to everybody else; the costliness of Miss Arabella's toilet; the sorry attempts of Mr. Augustus Belnap, Jr., to be funny; the value of the solid silver presents; the pompous little speech of the judge himself; all were satisfactory in their way, and all may be passed over with no great loss to the reader.

It had been arranged that in the afternoon a party of the younger people were to have a sleigh ride to the Falls Hotel, take supper there, and return by moonlight. Among this company was Mr. Augustus Belnap, Jr., and a young lady with very blonde hair, whom Mr. Augustus Belnap, Jr., declared to be a sylph and himself desperately in love with, and also a young man with very black hair, who entertained some blissful visions of one day addressing the judge as father-in-law, and suggesting a loan of that gentleman sufficient to settle the bill with his tailor.

Towards three o'clock the judge's spirited team stood pawing the snow in front of the dwelling, with their nostrils wide spread, their breath issuing forth like smoke, and their whole bodies trembling with eagerness to be on the road. The party soon appeared, warmly bundled in cloaks and furs, and took their seats in the capacious sleigh, amidst a sea of robes and blankets. The driver mounted and the horses were off. The sleighing was perfect, and the ride, so enjoyable, seemed only too short as they neared the Falls Hotel.

Bedticks was standing on the piazza, grinning a welcome as the team drew up.

"Why, Bedticks, how do you do?" exclaimed Belnap, as he assisted the blonde-haired sylph to alight. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Have you had a merry Christmas, and are there any signs of the clouds rising yet?"

Bedticks grinned. He was not a gifted conversationalist at any time, and he had sufficient wit remaining to comprehend that Mr. Augustus Belnap, Jr., was performing an act of great condescension in speaking with him. Feeling, moreover, quite abashed at the presence of such a highly respectable and aristocratic company, he was wholly unable to make any verbal reply. So he grinned.

The young man with the black hair had assisted Miss Arabella out of the carriage, and the party stood for a moment on the piazza of the hotel, gazing with curious eyes at Bedticks. He was a new acquaintance to all save the Belnaps, and Mr. Augustus thought this an excellent opportunity of being funny again.

"I see that you are attired in your winter costume," he said, looking at Bedticks' scanty clothing; "who is your tailor this year?"—(the Blonde hair tittered)—"I should very much like to employ him myself," continued young Belnap; "what did you pay for that suit?"

"Got it guve to me," replied Bedticks, trembling at his own audacity in presuming to speak.

"Oh! you did; I thought it was one they buried Nigger Dan in last year." The blonde hair tittered again, and the black hair ha ha'd, and Bedticks turned red in the face.

I think it takes a most complete idiot to be wholly unconscious of the stings of ridicule. Bedticks, beyond doubt, was an idiot; yet he felt for the moment that he was being made the subject of jest; and perchance, as he stood there on that Christmas afternoon, gazing admiringly on the well clad persons before him, something of a comparison formed itself in his clouded mind of their lot in life with his own, of the ease and plenty that earth gave unto them, with the hardships and misery that it afforded him. At any rate, the smile died from his features, and he stole away to avoid being made the subject of any further ridicule.

The landlord of the Falls Hotel came forth, and, extending a hearty welcome to the Belnap company, led the way to the parlor. Here a cheery fire was blazing, and gloves and furs were removed to enjoy its warming influence.

I have spoken of the Falls Hotel as being situated some half dozen miles from Etherstown. It stood at the head of the Casater Falls—a beautiful spot in the summer months—from which circumstance it derived its name. In the warmer weather the Falls Hotel was a favorite resort of the Etherstowners. The picturesque fall of water so near at hand, the grand old woods that hemmed it in, the bounteous table that was always spread, and the universal popularity of the "Captain," as its landlord was known, all tended to make it a most enjoyable place to spend a day.

The Casater Falls were something more than twenty feet in height, and of sufficient volume to carry quite a force of water over the brink. The current was remarkably swift in so small a stream, and even at this time of mid-winter a narrow channel remained unfrozen, which, widening as it approached the brink, threw a respectable fall to the rocks below. The ice covered crags that flanked either side of the cataract, the tall pines that rose from the opposite shore, and the reflection of the falling waters in the afternoon's sun, combined to render the scene one of striking beauty.

The party within the hotel had thoroughly warmed themselves, and the captain had come to announce that the supper was in readiness, when the blonde proposed to her admirer that they should take a stroll on the rocks and view the falls by winter.

"It will give us an appetite for our lunch," she said, with an arch smile. Accordingly Mr. Augustus Belnap, Jr., and the sylph in search of an appetite sauntered forth on to the piazza. A brisk south wind had arisen and the temperature was somewhat moderated.

"It is growing much warmer," observed Belnap, as he closed the door of the hotel.

"Yes, but isn't it awful windy?" exclaimed the blonde. "Do you suppose the ice would hold us down there?" she continued, pointing to a spot some fifty feet above the falls.

"Why, of course it will. The water itself would hold you!" returned Belnap. "Shall we go down there?"

"Oh yes! let's. It will be such fun! Don't you like to slide, Mr. Belnap?"

Mr. Belnap assured the blonde that he did like to slide, and led the way towards the stream. They had nearly reached it, when a strong gust of wind snatched off the velvet hat that covered the blonde hair and bore it to the stream. It rolled along the ice until within a foot or so of the flowing water and there stopped.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the discomfited sylph, "there goes my new hat—it was such a beauty! I never can get another like it—and now it's gone. This horrid old wind!"

"Why, no, it isn't gone," spoke Belnap, "I can easily recover it."

"But you will get into the water if you go out so far. It isn't safe."

"I guess there is no danger," replied Belnap, stepping down on to the ice. "You shall have your hat in a moment."

"Oh, don't go! Don't go!" expostulated the sylph. "You will surely meet with some dreadful accident. Never mind the hat."

At any other time I do not think Mr. Augustus Belnap, Jr., would have been at all anxious to expose himself to the danger of recovering the lost article. If it had been Miss Arabella's hat, instead of the blonde's, he would undoubtedly have called out Bedticks, or suggested the plausibility of Blackhair's running the risk of regaining it; but in the present instance it was not Miss Arabella's—it was the blonde's, the sylph's; and was she not watching him from the shore, and beseeching him not to go, because there was danger? How very ridiculous it would appear to turn back! So, looking around with a smile at the expostulating sylph, he proceeded towards the middle of the stream. He seemed within arm's reach of the lost treasure, when suddenly, with a sharp, brittle sound, the ice beneath him gave way, and he was drawn into the narrow channel of the dark, swift-flowing waters. The blonde uttered a piercing shriek, and ran towards the hotel, crying, "Mr. Belnap is drowned—he's in the falls—oh dear!" which exclamations brought the captain and the remainder of the party quickly to the spot.

You have been to Niagara and seen, from one of the bridges that cross the river, that sharp, black rock, which looms up in the very midst of the roaring rapids, on which an unfortunate man once spent hours in the desperate hope of being rescued. A similar rock rose within six or seven feet of the brink of the Casater Falls, and on this young Belnap had seized, clutching it with the eagerness of life.

It was an awful position. Instant death awaited him if he relaxed his hold; and there seemed no earthly way of reaching him with aid. Miss Arabella, on seeing the perilous position of her brother, had fainted away; and this, perhaps, was the most sensible disposition the young lady could have made of herself; for she could have been of no assistance even though what wits she possessed had remained in her head.

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed the captain, "what is to be done?"

"Can't we reach him with a pole?" suggested the black hair.

"Don't you see that he hasn't strength enough to let go either hand for an instant?"

Belnap here cried out in an agonized voice:—

"Help me! Help me! I can't hold on much longer!"

And it was evident that he could not; for the force of the water, combined with its icy coldness, was fast depriving him of all strength.

It was just at this juncture that Bedticks, who had not before been present, came running down to the shore. He took in the whole situation at a glance.

"See, Bedticks," cried the captain, pointing towards the brink of the falls, "there is Mr. Belnap on the rock. He will be killed unless we can save him!"

"I see," said Bedticks. "I see. Don't no one say nothing," and, before they could comprehend his design, he had rushed on to the ice, pulled off his boots, and thrown himself into the water. He was possessed of great physical strength, and much practice had rendered him an expert swimmer. By his long, sweeping strokes, he counteracted the rapidity of the current, and neared the rock. This, with one hand, he clutched in an iron grasp, and with the other seized hold of Belnap, whose strength was now almost exhausted.

"Get the swing ropes!" shouted Bedticks, as soon as he could speak. The captain rushed to the house, and returned with a long hempen rope, which, in the summer, was used as a swing. Forming a noose in one end of this, and retaining hold of the other, he hurled it into the water, and the current bore it to the rock.

"Now, Miser Belnap," panted Bedticks, "take the noose there, and slip it right under your arms." The young man had scarce strength enough to carry out this direction; but when, at last, he had done so, Bedticks again cried out to the party, who were now standing on the ice:—

"Now, soft like and steady, pull!"

The captain and the two gentlemen of the company drew the now senseless form of Belnap on to the firm ice. From there they bore him to the hotel and laid him on a couch. Stimulants were administered, and he soon gave signs of returning consciousness. He at length opened his eyes.

"Where is Bedticks?" he asked, gazing on the faces of those about him. How strange it seemed that no one had thought of this before! Where was Bedticks? They had left him, without a thought, clinging to the rock; left him in the perilous position he had assumed to save another.

In the excitement and joy over the rescue of Belnap, his preserver had passed from every mind; and now, as the thought of him returned, with one accord the company rushed to the door. The captain, who led the rest, saw, for a moment, as he looked in the direction of the rock, the white face of the poor idiot gleam above the black waters and then disappear over the precipice.

"Good God!" he ejaculated, "Bedticks is killed."

Followed by the others, he made his way down the icy declivity to the foot of the cataract, and there, on the rocks, bruised and mangled, his face looking upward towards the blue heavens, lay all that remained of him who had sacrificed his life to save another's. As they gazed upon his peaceful countenance, that seemed to mingle with its simplicity something almost divine, they felt, that in the twilight of that Christmas day the cloud at length had risen.

It was a sad party that rode back from the Falls Hotel to Etherstown. Belnap was much bruised and cut by the sharp ice and his limbs stiffened by the extreme cold; but I do him the justice to say that he thought little of his own ailments. The sorrowful story was told as soon as they reached the house, and there were no festivities that Christmas night at Judge Belnap's.

"He was a noble fellow!" exclaimed the Judge, when he had listened to the thrilling account.

"And yet, isn't it a blessing," said Miss Arabella, "that it was only Bedticks, and not dear Augustus, who met such a horrible fate!"

Only Bedticks! The Master of men hath said somewhere that he who is least among you on earth may become the greatest in the world of the hereafter. So, perchance, it may be with him, whom we called in this life, "Bedticks."

AMONG THE SHOWMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY KIT CLARKE.

THE FOUR BARE-BACK RIDERS—A SLAP INSTEAD OF A FLAP—A FUNNY STORY IN STATU QUO—THE LITTLE MAN FISH—WHEN TO PAY THE MEN, ETC.

There are four little gentlemen in the profession whom I have never seen together, and who, standing side by side, would scarcely vary an inch in size. They are all bare-back equestrians, and their names are Jimmy Robinson, Charley Fish, Billy Dutton and Jimmy De Mott. The latter is no more a rider—the laurels of the arena shall crown him no more—he is now a manager, and as whole-souled and honest a little gentleman as ever lived. Jimmy, as the boys call him—and would continue to call him if he were a monarch instead of a manager—sometimes gets excited, and then it is a real treat to hear him lay down philosophical problems and utter words seventy per cent. larger than himself. Jimmy is a poet, too, and if I had his permission I would like to publish a certain "Child of His Fancy" which he once perpetrated in the ticket wagon. I know it would cause a sensation, and James' future title would be "The Poet of the Arena." One day, in the wilds of West Virginia, his show made a stand out of pure necessity, as shows are sometimes compelled to do in order to rest the people and the stock. The place was eighteen miles from the beautiful Ohio, which river the show crossed and re-crossed so often that all its beauty faded, though its grapes were as luscious as ever.

"There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadelquiver,
Nor on island or cape
That bears such a grape
As grows by that beautiful river."

The name of the stand was Sand Hill, and the title was very appropriate. The show lot was two miles from the ricketty concern called by pure courtesy a hotel. Jimmy De Mott had just sat down at the supper table when a female—it would be a pity to call her a woman—entered and exclaimed that "any of them showmen who was not there in five minutes could just go without supper."

"Madam," said Jimmy, "the show ground is just two miles from here, and——"

Here Jimmy's remarks were suddenly eclipsed by a most unearthly "slap in the jaw" at the hands of the female aforesaid. He jumped from his seat, but "her nibs, the main guy's daughter," as she was spoken of, had disappeared, and her mother stood in her place. It was much like a pantomime, only the slap was altogether too "loud." The rage of James was finally quelled, and he sat down again, but long afterwards he philosophically remarked that he "would have been foolish to strike her, and yet he was a fool for not knocking her down." Jimmy is very stubborn sometimes, and independent at all times. This latter trait he has handed down to the generation which follows him. His little four-year-old son, who, with his little blue-eyed sister, had been left with some friends on a farm near Philadelphia during the show season, dictated a letter to his father, saying that "if he don't want me to come to the show I can stay at home—there, now." "When shall we settle with the men?" asked Mr. O'Brien of Jimmy, on the last night of the season. "Now," was the answer, and by twelve o'clock that night the accounts were all closed, stock in winter quarters, show packed away and people gone home. This is the manner in which Jimmy manages a show. Charley Fish, whose yellow kids are fast becoming a proverb, is a good rider, a good little fellow, and, what is more, slings a "hefty" cue, but as a billiardist Billy Dutton is a proud success.

"Billy," said I, "tell me a funny story and I'll print it."

"I never had anything funny happen to me," was his answer, "except when I—" but I have no room here for this story, and I will give it in another article.

I like to see Charley Fish fall from his horse—it is done with as much ease and as gracefully as if it was a "part of the show." But of all riders for ease, grace, beauty of accomplishment, and number and quality of feats performed, James Robinson is "Grand Mogul." His *pirouettes*—the most difficult feat on horseback—are the very epitome of gracefulness, and his somersaults are perfection. He has done very well with his "Great Circus and Champion Show," and spends the winter at his home in Covington, Ky. There are some who think that he is not the best rider in the country, but Jimmy has ever been ready to ride against "any man in the world for any amount of money," and this has been no empty boast, for his "stamps" seem to be on hand whenever they are wanted.

ABSENCE destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers and kindles fires.

DER ROGGIN CHAIR VAD VOODEND ROG.

(SOMEDING LIKE MR. ESLOB'S FAPLES.)

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARK QUENCHER.

Once upon some 'oot olt dimes,
Dere lifed a large, olt roggin chair,
Vad rogged der beebles back und forth,
Und drouned in blessand schleeb all care.

Bud one long day, id vas been dired,
Und do idself id dus did say,
"Dot is a shame dot I mosd labor,
Vile de oder chairs can read all day."

Und like some foolish, lazy beebles,
Id shwore dot id could easy brofe,
Id vorked doo much—so den id seddled,
From dot day ond id voodend mofe.

So ven der fader sod him in id,
Und dried do rog, quide sidall id shdood;
"Oh-ho!" he vissled, "dot's groving useless,
We make of id some goot fire-vood."

Und so nexd day id god all prokened,
Id god much smashes efery where,
Und soon in der fire ids legs vas roasded,
Und dot vas der end of dot roor roggin-chair.

SOME MORALS ABOUD DOT.

De morals here I dink is plain,
Boud doo much vork don'd growl und shond,
On accound like dot poor roggin chair,
You mighd god prokened und buaded aboud.

MY CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

BY SYDNEY DARYL.

I may as well state at the outset, that from a very early age I was passionately devoted to the drama, and caused my friends much uneasiness by a declaration I made when still in the nursery, to the effect that I would be a clown, and nothing else, as my taste inclined towards the less intellectual walks in the theatrical profession. There was something intensely thrilling in the notion of being able to knock the pantaloon about just as one liked, to make greasy slides for fat old gentlemen to fall on with impunity, and, above all, to steal unlimited strings of sausages, and command the use of the red-hot poker without interference. The contemplation of so glorious a future was almost too much for me. I ignored the very mention of lessons, roused my brothers and sisters into wild insurrection against all the recognized authorities of the household, and turned the school-room into a citadel, wherein, with door locked and barricaded, we performed *ex tempore* pantomimes with much spirit, to the intense and audibly-expressed delight of a literary gentleman residing in the next house, who favored us with many polite messages, and promises as to what he would do for us.

Despite all the changes and chances of life, and a very liberal allowance of the ills that flesh is heir to, that follow as a matter of course on emancipation from school, and the consequent embarkation on that peculiarly troublesome voyage, making a living, I still found the passion for the drama as full on me as ever it was, only in a different shape. My ambition had undergone a complete revolution. I no longer sought to become a great actor; the aim and object of my life now was to write a piece for the stage, which should be accepted and performed at some one of the chief metropolitan theatres. To this end many laborious days and sleepless nights were passed in a wild and extravagant consumption of foolscap and the best black ink.

For some eighteen months I occupied myself with dramatic writing, and during that period turned out seven comedies, ten comediettas, some thirty odd farces, nine or ten *pieces de circonstance*, three classical burlesques, and "*a pantomime*." I have put the last in italics, for a reason that shall appear presently. Meanwhile, let me ask an enlightened public, can it believe such a thing possible, as that out of all this vast accumulation of brilliant epigram and flashing repartee, out of this *pot pourri* of sentiment, imagination, and humor, but one item saw the light—I should say the footlights—and that one the very member of my extensive family whom I had most despised. While all its more gifted and intellectual companions were wasting their sweetness on the managerial book-shelves in the various first class theatres, this ugly duckling, if I may so term it, had by some unaccountable means come under the notice of the esteemed and genial gentleman who presides over the destinies and treasury of a minor theatre. I felt that Destiny had not treated me very kindly in condemning me to make my appearance as a dramatist in so unaristocratic a quarter, and especially as a writer of patomime. Where was that sparkling comedy with which I hoped to electrify the town? What had become of that screaming farce, bristling with *jeux de mots*? I walked on my way towards the theatre, in pursuance of an invitation received that morning per post from the manager, and found Mr. Issachar Jenkins most affable and friendly, though perhaps just a trifle too much inclined to be patronizing. But I was prepared for this, and bore his harmless conceits and assumption with magnanimous inattention. His costume was of a gorgeous, in fact, I might almost say theatrical character; the massive chain and huge diamond ring seemed inseparably connected with the property master.

"Well, sir," he said, having invited me into the managerial sanctum—a dirty little room at the back of the stage, at the same time stretching his legs out to their full extent, while he pushed his hand down to the bottom of his capacious trousers pocket, and made a great rattling therein, that sounded ominously of a combination of keys and coppers, "business is business, and it's high time they were at work on the pantomime. Now, look here, I'm not in the habit of buying these sort of things, 'specially from new hands. I've got a man on the establishment who knocks them off to suit the scenery; and as I pay him all the year round so much a week, it would be a good deal cheaper to set him to work. But there's something about this thing of yours that's taken my fancy, though, mind you, it will want a lot of cutting and altering, and so, if my price suits you, I'm ready to take it right out."

I could not complain that my customer was not thoroughly plain-spoken and aboveboard, and so I murmured out something to the effect "that I felt sure I should be quite satisfied with the sum he was willing to pay me." Perhaps, as it immediately afterwards occurred to me, I had been too precipitate in expressing myself content, but I was not long left for reflection, for almost before I had finished my sentence, he broke in:—

"Well, then, there's no necessity for wasting more time, and we may as well complete the bargain at once. I'll buy the right of your pantomime, 'Taffy was a Welchman; or, the Thief, the Leg of Beef, and the Marrowbone,' for twenty-five dollars. If you'll wait just half a minute, I'll run into the treasury and fetch my check-book." With which observation he disappeared out of the room.

I was utterly and entirely crushed. Sell my pantomime for twenty-five miserable dollars! barter the offspring of my imagination for so contemptible a sum; the mere thought of such a thing was agony to me! And what of him, who had appraised the labor of my brains at so pitiful a sum? Could I sell myself to him? Never! never! Only wait till he returned, and I would hurl back the insult he had offered me. I would defy this Issachar Jenkins, with his big watch chain and diamond ring, and trample his paltry check beneath my feet!

* * * * * * * * *

The asterisks which appear above represent certain observations and objurgations of the manager, which, for obvious reasons, I refrain from inserting.

Then, like the calm after a storm, came a strange quietness over me. After all, was not my indignation weakness? I paused as the thought struck me, and then pursued my reflections. Perhaps it would be as well to have one of my extensive *repertoire* produced upon the stage, no matter at what sacrifice—ay, even at so miserable a rate of remuneration as twenty-five dollars. Besides, who would know what price I had been paid for my work? Issachar Jenkins, for his own sake, would hide his disreputable meanness; and I, out of regard for the other members of my numerous literary family, would bind myself to inviolable secrecy. Yes, I would spare him the ignominy he deserved.

By this time he had returned, bearing in his hand the fatal check, which he was waving backwards and forwards, in order to dry it.

"There now, that's done," he said, "and all that remains for you to do is to sign this receipt."

A book was slammed down on the table before me, and in a moment more I had parted with my pantomime of "Taffy Was a Welshman," and was stowing into my pocket book a cheque, with Issachar Jenkins written in large and flourishing characters at the bottom of it. It was over, and I felt that I must hurry out into the open air, away from this close, stifling, managerial den, or I should strangle its smiling, red-velvet-waistcoated occupant on the spot, and leave his mangled corpse upon the floor, among the properties that were littered all over it. I was aroused from my reverie by his saying to me:—

"There's nothing more for us to arrange this morning, and I shan't want you here this week. But be good enough to be in attendance next Monday, at eleven o'clock precisely, as Mr. Vermilion, our scenic artist, and Mr. Trombone, the leader of the band, will be here; and then we shall be able to point out to you the alterations you will have to make in your dialogue. *Probably* you may have to re-write one or two scenes, but we shall see. Of course, as regards the songs, Mr. Trombone will supply you with a lot of popular airs, and you will write appropriate words. There now, I don't think I have anything else to say, so allow me to wish you a very good morning."

Before I knew where I was, he had conducted me to the stage door, and politely bowed me into the street, with a "be sure you are punctual on Monday."

I do not think I will disclose for public inspection the thoughts that disturbed me on my way home, after my interview with Mr. Issachar Jenkins, sufficient is it for me to say that they were decidedly of a mixed character.

I have referred to my Encyclopædia, and am happy once more. The great, the incomparable Milton disposed of his immortal "Paradise Lost" for a miserably inadequate pecuniary equivalent. Yet his name will live for all time! And perhaps I, too, shall be handed down to posterity! After all, what is filthy lucre to fame? Ah, what?

The appointed Monday arrived in due course, and precisely at eleven o'clock in the morning I presented myself for admission at the stage door of the theatre, and, having undergone a severe scrutiny at the hands of an extremely dirty and equally surly old man, who guarded it, I was ushered on to the stage by a diminutive boy, in a paper cap, with a squeaky voice, who announced me from the wing as it's the author." Forthwith I found myself, for the first time "on any boards," in the presence of Mr. Issachar Jenkins and two other gentlemen, who were at once respectively introduced to me as Mr. Vermilion and Mr. Trombone. The former was a short, pudgy little man, with a great deal of bristling red hair, that gave him a singular likeness to one of his own paint brushes. He was attired in a loose white linen coat, which was covered with smudges, and suggested the notion that its owner had been inspecting the interior economy of an adjacent chimney. Mr. Trombone was a very ordinary individual of very melancholy aspect and attired in black; in fact, I afterwards heard that he occupied his leisure in superintending an undertaker's business.

Mr. Issachar Jenkins, who was sitting at a little table drawn to the prompt side of the stage, did not wait long to open the proceedings, but, rapping his knuckles smartly on it, began:—

"My people will be here at half past, to have the parts distributed, so we must knock off all the preliminaries at once. Now, Vermilion, tell Mr. Blank what alterations you want him to make."

Vermilion did not even pause to take breath, but, drawing his chair close up to me, took a grimy looking strip of paper out of his pocket and addressed me, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:—

"You're evidently not up to this sort of work; but I dare say we shall manage to get on. Your first, fourth and fifth scenes won't do at all—that's to say, we haven't got time to paint them as you describe them; so you must alter the dialogue to suit those that are already in stock. There's a ruined castle, with waterfall, that must be introduced somehow or other, and a splendid moveable moon that on no account must be omitted. There won't be much difficulty to do that, you know. Bless me, it's the easiest thing in the world:—'Soon, moon, spoon'—something of that sort for the heroine, and a little soft music, eh! Trombone? By Jove! what an opening it will give you to be poetical. Then, again your notion of Taffy's castle in Wales, and the tournament is quite impracticable. It comes too soon before the transformation. You must cut it out altogether and have a carpenter's scene. Make it on the ramparts, or something like that; it will do just as well, and instead of the tournament you can have a walk round and a good breakdown by all the characters, and that will give us plenty of time behind to get ready. Besides, it's sure to be *encored*. Breakdowns always are *encored* here. Then, again——"

But if I were to follow Mr. Vermilion through the various hints and suggestions which, for full half an hour he rattled off at a pace that Charles Mathews himself might have envied, I should be lost in confusion and bewilderment. I wonder I ever survived his address; I wonder still more that my reason remained to me at its conclusion. And my poor pantomime! how much was there left of it that I was not to alter to suit Mr. Vermilion's stock, or to cut out altogether? I looked at the MS. I had copied out myself with so much care; it was scored and marked in a way that made me shudder, while a pen was, here and there, run through whole passages in the dialogue, on the brilliancy and pungency of which I had especially prided myself. Then, almost at the same moment, I heard a dull voice saying:—

"There's the list of songs to be introduced; none of those you have written will do at all. Be sure you give especial prominence to 'If Ever I Cease to Love,' and the 'Faithless Sausage Man,' as they are the most popular airs just now."

And this was the end of all my ambitious hopes and projects for distinguishing myself in the field of dramatic literature. To write a scene to introduce a moveable moon and a nigger breakdown; to mould my poesy to accommodate the vulgar, hurdy-gurdy strains of a "Faithless Sausage Man." By the shade of the great Sheridan, whom I sought to emulate, this was too much! I was no longer an intellectual, thinking creature, but had become a mere machine—a reflector against whose polished surface Vermilion and Trombone were to shine forth for public recognition. My great tournament scene, the one I had taken such pains to write, in which might be found some of the best things and happiest allusions in the whole pantomime, was to be remorselessly excised, and all for the sake of Vermilion's transformation scene. I appealed to his feelings; I called upon him as a brother artist not to utterly destroy and ruin me. He was obdurate—immovable; while Issachar Jenkins finished me off by saying:—

"It's no use talking, it must be cut out, and one word's as good as a thousand;" an observation that was received by certain seedy individuals, who had by this time begun to assemble on the stage, with open demonstrations of approval. I had got another ordeal to undergo, little, if at all, less trying than the one through which I had just passed, and that was to behold in the ordinary garb of every-day life, the actors and actresses to whom the task of representing the characters of my pantomime was to be entrusted. I have no desire to be personal, but I am bound to say that I was not favorably impressed by all or any of them. The chief comic man had a frightful cold, and was buried in a huge woollen comforter, above which a pair of eyes, embarrassed by an awful squint, gave him a most unpleasant appearance. As for the young lady who performed what are familiarly, in theatrical parlance, termed breeches parts, she had been engaged for the run of the pantomime, and being somewhat of a star in *this* theatre, though occupying a very subordinate position in any other, gave herself airs and otherwise made herself most objectionable. She could not think of undertaking Taffy, she said, unless I wrote her a patter song after a model with which she was good enough at once to supply me.

But why should I linger longer over my miseries. My destiny was before me and I must fulfil it. Vermilion's hints and suggestions were carried out. Trombone's melodies—Heaven forgive the term!—supplied with appropriate words; even the patter song was written to the satisfaction of the young lady of the breeches parts. From that Monday morning till the curtain rose on the first night, I was at everybody's beck and call; from morning till night I was at the theatre; indeed, the few friends I had, lost sight of me, and believed that I was dead or had emigrated. As the time for the production of the piece drew near, I was much solaced by the appearance of my name in very small letters on the very large play bills, as, the author of the "Great Christmas pantomime, which would be produced on a scale of magnificence and splendor never equalled at any other house." Here, at least, was an instalment of the notoriety for which I had thirsted. Trifling though it was, it cheered me, while I looked forward with proud anticipation to the night, when, at the hands of the noble public, I should receive that reward which was dearer to me than money, when one loud, enthusiastic roar should summon me before them, and I should bow my acknowledgments from a private box.

The eventful evening arrived, and the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling. My feelings prevent me doing more than giving the concluding extract from a notice that appeared the following day in one of the papers:—

"The pantomime, which was received througout with every demonstration of applause, affords a medium for the display of Mr. Vermilion's artistic brush. He was loudly called for at the fall of the curtain, and appeared, accompanied by the worthy manager, Mr. Issachar Jenkins, whose liberality was conspicuous in the gorgeous scenery. We cannot conclude without commending the admirable musical arrangements of Mr. Trombone."

I have written no more pantomimes!

UNCLE SCHNEIDER'S INK SPLASHES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARK QUENCHER.

ABOUD SUBERSTIDIOUSNESS.

I don'd vas been a beliefer in der fate, und I don'd vas been a suberstitiously berson; bud I dink when someding habbens like dese dings vat I dell you now, you could almosd accepd dot as a fate, or someding oud of der gommon, like for der insdances:—Firsd, If you vas boud trinkin oud a glasses a milk, when dhere comes qvick ub a rainy showers of dunder mit lighdenings oud, und *durns sour der milk pefore dot you vas trink dot!* Vy, id looks pooty mudch like dot vas der desdinies of id, vad? Or subbose you vas ead a lumps of ice mit your moud, of a luke varm boody hot day, und oud comes ub der sun, und *melds dot ice pefore you vas dransfer dot by your shdomacks!* Or you cood gonsider id a leedle remarkaples if der sdage horses vaited undil you vas safeness inside, pefore dhey vas ready to run avay, as dey did, und smashed your head oud of your senses vhen you vas peen "dransierred" mit promptness from dot sdage to der middle of der shdreeds! Or, if you shbrained oud your fingers (baying for trinks) choosd as you vas apout to "perpedrade" a panjo solo mit der cellar-doors of der houses vich Loweezer lifs py, und vich solos you vas bracdice for fife veeks, undil der neighbors vas gross-eyed mit dhere prains! Uf somedings habbens like dot, id vas eggsdremely orichinal, sure.

HOW TO BEEN A "VELL-FELLER-HAIL-MET."

1sd. Shook efery poddy's hand mit a shqvose loud enuff do been heard a plocks avay.

2nst. Call efery feller "my dear feller," (dook oud a trink mit me?) und don'd led no "dear feller" bay any pills.

3dt. Cultivade dhese following oxbressions apofe efery ding; "Vat you hafe, Rocgs?" "Hullo, fellers, shmoke?" "Vell, dook you boud yourself!" and so fourd.

4dth. Git ub a rudness face, und always got you bandyloons bockets in you hands shduck.

5dh. Pud your hats mit der packside of your headts, und look as much as if do say:—"Vell, vat of id?"

6dh. Ask efery fifth man to dine der dinner mit you; efery fourdh man to hide a bottle shamblain mit you; efery dhird man dook a pourpons und gums; efery segond man to hafe you lasd segar; und efery firsd man can dook id oud in blasant vords, oggasional smokes und semi-oggasional trinks.

Any berson vat cood follow dhese rules vood peen a firsd-class "Vell-feller-hail met;" bud, py cracious, dhese auful cholly goot fellers arn'd "de cheese" afder all. If you cood poke your inquisidif shnood pehindt der backside of der gurdain, berhabs you cood saw a leedle differences from dat rules mit der "family circles," where, berhabs, der "Vell-feller" don'd vas peen quite so "hail-met" as oudside, und—but look here, olt Uncle Schneider, dot don'd vas your pissness, so blease dry yourself ub.

"UF YOU DANCE, you musd got to bay der oxbenses of der brofessor vat manipulades (dot vord vas hardt to dranslade, oh my!) der fittles." Dot vas means, uf you enchoy yourselfs you musd got to make id ub in some vay. Dis rule vas faithfully opserfed in der case of der feller vat amoosed himself von nighd seeing how fasd he cood go ashleeb on der mud-gutter mit der rains leaking down ofer him, vich leedle amusemend gifed him a couble of consumpdions, mit a leedle rhoomadism as a flavors, und he dook a read und py der grafeyardts oud. He had do "bay der fittlers" sure!

I VANT TO ASK some shmardy, vy a lot of shdeps vas called a "bair of shdairs?" Vhere vas "der bair?" Vhere vas der oder von? Aldo uf you roll ofer down dem, you dink dhere vas "a bair," sure, und a cubble "bairs," und more of dhem too, py chiminy!

"BIRDS OF A FEATHERS alvays flock oud togedder;" dot's der reasen dot ducks, roppers, shvallows, jumbles, round-hearts, cakes, Dudchmens, radishes, sheeps, coffee-beans, und your doe-nails, vas mosd always dogedder in bunches.

SOME BEBBLES dink dot id vas goot to keeb a bisdol-shooder, in case you meet a loafers vot vishes to manufacdure a corpses oud of you. I dinks id vas better in sudch a cases to keeb—your distance," Inshdead keep a bisdol, eh?

I GOT ME FOOLED der oder day py dwo cubble fellers, vat asked me vich vas der mosd grammar of der dwo oxbressions:—"I don'd can run," or "I don'd vas can run;" und I dold dhem "I don'd vas can run;" vhen dhey immediately (dot's a new dransladion I choosd bracdiced, und means "qvick righd off oud") busded oud dhere mouds in a faint of laffing, und dhey said:—"*Vell, vy der tamnation don'd you valk, dhen?*" und vhen I saw vat dey vas choking apout, I got me mat apout myself, und says:—"Oh! dry ub yourself. You vas a chackasses, der whole dwo of you!" und, von of der rascals dhen had her imbudences to bring oud a chokes of Misder Chosef Miller, und opserf to me:—"Vhen shall der *dhree* of us meed oud again, I vonder?" Vat you dink?

"KEEB BOILIN' DER POT!"—Dot vas der goot adfices. Don'd you been gif ub der shib up of dings don'd go succeed ehosd righd! Don'd led her "shdiff" coom oud of your "ubber-lib," uf der rainy-shdorms of adversity vas shvamp der-der-der-vas shwamp der-der——(Dhere, I knowed sure I vood got shduck on dot vordts. So I alvays git shduck vhen I dry to write like Miss Praddon, or Cound Johannes). Ennerhow—"Keeb boilin' der pot!"

ID VAS A FOOLISH DINGS to got easy mat und angrynesss, and easily offended. Id's bedder to keeb quied. But some dimes you didn'd cood helb id. Somedimes a feller's attentions vas so oudshboken dot you coodend helb nodicing id, as der feller said when he vas kigged the shdairs down. Vell, to dell choosd vhen to git insulted, und how angry to git, I refer you to dis dabies vich I hafe builded:—

1sd. *Vhen to git a leedle offended, bud nod much.*—Vhen a feller says to you, looking ad your foot:—"Say, vas you got *dwo* hoofs like dot, und, uf you hafe, vy don'd you been honesd und call dem *dwo* bair, py der sise. Vhen you vas git your gorn smashed oud py a fat females, vat durns roundt und says "Oh, you brutes!"

2nd. *Vhen to git pooty madt.*—Vhen a feller shpits tobagger-chuices mit your eyes, und shlobbers id down your shnood, und is villing to bet fife dollars *he can hit der eye der nexd dime, schquare!*

Vhen a lot of shpords shdand you ub py der vall, und see who cood hit you der mosdeed mit hardt coals.

3d. *Vhen to git mat like der tuyfel, py chiminy!*—Vhen a feller shmacks you der shkull ofer mit a cane to saw vedder it (der cane—not der skull) vas mahockany or vood!

Vhen a bolicemans shoots a ropper *droo your* body!

Vhen a feller dumbles you in der vater, to see for himself vedder you cood shwim back-handy, or vedder you vas blowin'.

Vhen you sell a man py misdakes a fife dollar biano for von dollar, und hafe gif him nine dollars changes for a dain dollar bills vat vas got gounterfeets!

"OUR SOCIETY."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Right fair she was, but of humble birth,
And name that through no honored line came down;
As though high heaven had courtesied to earth,
And dropped a glimmering jewel from its crown.

The poor all blessed her that she was so good;
The rich frowned on her that she passed their door,
And said dame Nature had been really rude
In giving aught to any one so poor.

He met her, and, with passion for her guide,
The golden head was lowered to the sod;
She deepest trusted when he deepest lied;
She made earth Heaven and set *him* up as God.

She fell; hurled at her was the hate, the scorn,
The curse of all good men; the rabble shout;
From man to man the drooping flower was torn,
Till from the temple the last light went out.

"Who rests here?" Nothing but a mound appears,
But then star lights gleam in the old hall—
She—poor thing has been dead these many years,
He—woos the loveliest lady at the ball.

PETER JASPER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OSCAR BRUCE.

Little Bessie was bewitching! Who could question it as she stood with a cloud of muslin drooping from her full, white shoulders and nestling against the spangles of her tarletan skirt. And her tights, new, fresh, with spick span "store" gloss, and sinking into the daintiest of slippers, enclosing such a pair of limbs in their silken embrace! Bessie gave a *pirouette*, shaking her brown curls in the most charming fashion.

Peter Jasper hugged himself together and chattered out his admiration in disconnected adjectives. Peter's nose was red and his sunken cheeks were blue with cold. The thin old coat was tortured into its fullest service as a garment, and Peter, never the most accomplished of Chesterfield's disciples, had thrust his hands into his pockets.

Bessie Sparks didn't mind that; not a bit of it, and she knew what good manners were as well as the best of them. Mind it? Why if Peter had chosen to go so far as to thrust his hands in his mouth for warmth she would have thought it quite correct; so, as she made no objection, Peter kept his hands in his pockets, and farthermore, his hat on his head. He was enthusiastic, but very cold.

"I thought I would fetch the things, Peter dear," said Bessie, when she had first entered the apartment—a dreary attic, at the top of a Mulberry street tenement house—"and let you see how I looked. You know I am promoted, and in future will be a front row."

Bessie's promotion had been a very important one to her in the way of vanity and salary. It brought her pretty face into better view, as for months she had leaned against the wings as a very secondary "fairy of the lake," or clambered in at the end of a mob in an Irish drama, or was picturesquely pretty as a virtuous peasant, but now she was something better; she could do something more than merely attitudinize in the *ballet*, could at times lead the chorus, "God bless yer 'onor," or "Welcome home, me lord," and even in a wild moment she had dreams of *second chambermaid!*

She had just come from the costumer's. It was a week before Christmas, and as this day a dress rehearsal of a spectacle was to be held at the theatre where she was employed, she had stopped to show Peter—a little more than friend—her finery. Bessie had confidence in Peter, and had made the changes in her wardrobe behind an impromptu screen, into whose composition her faded old shawl had been pressed into service. Bessie was very sensible, and she knew Peter was as full of honor as the best gentleman in the land.

"You aint a lookin', are you, Peter?" would come every now and then from behind the shawl, as the transformation proceeded.

"No, I aint a lookin' Bessie," replied Peter, gazing virtuously out of the window.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Bessie, when she had emerged from her shelter, no longer requiring it. There was a bright glow on either cheek, and her full, juicy lips, were covered with smiles.

"You're always damn putty, Sunbeam," replied Jasper, with a snuffle. "It's very kind of you to come, but bless you, dose things don't make you any nicer."

Bessie understood the compliment, and threw her white little arm about his neck and kissed him.

Peter did not feel so cold, and took his hands out of his pockets. God knows what sympathy and patient endurance the two were feeling when her cheek lay close to his, although neither spoke. He was smoothing the tresses of her hair with his poor, thin hand, and in the quiet caress there was a world of gentleness and love.

"Don't, Bessie darling," he said at last, with a husky voice, "don't brush against my dirty rags; you will only soil the props, and then, lord knows, there'll be a muss."

So Bessie dashed once more behind the shawl and retraced the change, and at length emerged no longer the butterfly, but the poorly clad chrysalis. Peter thought all the more of her, and the round face and black eyes now seemed all the sweeter because of the contrast.

Peter wasn't afraid of soiling her dress then, although he succeeded tolerably well in mashing the bandbox containing the finery, during the passage at the doorway.

Bessie had gone! Peter was getting cold again, and the hands went back into the pockets, the little golden shaft of sunbeam had departed; and the frigid shadow once more began to pinch and gnaw. He had sat himself down on his dismal three-legged stool, and was looking into the past.

He saw himself, a street boy, with a bundle of papers under his arm, his first recollections having nought of comfort in them, nothing, save a desperate struggle for life. Then came the blacking brush and box, then the corner rough—Peter never was a rowdy—with red shirt and monkey jacket, waiting at the "injine house" for the alarm of fire; the rush and tear over the stony streets, the struggle with the fire demon, the muss after the fire, the showers of stones and the skirmishing through street to street, until the regular tramp of the police came on the ear, like clock work—then the sharp click of the locust and the terrible break. A night of battles fought over again in the bunk-room, and then the sound, steady sleep. This and a hundred other scenes came flashing across his brain, and then he saw himself standing with a score of others at the theatre door, waiting nightly to "go on." At length he becomes a steady super, and night after night he whisks off little Bessie on his arm, in the very face of the nobbiest of the stage people. Why the manager himself had made overtures to Bessie, and if Peter had ever known it he would have "licked" him well for his pains. Bessie used to fret him, though. Peter never did think that he was anything but a mere convenience, and Bessie did all she could to keep up the illusion. Oh! those invisible spirits of coquetry, if man only knew the secret of their jealousies sometimes, what an amount of liquor and hard words would be left unconsumed.

Then there came a long season of half remembrance, a long season of fever, incoherency and tossing, but the dear face, watching by his side, and the tender touch of "silky fingers" on his hot brow, were too vivid recollections to be forgotten. Then when he came out of the shadow of death, broken in health and frame, there was no longer any feeling of doubt between them, and Bessie had promised, when the future looked brighter, to become his dear wife.

Poor Peter—there was a very poor look out for him. He was broken down in health and spirits, and there was very little promise in the good time coming. However, they were going to have a grand dinner together Christmas day, and at least for one occasion he would be in good heart and happiness. It was going to be a grand affair. Bessie was going to cook it in her own room, and it was there to be eaten. The little scrap of a brother of Bessie's, who was training for the arena as an "infant prodigy," or the "mysterious midget," was to be there and amuse them with his marvelous sharpness. Bessie laid great store on this scrap of a brother, and expected one day to see him a shining light of the "sawdust."

Peter could never think of Bessie's devotion to him during his sickness. In the cold, miserable room by his straw palate she had watched long and earnestly, and there the story of their mutual love had been told and cemented. Retrospect was mingled gall and honey—and after all it is generally so with every one—and when he lifted his head from his hands his cheeks were wet with tears.

Peter was "swinging" now. They didn't want him at present at the theatre. In fact, he was not a favored one, and more than once his legs had been laughed at.

Well, Christmas night came. Peter Jasper, after making himself as tidy as possible, went down to Bessie's house, just below him in Mulberry street, to act as escort. These were his moments of pride—God knows there was little enough of that quality in his composition, but his cheek *would* flush, and for the moment he forgot his threadbare and patched coat, and the ragged ends of his shabby pants, and the broken sleeves, as he handed Bessie across the ante-room, which was generally crowded with gapers and would-be gallants, who stared boldly, but who received nothing but the most sincere disdain from Bessie.

Having seen Bessie safe into the "inner circle," Peter ascended to the gallery to enjoy the spectacle. It was in a magnificent state of perfection, and was calculated to take the town by storm. Peter took as great an interest in the show as the manager could himself, and was quite inspired and nervous as to the result, and mostly on account of Bessie's talk and chatting, she having talked of nothing else hardly for several weeks previous. He never thought, poor devil, of his own case; he had not tasted a bit that day, and for many weeks he had not had a single substantial meal. But he was highly excited that night, and the heat of the crowded gallery sent the thin blood coursing quickly through his veins. He never thought of his own treatment, being dropped from employment in the dead of winter, but was thinking only of his darling's success. How he did "Hi-hi!" when Bessie's line came flouncing down to the footlights under a bright glare of calcium, which made the spangles on their skirts gleam like diamonds; for a moment they whirled about on their toes, and then struck an attitude, after which they kissed their hands and retired through the "wings." How lovely Bessie looked—and there was neither rouge nor lily-white on her face. The pure tints of red and white came out vividly in the strong light, and there was hardly an eye in the audience but that was upon her. A large, good natured woman beside Peter exclaimed, "Oh, my gracious, isn't that ere gal a masher!" and Peter could have embraced her on the spot.

Well, it was all over! The curtain had gone down on the sunny home of the spirituelle sylphs amidst a glow of red and green fire, and a crash of trumpet, cymbal and drum from the orchestra. Vice had been reduced to a harmless fraction, virtue given all that constitutes earthly Paradise; the Giant had been ruthlessly slaughtered, the good Fairy Queen had retired into the most exaggerated private life, the funny man had uttered his last tom-foolery, and the realms of light were soon to be exchanged for the rattle of the "busses" over Broadway, and the damp, uncomfortable, new fallen snow under foot.

Glowing with excitement, Peter sprang to his feet, passed out of the theatre and ran quickly to the stage door. The fresh, cold air seemed to have a strange influence over him, and he felt his head growing light and acquiring a seeming whirling motion. Just as he reached the ante-room, and had stepped in the over heated apartment, he felt the blood rushing to his brain and his strength failing him. He paused for a moment, and before his vision he thought he saw Bessie, with her bandbox, standing in the stage doorway. Stretching out his arms, he uttered a sharp cry of pain, and, his legs tottering beneath him, he sank senseless on the floor.

In a moment the scene was all confusion; several of the loungers in the room sprang forward to assist him, and for a moment his lips trembled, while they were beating his hands sharply, as if the remnants of life were very feeble. The word soon reached the stage, and the manager and his aid appeared on the scene. "Get a doctor at once," he said, authoritatively, and his order was obeyed, an old grey haired dispenser of physic of the neighborhood being quickly brought in.

"What is the matter with him?" said the manager, anxiously, after a preliminary examination had been made; "is it a fit?"

"No," replied the old practitioner, dryly, "it's starvation. Get some brandy." A murmur of pity went around the group.

Bessie, who had heard of the misfortune, now rushed into the room, still clad in the glittering stage dress, and heedless of the damage, knelt on the floor and took her lover's head in her lap, weeping bitterly and calling on him piteously to open his eyes.

"Don't cry, my deary," said the old doctor, a little less gruffly, "we'll have him right in a trice."

A thimblefull of brandy was poured through Peter's pale lips, and after a moment he gave a convulsive twitch and opened his eyes. Bessie gave a cry of delight and pressed her lips to his. After a few moments he was removed to the physician's house, and after some nourishing food had been given to the patient, he was covered up warm and snug, and Bessie, after doffing her butterfly garb and putting on her every day dress, joined him at his bedside.

* * * * *

It was the morning after Christmas. Bessie's Christmas dinner was burned to a crisp, and the atom of a brother had first cried and then sobbed himself into a despondent slumber.

The morning and the manager found Bessie by the bedside of the sick man, and he seemed kinder and gentler than was his wont.

"I think I am no more to blame," he said, as if in apology, "than business men generally are for the sufferings of their employees; still, I feel as though I had acted very wrong in not looking after you, Jasper, when I knew that you could not do any physical work. I will endeavor to amend my fault, and do as well as possible by you in future, and if there is any *rise* in you I'll do my d——est to bring it out, and that's plain talk. And *you've* got enough in you to make a name for yourself, Bessie Sparks."

"Bessie Jasper, if you please, sir."

"Then you have been married, eh?"

"Last night, at this bedside."

"Well, then, I might as well tell you that you can drop the *ballet* and go in the stock."

The remainder of the story is brief. Peter and Bessie Jasper are to-day a prosperous and painstaking couple in the low comedy and *soubrette* line. They are known favorably in almost every one of the large cities. The atomy is a prodigious gymnast.

"Bessie," said Jasper, feebly, on that memorable morning after Christmas, "how about that ere Chris'mas dinner?"

"Guess we'd better boil it over for New Year's, Pete," she said, with a laugh.

But they didn't do it, and had a fresh one in every particular. And five sat down at it, the addition to the original list being the manager and the old doctor.

VALKING EFERY BLACE. NO. 4.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Vell, olt man, here ve are agin on der behind end of a nudder year, und on der frond end of der new von. How dime does flew by und no misdake. Vy, dot oney seems der oder day dot you vas a leedle bid of a feller, going round mit me for der firsd dime, und I vas binding oud eferyding to you und making der eyes shdick oud of your head mit exdonishment, like a bair of biled onions. Jeeminy belds, Sharley, a goot many dings kin dook blace in a year, aind dey? Last year, dis dime, a goot many of our friends dem vas avay ub high mit bower, influence, bosishion und dings like dot. Now, vere are dey? Last year, dis dime, a goot many of der banks dem vas all righd doo. Vere are *dey?* Der bolidishians is gone grazy or somevere else, und der banks dey'm gone vere Fiskey's voodbine dwisds. A year ago und many a von of der boys use to med us ven ve vas oud on our rambles, und dold us "Goot morning" und "Goot efening," dot voodn'd nefer dold us such vords agin. A year ago you didn'd had a musdash, und aldough der von you hafe got is a year old, I musd say, Sharley, dot id vas awful shmall of ids age. Yes, olt man, a goot many dings kin habben in a year, und dot's vat's der madder. Der Brussian var? Dot's seddled und all ofer—vat's der use of agidading dot agin? Can'd you led vent by's be vent by's? A nudder year dot vas in der frond of us und no von kin dold how dot vas going to vind ub. Dot may be, Sharley, dot many a von dot ve loaf dearly mit all our heart und soul dey mighd be numbered amongsd der dings dot aind. Ve kin nod dold vat a day vill bring fourd nor nighd neider. Ve kin oney say in der langwidge of der Grand Bacific Slober;—

"Vat vill be, musd be,
Vat has peen, vas."

I don'd know der Slober's name, Sharley, bud he vas a smard feller neferderlessly. I kin atmire a man dot says anyding goot or vise—I kin respecd him efen if I don'd like him—dot's der reason I dink so leedle of you. Dot may be, Sharley, dot before der end of der fresh year, dot I or you vill be tooken avay to Heafen to blay on harbs of a dousand shdrings and sing—you needn'd laf—I mean id. I ain'd joking now, Sharley, I'm seriously. All righd, you kin laf of you vand to, bud I'm bedding dot of you vos to voke ub some morning und found yourself daed you vood laf on der oder side of your moud.

A merry Christmas und a habby New Year to eferybody, Sharley. Dot's vat ve say, Oofty und you, und ve hobe dot der year dots coming along vill found efery von in der best of health und shbirids. Vat a crand old dime some of der shdudends vill had! Vot a nice lod of heads dere vill be to begun der New Year mit—dot vill dook some of dem der hole year to got der benzine oud of deir conks! Some vill gid ub New Year's morning mit lefel heads und keeb dem dot vay all der year round, vile some vill be grankey from der 1sd day of Johnuary dill der 31sd day of December. A goot many vill be habby on New Year's morning cause dey vill had eferyding to made dem habby—heald, veald und habbiness. Bud a goot many voodn'd—sickness, drouble und oder dings dot you can'd dold aboud in adwance. Led us nefer forgot to remember von ding, Sharley—ven ve are habby dry und made oders habby doo. Dot's poody. Und uf ve aind habby, of ve oney sgirmish round, ve kin found blendy beeples vorser off as ve are dot vood be habby of dey vas oney fixed like us. Pud dot in your bipe und smoke id, und dink of id efery dime ven you feel like growling mit me or some oder Brussian. Do you hear dot? *I'm* got der floor now.

Do you saw dot grade big fad feller coming ofer dis vay? Yes, I mean der von mit der musdash on his under lib—goadee, I bleef dey call dem. Vell, dot's old boy Ashman, der brobriedor of der Sinclair House, und of he don'd vas a goot feller, den you aind a judge of pretzels. He is full of der old sgradch, doo, all der dime. He says many a funny ding in der course of der day und der nighd, und vonce on a vile I gid him a dalking for der burbose of gidding him to unfold himself. Him und der durkle soub is der brinelbal addracktshions of der house, aldough I dink be kinder lays ofer der soub a beg or dwo. He is righd on hand, all der dime, und dere don'd vas a lemon shkinned in der bar room, or a onion shliced in der kidchen, dot he don'd know all boud id. Eferyding in der house shines shiney all der dime, und ven you sod down to ead you don'd nefer saw no pea roaches blaying "hide and seek" round your blate, or doing a hurdle acd ofer der brongs of your fork. Dot's a goot comford, Sharley, ven you ead to know dot eferyding vas all righd und nice, und glean. Eferyding vas No. 1 A doo, from der Voosder shdreed sauce to der dermadus kedchub. Ash. mighd nod be aple to dance der Highland Fling, or valk a dight robe, but he knows how to keeb a hodle, und I'm bedding on dot.

Dot oder fad feller dot is beeking oud drough dot long hole vere dey bass der biled widdles drough is Morton—Ashman's bardner. He is a goot feller, doo, oney he don'd dalk quide so ofden or so much as Ash. does. He is der silend bardner of der goncern. He is der buyer of der bisness—der von dot gids up firsd in der morning und cadches der fish und dings down to market. He is old beaches on der buy, Sharley, und dey do say dot he kin dold jusd by shmelling id mit his nose vere a onion or a banana vas raised. He goes oud in der morning und you bed of dere's anyding goot in der hole cidy dot fad raskel vill hand dot oud und brought dot home mit him. May be he can'd cook, doo? I cuess nod. Many und many a blade of his durkle soub have I hid avay under dis manly form of mine, und many a onion has dot same raskel made me shkin ub ad der Durkle Glup to helb made dot same soub doo. I forgife him dough, und I don'd know bud I vood be villing to shkin von more onion of dot vood helb him ad any dime der Hoboken Durkle Glup vas going to had a blow oud und Morton is der boss biler. Dey are dwo grade fellers, Sharley, und of eider von of dem shood die in der summer day vood had big foonerals mit blendy ice.

Dis leedle fad feller dot looks as of he jusd hobbed oud of a band box is Ed. Bassford, von of der greadesd fellers in der hole cidy of New York. He is a memper of more clubs dan any oder man in dis down, und dere aind anyding of any accound dot efer dooks blace dot he don'd shcoob dot in. He is in der furaishing bisness ofer ad Peder Coober's Insdidushion, und he's got for a sign a grade big deakeddle oud on der sitevalk dot's so vide agross und big round like der doose. He's got a barrel of money, und he don'd keeb id hid avay under cover all der dime neider. He gifes id a shanee to saw dayligd all der dime, und you bed dot verefer he goes anydime dere is alvays blendy of fun. He is some on der sing, doo, und ven he shdrucks oud und varbles "Ever of Dou," vich, by der vay, was his faforide ditty, efery von lisdens dill he gids drough. He vas avay a goot vile dis year—ofer in Eurobe und Limerick, und der day he lefd his friends dey vent down to der shdeamer und gifed him a fine recebshion. He is vordy of anyding dey cood gife him, Sharley, as he is von of der nicesd leedle gendlemen in der cidy, und von of der solidesd, doo. Look, he knows I'm dalking boud him—he's shaking dot gold headed cane ad me. He says dot cane vas a Dudch black dorn. How vas dot for high?

Shtood ub, Sharley, gwick! Shtood ub! Don'd you heard me? Salude! Goot enuff. Alvays ven you saw a milidary feller shtood ub und salude. Dis is Gus Funk, Brigadier General Gus, der feller dot looks like me, und a righd goot feller he vas, doo. Do you know, I gid in a heab of drouble on his accound? Yes, sir, I can'd vent any blace hardly mitoud some feller comes ub und says:—"How are you, General? How vas der old ding a verking?" Und den dot's a dollar to a cend dot he'll vant me to vent in some blace und helb him trink a shmall beddle. Efery one knows dot I oney biesd vonce in six years, und oney den ven I hafe a brayer book in my bocket und dot kinder galls me to had beeples ask me. Vat are you laffing ad—dot brayer book? Dey blayed dot nice on me dot dime, didn'd dey? Dot vas Judge Shandley done dot—he "shlubbed der cut" on me—dook der brayer book out of my efereoad und pud a Milwaukee direcdory in der blace of it. Dot vas vell blayed. Oh! I'm villing to gafe in ven anypody got's der bead of me. Funk is der brobriedor of Irfing Hall, und he's so vell known like der hall idself. He is a dib dob feller und he dinks a heab of Oofty. He's in bardnershib mit Abe Steinhardt, der feller mit Aadrakan hair, old boy Roundheart.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

Shakespeare and the Bible.

Shakespeare constantly reminds us of the Bible, and when a passage comes to mind, the origin of which is uncertain, a common impression is that it must belong either to the Bible or the great poet, and no other author excites the same feeling in an equal degree. There are some curious parallel passages which show that 'the bard of Avon' was familiar with the Scriptures, and drew from them many of his ideas. For instance:—

OTHELLO.—Rude am I in my speech.

BIBLE.—But though I be rude in speech. (2 Cor. xi, 6).

WITCHES IN MACBETH.—Show his eyes, and grieve his heart.

BIBLE.—Consume thine eyes, and grieve thine heart. (1 Sam. ii, 33).

MACBETH.—Life's but a walking shadow.

BIBLE.—Man walketh in a vain show. (Ps. xxxix, 6).

MACBETH.—We will die with harness on our back.

BIBLE.—Nicanor lay dead in his harness. (2 Mac. xv, 28).

BANQUO.—Woe to the land that is governed by a child.

BIBLE.—Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child. (Eccles. x, 16).

TIMON OF ATHENS.—Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?

BIBLE.—He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.

Similar parallel passages might be quoted by scores, and we will finish by asking our readers to turn to the play of "Troilus and Cressida," i, 3, and see what an admirable paraphrase it is of Luke xxi, 25, 26.

SENTIMENTS of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

HOW BONES GOT A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

INTERLOCUTOR.—You appear to have a fine flow of animal spirits to-night, Mr. Bones; something unusual must have happened. I suppose you are thinking of the merry times you are going to have on Christmas.

BONES.—I was jist tinkin what a first rate dinner I gobbled up lass Christmas day; I shill nebber forgit dat day, if I lib as long as old Mac Thuserler.

TAMBO.—Did de square meal cost you much expenses, Bonesy; case if it did'nt I tink I would go wid you dis time, for de folks habbint sent in dere inwitashins werry likely so far.

BONES.—I nebber enjoyed any dinner like I did dat one, for I had'nt hab much to eat lass year.

INT.—Indeed! I had not supposed that you were often hard pushed in that way.

TAMBO.—Bonesy always used to brag to de boys dat he always had more dan he could get away wid, but I notis some ob de knowin' ones doubt his words.

BONES.—I tell you how I got dat square meal lass Christmas. You know Maje Hawkins, don't you? He's de man what suppiies all de big hotels wid deir best oysters. Well—lass Chrismass mornin' I meet de Major, and he was just bilin' over wid fat and good humor. "Hullo, Bonesey," says he, "you look as if you hadn't been fed for a week; would you like to earn a square meal?" "You try me," ses I, wid my mouf waterin' at de prospec'. "Well," said he—"just peel yourself for action and dance us a jig, and I'll gib you a cart blanch for as much as you can stow away under your jacket." Wid dat de Maje tilt his arm chair back, pulled his hat ober his left eye, put his fumbs in his arm holes, cocked his cigar in de corner ob his mouf, and at it I went. "Bossy," says I, stopping to take breff after de furst heat—"I wants to ax you a kwunnderum. Why am I like a Wall street broker? Gib it up? Well, den, because I'm often obliged to shin it for a livelihood." Dat tickled de Major to death, he laft so. Well, after I'd danced for about an hour or two, "Dat'll do, Bonesey," says he, "dere's de order for your Christmas dinner, and let it be a good square meal while you's about it." So I took de order, and I notice dat it hab no name on it, but only say "gib dis gen'lman all he wants, and oblige," and tinks I de ole hoss is makin' game ob me. So what does I do but goes right up to de biggest feed house in de city and orders a first class dinner right off, wid turkeys and ducks, and wenson, and wine. I had ten dollars wuff dat time, for dere was no tellin' when I'd git anodder. You nebber saw anybody enjoy a square meal like I did dat free lunch. I clar de table ob ebryting. Den I goes back to de Maje, and hand him de bill, and says I, "tankee, Major, dat's pretty good pay for dancin' a jig or two." "Ten dollars for a dinner!" shouted he, turnin' blue in de gills; "why, de 'greement was dat you was only to hab a good square meal for it." "So I did," ses I; "you didn't direc' de bill, so I went 'way up to Union square to git it." Wid dat he *squared* for me, and I d'sappeared roun' de corner, takin' a round o' beef wid me, but wedder he's *squared dat bill* is more dan I knows.

INT.—Very well, Mr. Bones; that lets you out. And now, gentlemen, we'll have our new song and chorus:—

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh! never mind what the weather may be.
 May be on Christmas day;
Whether it snows, or whether it blows,
 Or whether it clears away;
Tho' a big earthquake the world may shake,
 And comets may blaze in the sky,
For any and all such things as these
 Never a snap care I!
 Chorus.—So never mind what the weather may be,
 May be on Christmas day;
 Whether it snows, or whether it blows,
 Or whether it clears away!

Never a snap care I, my boys,
 If I live till Christmas day,
If it rains cats and dogs, or toads and frogs,
 Or whether it clears away;
For if you are at the little church,
 At about a half-past nine,
You'll see a fair maid, in white arrayed,
 Changing her name to mine!
 Chorus.—So never mind, &c.

J. H. B.

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following account of a new pantomime, presented at Drury Lane Theatre, London, nearly one hundred years ago, will no doubt be perused with interest at this festive season, showing, as it does, that in the olden time as in the present much of the success of such entertainments depended upon the skill of the painter, the machinist and carpenter, rather than upon the author. It will be seen that the manner of getting up pantomimes has changed but little, a prologue opening the way for the grand transformation and the usual exhibition of tricks by clown and pantaloon, in a chase after the persecuted Harlequin and Columbine. This account is taken from an old English work sent to us by "Lew Gioger," of Sam Hague's Minstrels, now in Liverpool:—

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE SYLPHS, OR HARLEQUIN'S GAMBOLS—A CHRISTMAS TALE. *From London "Town and Country" for December, 1773.*

PROLOGUE.

Music plays, and enter several persons with different kinds of dishes.

Enter Mr. PALMER in the character of Christmas.

Go on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth with all her crew attends:

TO THE AUDIENCE.

Behold a personage well known to fame;
Once lov'd and honor'd—*Christmas* is my name!
My officers of state my taste display;
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way!
Holly, and ivy, round me honors spread,
And my retinue shew, I'm not ill-fed;
Minc'd pies by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side:
'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn;
This turban for my head is collar'd brawn!
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry,
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always merry:
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery and ale;
I English hearts rejoice'd in days of yore,
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not, sure, turn *Christmas* out of door!
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire)
Old father *Christmas* now in all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story:
Clear well your minds from politics and spleen,
Hear my *Tale* out—see *all* that's to be seen!
Take care, my children, that you well behave,
You, Sir, in blue, and red cape—not quite so grave:
That critic, there, in black—so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the Tale begin—
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you,
Why, Madam, at this time, so cross appear you,
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband near you.
Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you
Should hear my Tale—you've something else to do:
Nor will our beaux old Eng'ish fare encourage;
No foreign taste could e'er digest plumb-porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners!
My food is meant for* honest hearty grinners!
For you—your spirits with good stomachs bring,
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring;
Open your mouths, pray swallow everything!
Critics beware, how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change—be merry, but not wise.

* To the Upper Gallery.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.—Odor, a magician, Mr. Bannister; Floridore, his son, Mr. Vernon; Tycho, his 'squire, Mr. Welton; Falladell, gentleman usher to Camilla, Mr. Parsons; Nigromant, an evil magician, Mr. Champness; Ariel, Master Blanchard.

WOMEN.—Camilla, an enchantress, Mrs. Smith; Robinetta, Mrs. Wrighten.

Confined male and female spirits, Mr. Hurst, Mr. Diamond, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Ackman, Mr. Wright, Mr. Burton, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Kear, Mr. Wrighten, Mr. Fawcet, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Johnson and Miss Platt.

THE SCENE LIES IN AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A good magician has a daughter, named Camilla; she is enjoined by him on his death bed, never to give her hand to any who is destitute of honor, valor and constancy, which mandate Camilla promises to obey. Floridore, who is deeply enamored with her, becomes acquainted with her father's command by an oracle, a laurel tree opening and displaying these three words written in letters of gold. Floridore, having formed the resolution of obtaining his mistress, consults his father, who emboldens him in the pursuit, by advising him immediately to give proofs of his honor, valor and constancy. He accordingly commences knight-errant, being accompanied by Tycho as his 'squire, in order to dethrone Nigromant. His father having given him a wand, which he is carefully to keep in his hand and never let it drop, he is appointed for a short time to take care of the confined spirits, previous to setting out upon his achievements.

The lover being very anxious of seeing his mistress, leaves his wand in the care of Tycho, enjoining him in the same manner as his father not to drop it. Tycho's curiosity being excited to converse with the confined spirits, he inquires the cause of their confinement, and is answered by a Jew, an attorney, a poet, a statesman and an actress, after which, being lulled to sleep by the harmony of two female fingers, he lets the wand fall, and the spirits break forth in thunder and lightning and dance round him. Odor being made acquainted with this accident, he goes in a violent passion to Floridore, and meets him taking leave of his mistress, who taking the blame to herself, the magician is appeased.

After the lovers have taken an affectionate leave, the knight and his 'squire set out upon their expedition; but being opposed in their first attack by the released spirits, who have joined Nigromant, Floridore loses his sword and shield. In this distressed situation he is met by Camilla, in disguise, who consoles him with the promise of recovering his arms, on condition he follows all her directions; to this he readily assents, and he immediately discovers his arms hanging upon a tree, of which he repossesses himself.

Flushed with this good fortune, he now attacks Nigromant's palace, encircled by a sea of fire, and after many perilous exploits, vanquishes him and makes him and his adherents prisoners. After which he returns to his mistress, who meets him with rapture. In the midst of this state of felicity, he is disturbed by a message from Grimnello (the character in which Camilla appeared in disguise), who demands the fulfilling of his promise. Camilla appears jealous upon the occasion, and quits him to put his constancy to the test. when, having resumed her disguise, she appears and claims his affections; but he positively refuses giving up the first object of his wishes; when Camilla, being satisfied with his honor, valor and constancy, she throws off her disguise, and yields him her hand, as a proper husband, agreeable to the dying mandate of her father.

The chief merit of this piece consists in the scenery and music, the first of which was particularly excellent; the latter had a considerable share of merit, and would have been pronounced to have had more if Mr. Dibdin had not very frequently borrowed from his former compositions. The prologue was happily hit off; Mr. Palmer, who spoke it, representing an old man in the character of Christmas, inviting his friends to listen to a Christmas tale; he was decorated with holly and ivy, and preceded by several servants carrying a repast across the stage, to the tune of the "Roast Beef of Old England." We need not enter farther into the merits of the prologue, as our readers will find it above.

To give a description of a pantomime is to set down the different runnings across the stage of Harlequin and Columbine, pursued by Pantaloon, till the former, evading his chase, are at length made happy. In giving an account of "The Sylphs; or, Harlequin's Gambols," we shall confine ourselves chiefly to the painting and machinery. The first scene represents the Bay of Naples, which changes to a grocer's shop that is supposed to be the abode of Columbine's father. Here Harlequin gets in at the window, after which the grocer and his family are at breakfast, and Columbine takes some lessons from her music and dancing masters. Harlequin now carries her off, and they repair to the Globe Tavern, in Fleet street, whither they are pursued, and Harlequin transforms himself into a waiter and conceals his mistress. After this a house appears to be let, which Harlequin's magic sword changes into Salmon's royal wax work, and the inside is next displayed. This changes to the Tower, which represents a view of the armory, where the guns, pistols and swords are formed into stars. It concludes with a view of the palace of the Sylphs, where Harlequin and Columbine are no longer persecuted, but happily united. It seems that this last scene was painted by Servandoni, under the direction of the late Mr. Rich, and designed for a pantomime he never brought out, and does great credit to this master. Upon the whole (abstracted from the painting and machinery) this is but a very indifferent Pantomime, though the parts were very well sustained, and Miss Brown, in particular, who performed the first Sylph, sung the airs with great taste and spirit.

SKATING IN THE PARK.

SONG AND DANCE.

TO NELSE SEYMOUR.

Just listen one and all,
 Great and small,
 Low and tall,
I sing the skating hall
 And of the skatists gay.
'Twas at the central skating pond.
 One blowy, snowy day,
I met this gushing, crushing blonde,
 Who stole my heart away.
 Chorus—Skating in the Central Park,
 After dark,
 For a lark,
 Permit me to remark,
 Is just the thing to do.

I gave my arm in aid
 To this maid,
 Half afraid,
To skate alone, she said;
 We both then skated on.
She stole my heart and ere we part
 We're pledged ourselves as one;
But when she'd left I was bereft,
 My pocket book had gone
 Chorus—Skating in the Central Park, etc.

JACK STRAW.

LOOSE THOUGHTS.—When Mrs. Macauley published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he; "the sooner a woman gets rid of such thoughts the better."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The white snow lies by the garden wall,
 The sun shines brightly overhead,
The spirit of peace seems over all
 But I—Oh, I wish that I was dead!
I wish I was dead and buried—then I
Wouldn't care how the weary days went by.

Yesterday all the world seemed bright,
 The day was full of the rosiest hours;
I bought for my darling girl last night
 A beautiful wreath of her favorite flowers,
For her—the queen of my soul—to wear
At the Christmas ball, in her golden hair.

What spirit of evil ever sent
 That dandified fellow over from France?
Accursed hour when the villain bent
 Over my love in the mazy dance,
And whispered those flattering words in her ear
That I tried to, but couldn't exactly, hear.

I could see them whispering quick and low,
 His moustache almost touching her cheek!
I wasn't jealous of him—oh, no!
 I wasn't jealous of him—the sneak!
But there came an idea that I couldn't check,
I should have to break that Frenchman's neck!

When they had finished the dreamy waltz,
 And I sought her out, my grief to express,
And to ask her how she could be so false,
 I trod on the lengthy train of her dress.
Was that any reason why Miss Jule
Should hiss through her pearly teeth, "you fool!"

Was it any wonder that, after that,
 When I met this chap with his foreign airs,
I made a rush for the perfumed flat
 And pitched him headlong down the stairs,
Hastening his movements with my boot,
While my Julia called me an ugly brute?

This happened only last night, alack!
 Is it any wonder that matters look blue,
And deeply tinged with a shade of black?
 I do not wonder at it—do you?
But, after all, I am glad I ain't dead,
For I want *one* punch at that Frenchman's head!

J. H. B.

A ROMANTIC LOVE SCRAPE.

On Dec. 18th a pretty featured, roguish and black eyed little girl of sweet sixteen, named Mary E. Hefferon, was brought before Judge Churchill, of the Municipal Court, Boston, by her parents, and charged with being an idle and disorderly little creature. Mary remained in the dock for some time, but when her name was called there was a buzzing about the judge's desk for a minute or so, when, without any further ceremony, the little creature was ordered to be discharged. There was a mystery about this movement which was not fully explained till the following Friday, when Mary again appeared in court, but this time among the spectators. In a little while, however, it leaked out that Mary was there on business of some import, so far as she and a young fellow by the name of James Moore were concerned. It seems that her idle and disorderly conduct was nothing more than a deep love for the aforesaid James, and that both of them had loved unwisely. So when Mary was there on Tuesday James said he would marry her if the court would let her go, although he was only nineteen years of age and a carpenter by trade. After saying this he went for a marriage license for himself and Mary, and got it, whereupon Mary was discharged. That was the result of the buzzing in the judge's ear. But the young carpenter was not true to his promise; his folks did not want to have him marry under the circumstances, as Mary was soon expected to be a mother, so he went back on his word. Then the black eyed Mary got her dander up. It was important that her expected offspring should have a father, so she gets out a warrant for the arrest of James Moore, alleging that he was the father of her child, that was soon to be counted in the census returns. And that was her business in court on Dec. 21st. James, in the meantime, was occupying a cell in the Tombs. That day business dragged badly, and James got sick of his lonely cell, so he sent word to Mary Ellen, telling her that he was prepared to marry her if she would only come down and have him released. Now Mary loved him. She was yet in the very summer of her girlhood. Time had not snatched the roses from her cheek, though they were early washed with sorrow's tears. So down she went to the Tombs, when James was released, and in less than five minutes thereafter Mr. Nettleton, keeper of the prison and justice of the peace, made them husband and wife. This done, they quietly departed for their homes. What sort of a honeymoon followed the deponent sayeth not, but if it indeed be true, as the poet says, that "the heart can ne'er a transport know that never felt a pain," then it is just possible that James and Mary are happy.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.—An incident occurred last night, on Jefferson street, which was quite interesting, at least to one person concerned in it. Our young and handsome deputy clerk of the Council, Lewis McCleery, was quietly walking down the street, when suddenly a lovely young lady flashed across his path, like a startled sunbeam, a soft pair of arms were wreathed around his neck, a pretty face was thrust under his hat, and a plump pair of rosy lips printed a thrilling kiss fairly on his mouth. The bashful young man "felt all over in streaks" for a moment, but recovered himself when the young lady drew back, blushing and trembling, and, timidly hiding her face with her hands, begged to be excused for mistaking him for an uncle. Think of that! An *uncle*, indeed! But, notwithstanding the insinuation, the young deputy felt under so many obligations to the lady for her mistake that he accepted the apology and gallantly offered to excuse her if she would repeat the outrage. She couldn't see the necessity of that, however, and he sauntered homeward to dream of soft-armed and rosy-lipped angels—and their uncles.—*Louisville Journal, Dec. 11th.*

A COLORED PICTURE OF INFIDELITY.—John W. Price, a colored man, was arraigned before Judge Allison, in Philadelphia, on Dec. 16th, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, when Edward Tilghman, also colored, charged said Price with improper conduct with his, Tilghman's, wife on several occasions. Counsel for Price said that a husband cannot prosecute a man for adultery with his wife, because it is actually charging his wife with adultery, and a husband cannot be a witness against his wife. The charge must be made out by other testimony. Another witness testified that, while Mrs. Tilghman was boarding with a Mrs. Bruce, Price came there, and Mrs. Bruce called witness out into the kitchen and left Mrs. Tilghman and Price alone together in the room; it was in the evening, and the window shutters were open. Mr. Price was discharged.

A BRUTE.—At San Francisco, quite recently, Lawrence McKeon's wife testified against him as follows:—"That he got mad at her, and attacking her in the house, beat her furiously, choked her till the blood flew from her mouth and nose—that he kicked the flesh off her limbs, pulled large quantities of hair out of her scalp, tossed her into a washtub, threw her on the floor, pitched her on the bed, pulled all her clothing off, beat her about the head, dislocated one shoulder, and mauled the other with a hammer, swore he would treat her roughly in a little while, and sent for an axe to finish the job. McKeon admitted that he struck and choked her, but said he did not do the rest, to his knowledge. For these little pleasantries he was fined $50, and now he is at liberty to continue his sport.

GRACE AND GAMING.—A serio-comical case occurred in the Boston criminal court last week, which is given in the *Herald* of Nov. 28th, accompanied with an anecdotal illustration, as follows:—"There are some circumstances connected with the arrest of a party of young men by officers Gilman, Waters and Daly, that will splice in very neatly with the report of their examination to-day. It seems that three boys occupy a room at No. 1,044 Washington street, which is adjoining a room occupied by a congregation of colored people for holding religious services. The rooms are separated only by a thin partition, and anything that is said in one room can easily be heard and understood in the other, so that when the services were going on in one room and the interesting game of poker in the other, the talk of the two did not hitch together very well. While the pious negro was at the Throne of Grace 'asking for forgiveness' a loud voice from the other room could he heard to say 'I straddle the blind.' And while some other pious soul was telling of life hereafter, and the beauties of the celestial kingdom, those other roosters were 'shoving the buck,' 'passing' or 'a half better.' And also when the pastor of the little flock was saying to his lambs 'now is the accepted time,' a voice from the other room cries out 'I pass.' 'Now is the day of salvation,' a voice answers, 'who's got the buck.' To a stranger, especially to the young gentlemen who had to arrest this party of gamblers, this medley conversation must have sounded very funny, if not somewhat profane. The whole party of seven were arraigned in the dock this morning and after answering to the names of Charles Kehoe, James Quigley, Jas. Keehler, Dennis Pryor, Patrick Dolan, James Murray and Robert Marston, they were severally fined $5 each and a proportionate share of the costs.

A MINISTERIAL GAME OF BLUFF.—Near a late New Jersey camp meeting, two clergymen, a Baptist and a Methodist, were walking, when they saw a little girl sit ing on a stone weeping bitterly. "What is the matter, my little girl?" asked the Baptist, kindly. "My—my father was k—killed on the railroad a few days ago, and has just been buried, sir; and my mother is sick abed, and can't work, and we have nothing to eat and don't know what to do," sobbed the little girl. "A truly lamentable case; I do indeed pity you," said the Baptist, frigidly, as if he were pitying some ice cream he could not eat. "How much do you pity her, Brother C.? I pity her five dollars!" yelled the Methodist, as he threw a V into the girl's lap. "I double your pile, Brother P.," the Baptist brother said, as he slowly placed an X over the V. "I go you one better!" the Methodist bawled, as he put a ten on the other money. "I cover your stake, Brother P., and the Baptist clergyman's expression showed he was getting excited as a twenty from his purse was put on the rapidly increasing pile. "I'll top the spons with a fifty," howled Brother P., as he drew out his last note and placed the sum, with the others, glaring savagely at his companion. "Here's a hundred dollar note, little girl," said the Baptist quite blandly, now that he had got ahead of his Methodist brother in the Lord; "you may rake in the spoils, you've 'cleaned out' and 'euchred' both my friend and myself and left us both dead broke." Then they walked off humming a hymn. Now what we would like to know is, what did those clergymen do before they were converted?

A TOUGH STORY.—Squire K., a well known barrister of Belknap, having occasion to transact some business at the Ossipee Court, found a few days at his disposal which he determined to spend in trouting in the mountain brooks. In company with an artist friend, he wandered several miles into the country. Night came down and the sportsmen concluded to spend the night at a farmhouse, if permission could be obtained, and return early next morning to the village. A cherry faced old lady granted permission to remain under her roof that night. Now, as it was necessary that our legal friend should be at court at eight next day, the good dame arose early and prepared breakfast by the light of a tallow candle. The anglers were seated at the table in a dark corner of the kitchen, while the old lady was engaged over a scizzling frying-pan on the stove. "How's this steak, T., tough, hey?" asked the lawyer, *sotto voce*. "Don't know; why?" "By Jove, I can't chew the stuff!" continued he. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he made another effort to masticate the mouthful, then shouted:—"My good woman, will you be kind enough to see why this steak is so very tough?" The pleasant faced old lady appeared with her candle, wiped the moisture from her spectacles, and looked at the plate, dropped the tallow candle into the lawyer's lap and shouted with horror:—"Great State of Hampshire! I've fried my holder!"

THE GARDEN SCENE.—A photographer of Paris has wreaked his revenge on his mother-in-law in a very complete and original manner. He could not beat the lady off, who, though 54 years of age, remembered she was once a belle and still beautiful. Respecting her charms a cousin of the photographer's had no doubt; he paid his addresses to the mother-in-law, the trysting-place being in the garden attached to the studio. On one occasion the photographer "took" the lovers while in a most compromising position, and supplied the trade with the picture. His mother-in-law has taken an action for 75,000f. damages. His defence is simply the illustration, "the garden scene."

BASE BALL.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB RECORD.

The Olympic Club, of Washington, played in thirty-three championship games during 1871, of which they won sixteen and lost fifteen, two being tie games. The following is their record:—

May	5, Olympic vs. Boston, at Washington	18 to	20
May	13, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Cleveland, at Cincinnati	12	8
May	15, Olympic vs. Kekionga, at Fort Wayne	6	12
May	16, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4	14
May	17, Olympic vs. *Forest City, of Rockford, at Rockford	9	0
May	19, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	7	9
May	20, Olympic vs. Forest City, at Cleveland	13	9
May	22, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	14	5
May	24, Olympic vs. Boston, at Boston	4	6
May	27, Olympic vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	6	5
June	2, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Washington	11	8
June	13, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Washington	13	3
June	17, Olympic vs. Athletic, at Washington	4	11
June	21, Olympic vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	2	10
June	22, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	4	12
June	26, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Clevel'd, at Washington	16	3
June	30, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	13	8
July	4, Olympic vs. Boston, at Cincinnati	3	7
July	7, Olympic vs. Kekionga, at Washington	32	12
July	8, Olympic vs. Kekionga, at Baltimore	15	7
July	10, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Washington	16	13
July	17, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9	16
July	27, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	3	5
July	28, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Brooklyn	6	10
Aug.	4, Olympic vs. Athletic, at Washington	5	12
Aug.	5, Olympic vs. Boston, at Washington	4	7
Aug.	16, Olympic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	11	12
Aug.	25, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Rockf'd, at Washington	5	2
Aug.	26, Olympic vs. Forest City, of Rockf'd, at Washington	18	7
Sept.	22, Olympic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	2	13
Sept.	27, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	7	16
Sept.	29, Olympic vs. Haymakers, at Troy	15	13
	Kekionga	9	0
	Totals	316	290

* Forfeited to Olympics, Hastings playing with Forest City. Exhibition game, played same date, resulted:—Olympic, 13; Forest City, 15.

The following table presents the batting and fielding averages of the Olympics in the thirty-two championship games played by them. Waterman, Force, Mills and Hall played in every game, whilst Leonard, Brainard and Allison missed but few games. Thomas took Berthrong's place in the latter part of the season, and Burroughs played in twelve games in place of Sweasy. Fred Waterman has the best batting average, and is closely followed by Allison. Force's fielding record is the best:—

Olympic.	Games.	Base Hits.	Av. B.H. to a Game.	Men Put Out.	No. Times Ass't'd.	Av. P.O. to a Game.	Av. Ass. to a Game.
Waterman, 3d b	32	54	1-68	42	60	1-63	2-40
Allison, c	28	46	1-64	55	20	2-29	0-83
Glenn, r f	25	35	1-40	21	2	1-16	0-11
Leonard, 2d b	31	43	1-38	59	43	2-45	1-33
Force, s s	32	44	1-37	58	129	1-58	5-16
Mills, 1st b	32	42	1-31	277	2	11-08	0-08
Hall, c f	32	36	1-12	69	3	2-76	0-12
Berthrong, l f	16	17	1-06	27	1	2-45	0-09
Burroughs, l f	12	11	0-91	10	1	1-43	0-14
Brainard, p	30	25	0-81	12	19	0-53	0-82
Sweasy, 2d b	5	4	0-80	14	11	2-80	2-30
Thomas, r f	12	7	0-70	29	7	2-80	0-70

RESOLUTE CLUB RECORD.

This club, of Elizabeth, N. J., played twenty-three games during the season of 1871, of which they won fourteen. The following table gives additional particulars:—

April	25, Resolute vs. Atlantic, of Elizabeth	57 to	10
May	3, Resolute vs. Mutual, of N. Y.	3	18
May	12, Resolute vs. Mutual, of N. Y.	0	39
May	17, Resolute vs. Neptune, of Easton	40	13
May	25, Resolute vs. Eckford, of Brooklyn	6	28
June	7, Resolute vs. White Stockings, of Chicago	4	17
June	15, Resolute vs. Trenton, of Trenton	15	2
June	21, Resolute vs. Forest City, of Cleveland	3	24
June	29, Resolute vs. Kekionga, of Fort Wayne	5	17
July	14, Resolute vs. Active, of Newark	17	14
July	17, Resolute vs. Expert, of Philadelphia	7	25
July	21, Resolute vs. Champion, of Jersey City	13	15
July	26, Resolute vs. Harmonic, of Brooklyn	17	9
Aug.	3, Resolute vs. Central, of Plainfield	20	17
Aug.	8, Resolute vs. Neptune, of Easton	18	11
Aug.	11, Resolute vs. Active, of Newark	27	5
Aug.	15, Resolute vs. Trenton, of Trenton	9	0
Aug.	22, Resolute vs. Amateur, of Newark	13	9
Sept.	5, Resolute vs. Excelsior, of Brooklyn	21	30
Sept.	8, Resolute vs. Central, of Plainfield	40	17
Sept.	22, Resolute vs. Harmonic, of Brooklyn	25	9
Sept.	25, Resolute vs. Central, of Plainfield	58	6
Sept.	27, Resolute vs. Champion, of Jersey City	14	16
	Totals	392	346

Average runs to a match—Resolute, 17 1/3.3, to united clubs, 15 1/3.3.

The following are the batting averages and fielding statistics of the club for 1871, from which it will be seen that Reynolds, Austin and Morrison take the lead at the bat, Mike Campbell showing a great record as a first base player, Farrow and Austin and Lang also doing good service:—

	Games.	1st Base Hits.	Av'ge.	No. F.B. Caught.	No. P. Out on Bases.	No. P. Out on F. B'd.	T. No. Put Out.	No. Times Ass'd.
Farrow	15	24	1-9	24	2	26	68	18
Amory	11	13	1-02	7	4	0	12	16
Collins	12	18	1-06	2	2	0	4	19
M. Campbell	23	30	1-07	18	183	7	208	8
Morrison	5	12	2-02	3	29	0	32	1
McDiarmid	5	5	1-00	3	6	0	8	13
Nevins	14	28	2-00	11	27	7	47	32
Laing	17	25	1-08	20	7	4	34	49
H. Campbell	20	33	1-13	20	5	0	26	50
Austin	18	40	2-04	36	6	3	45	12
Forsyth	14	15	1-01	26	1	13	41	3
Reynolds	11	33	3-00	5	0	1	6	1
Beardsley	14	17	1-03	15	0	0	15	3
Stimson	7	15	2-01	6	1	1	8	3

PUTNAM CLUB RECORD.

During the past season the Putnam Club, of Troy, N. Y., played twenty-nine games, winning twenty, losing eight and one being declared null and void. Below we present a list of the games, with the averages:—

May	2, Putnam vs. Haymakers, Troy	11 to	29
May	30, Putnam vs. Warren, Troy	43	5
June	6, Putnam vs. Haymakers, Troy	11	21
June	8, Putnam vs. Clipper, Troy	31	18
June	17, Putnam vs. Kekiongas, Troy	3	23
June	26, Putnam vs. Volunteer, Troy	32	8
July	14, Putnam vs. Utica, Troy, (10 innings)	16	21
July	21, Putnam vs. Lone Star, Troy	32	13
July	24, Putnam vs. Excelsior	25	18
July	27, Putnam vs. Star, Troy	35	12
Aug.	7, Putnam vs. Haymakers, Troy	19	3
Aug.	10, Putnam vs. *Fly Aways	—	—
Aug.	11, Putnam vs. Active, Troy	9	11
Aug.	14, Putnam vs. Montauk, Troy, (11 innings)	13	12
Aug.	22, Putnam vs. Amity, Troy	21	15
Aug.	25, Putnam vs. Nassau, Troy	31	14
Aug.	29, Putnam vs. Coleman, Troy	25	5
Aug.	31, Putnam vs. Silver Stars, Troy	24	21
Sept.	1, Putnam vs. Lone Stars, Catskill	31	14
Sept.	11, Putnam vs. Nassau, Brooklyn	13	7
Sept.	12, Putnam vs. Flyaway, Brooklyn*	9	0
Sept.	14, Putnam vs. Montauk, Brooklyn	31	21
Oct.	4, Putnam vs. National, Troy	21	24
Oct.	9, Putnam vs. Ætna, Troy	9	14
Oct.	14, Putnam vs. Haymakers, Troy	5	22
Oct.	19, Putnam vs. Haymakers, Troy	8	4
Oct.	21, Putnam vs. National, Troy	34	17
Nov.	1, Putnam vs. Active, Bennington, Vt.	40	14
Nov.	2, Putnam vs. Active, Bennington, Vt.	55	15
	Total runs	633	401
	Average runs to a game by Putnams	22	24-29
	Average runs to a game by Opponents	13	24-29

—* Their first game was declared null and void, and the second was forfeited by 9 to 0.

	Games.	Times at Bat.	1st Base Hits.	Av. B. H. to a Game.	Total Bases.	Runs.	Put Out.	Ass'd.
King, l f	29	174	88	3-01	180	92	106	5
Bonker, c	28	168	84	3-00	106	73	70	80
Hartnett, 2d b	14	91	40	2-12	58	43	50	22
Lenway, p	25	153	67	2-15	143	78	70	27
Bowden, s s	19	72	31	2-06	44	44	23	52
Dakin, r f	17	107	43	2-09	76	40	54	15
Nozon, 1st b	28	184	73	2-17	97	72	168	35
Bunting, c f	28	181	68	2-12	86	74	50	8
Lawler, 3d b	21	127	44	2-02	72	50	50	47
Trudean, 3d b	11	58	19	1-08	30	21	18	17
Tighe, p	6	36	11	1-05	20	7	9	14
Warner, 2d b	5	30	9	1-04	14	11	9	11
Grady, p	7	45	11	1-04	16	20	24	13

THE YALE YOUTHS held a meeting on Dec. 23d, when it was voted to open the nine to the University. Heretofore it has been confined to the academical department. It was also voted that all matters pertaining to the preliminaries connected with the next boat race, and the question of joining a college association, be left to a committee of six prominent boating men.

COCKING.

PROSPECTS OF SPORT FOR THE COMING SEASON—MAINS MADE.

The prospects of sport to the fanciers of this amusement, which looked so bright a few weeks ago, do not appear likely to be realized at the present time of writing. Of the two prominent mains arranged a short time ago, one appears likely to fall through. This is the main arranged between the well known New York sport, Mr. William Drake, and the popular trotting horseman, Mr. James Dugrey, of Troy, for $200 each battle and $2,000 the deciding fight. The difficulty between the two contracting parties appears to be the location of the contest. The customary pit in which the majority of the New York mains have been decided for two or three years past was agreed upon originally, but the Troy division now decline to have it come off there on the plea of risk of arrest, and wish the venue to be changed to Lansingburgh. This Mr. Drake objects to on the ground of the utter want of proper accommodation at that place. Unless, therefore, Mr. Dugrey and his colleagues agree to the original spot named, and where there is, in reality, no danger of interference, we are disposed to think this main will not come off. The New York fowls for this main are all taken up, and in steady training, and if the Troy party fail to come to time Mr. Drake will look out for another customer. The other and more important main, between a well known turfman and an equally well known Albany millionaire, is progressing satisfactorily, but the precise day has not been fixed, on account of the New York representative being absent on a shooting excursion in Virginia.

The East New York fanciers, anticipating a brisk fighting season, have a numerous stock of game cocks and chickens on hand; but they have neither issued nor accepted any challenges for mains up to date. Messrs. Reed and Wright are still as enthusiastically devoted to the raising of the choicest game birds for the pit as ever, although they do not often fight mains themselves. Their stock this season are bred from the Featherstonhaugh and Derby strains, crossed, as well as a breed from a cross between an Irish and Derby strain. They have also some game representatives of the famous Privateer, Radford and Derby strains. Nearly all these birds possess the qualities of symmetry of form, brilliant plumage, large size and indomitable gameness. Of William Walton, also of East New York, once famous for his readiness to fight any number of mains, and for any amount of money, we have heard nothing this season. His stock of game birds were at one time nearly invincible, and were said to be the production of a blue-red, high-comb Heathwood cock, crossed with Dan Pifer's famous Alabama hen. What is the matter with "Brummy" that he is so silent now the season is about opening.

John Mulholland has, as yet, made no sign, or challenged the world to a main of cocks or chickens. He has plenty of them dispersed around the country, and as is well known his breed cannot be surpassed for fighting qualities in the pit, as his innumerable victories abundantly testify. John Ludlow, of Union Hill, the Nestor of the fancy, has long been known for his peculiar strain of game birds, and which are known by his name. They are the result of judicious crossing of the Muff, Irish and Derby breeds. Ben Daniels has plenty of the world-famous Heathwood birds, and is retained in the great main between New York and Albany above referred to, as handler and feeder, by the Empire City representative. The trio of skilful handlers, Clacker, Andy and Janeway, are all waiting impatiently for the opening of the campaign, and it is for some of the above-named breeders to sound the charge and issue their challenges.

MAIN IN BROOKLYN.—A main between Long Island and Staten Island came off in Brooklyn on Dec. 15th. The conditions were to show seventeen birds on each side and fight all that weighed in for $60 each battle, and $200 the main. The betting was $100 to $60 on Staten Island, and eleven fell in on each side. After a well-contested struggle, the Long Island birds won the main, scoring seven battles to Staten Island's four; time, 3 hours and 44 minutes. Robert Ellis represented Long Island, and Stephen Barnes Staten Island, in this main. Another main between the victorious division and Westchester was arranged to take place on Christmas Day, for $50 a battle and $250 the odd fight.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

JOHN CAMERON, London, Ontario, D. C.—Request rec'd, and matter attended to.

C. R. M., Dartmouth College.—Your successes are gratifying proofs of your progress.

A. Z. HUGGINS.—The problem for Herr Meyer has been sent.

F. H. CURTISS.—We very gladly introduce the *addendum* to your notes in the manner you suggest.

H. J. M.—The key to No. 782 is 1..R × Q+; [This Black Q should be a R.] then, 2..P × Q (sec. B), etc.

L. F. BAUDER.—Accept thanks for interesting enclosures.

Notes on "BREVITIES," AND MR. REICHHELM'S "REVIEW."—No. 9.

BY F. H. CURTISS.

PAGE 197.

BREVITIES.—Petroff's 6th move is K Kt-K 5.

PAGE 198.

REVIEW.—The mate can be accomplished in *twelve* moves, by following the review (including variations) to the 6th move, then play as follows, from text:—

6..R-B 4+	K-Kt 4(a)	9..P-Kt 3+	K-Kt 5
7..R-B 3 dis+	K-R 4(b)	10..Kt-K 3+	K-R 6
8..R-B 5+	K-R 5	11..R-R 5+, and 12..Mates.	

(a)

6..	K-R 4	9..R × P+	K-R 4
7..R-B 5+	Q-Kt 4 (1)	10..R-R 6+, and 11..Mates.	
8..R × Q+	K-R 3		

(1) K moves, 11..mates, as in text above.

(b)

7..	K-Kt 5	9..R-R 3+	Q inter.
8..B-K 6+	K-R 4	10..Mates.	

PAGE 200.

BREVITIES.—Diagram. There should be no Pawn at Black's Q Kt 5.

PAGE 203.

BREVITIES.—White's 18th move should have (c).

PAGE 204.

BREVITIES.—Diagram is faulty. The Pawn at White's Q Kt 2, should be white. The mate is forced in *five* moves, thus:—

30..Q R-K sq+	Q-K 2	33..K R-B 8+	B-K sq
31..Q R × Q+	K-Q sq	34..K R × B, Mate.	
32..Kt-Kt 8	B-B 3		

I would improve the diagram by giving it after Black's 28th move, with mate in *six*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 790.

From Zukertort's Sammlung.

BY DR BAYER AND COUNT PONGRACZ.

at Q B 8, K B 3, Q B 6, K Kt 6, K 2, K 3d.

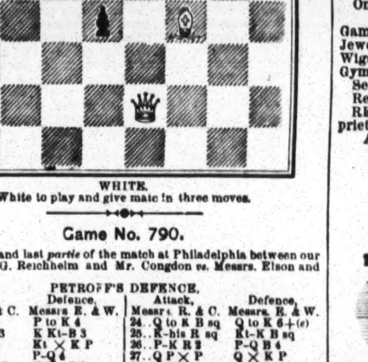
at K 4, K 8, Q Kt sq, K Kt 5, Q R 3, Q B 2, and 4, K 5, K B 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 790.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 790.

The third and last *partie* of the match at Philadelphia between our contributor G. Reichhelm and Mr. Congdon *vs.* Messrs. Elson and Whiteman.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Messrs. R. & C.	Defence, Messrs. E. & W.	Attack, Messrs. R. & C.	Defence, Messrs. E. & W.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	24..Q to K B sq	Q to K 6+(e)
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	25..K-his R sq	Kt-K B sq
3..P-Q 4(a)	Kt × K P	26..P-K R 3	P-Q B 4
4..K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	27..Q P × P	Q × K P
5..K Kt × P	K Kt-B 3	28..Q-K B 5	Q-K 3
6..Castles	K B-K 2	29..P-Q R 3	P-K Kt 3
7..Q B-Kt 5	P-K R 3	30..Q × Q+	Q Kt × Q
8..Q B × Kt	K B × B	31..K R-R 2	Kt-Q B 2
9..P-K B 4	K B × Kt	32..K-Kt sq	K-his B 2
10..B P × B(b)	Q-K R 5(c)	33..K his B 2	K-his 3
11..P-Q B 3	Q B-K 3	34..K-his 3	K-his 4
12..Q Kt-R 3	P-Q B 3	35..P-Q R 4	Q Kt-K 3
13..Q-her 2	Castles	36..P-Q Kt 4	P-Q R 3
14..K R-B 4	Q-K 2	37..B-Q Kt sq	P-K Kt 4
15..Q R-K B sq	Q Kt-Q 2	38..K B-Q 3	P-Q B 4(f)
16..B-Q Kt sq	Q-K Kt 4	39..B-K 2 *best*	R P × P
17..Q-her 3	P-K B 4	40..B P × P	P-Q 5+
18..Kt-Q B 2	K R-B 2	41..K-Q 2	K-Q 4
19..Q Kt-K 3(d)	Q R-K B sq	42..B-K Kt 4	Kt-K B 5
20..Kt × B P	Q B × Kt	43..P-K Kt 3	Kt-Kt 3
21..K R × B	K R × R	44..B-his 3+	K-Q B 5
22..Q R × R	Q R × R	45..B × Kt P	K × Kt P
23..Q × Q R	Q-her B 8+	46..P-Q B 6, and wins.	

(a) This move, substituted for 3..Kt × K P, will be remembered as the subject of last week's note (*), which see.

(b) And have clearly the superior opening.

(c) More showy than useful.

(d) Can any one show a more remarkable and beautiful example of cumulative force upon a strategic point, both in Attack and Defence, than this same example?

(e) If Q × Kt P, then 25..B to Kt 6th.—*G. R.*

(f) If 38..Kt to B 5; 39..P to Kt 3, Kt × R P; 40..B to K 2, and wins.—*G. R.*

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 33.—Vol. XIX.

BETWEEN MESSRS. M'KAY AND SMITH.

"CROSS."

Black. Mr. McK.		White. Mr. S.		Black. Mr. C.		White. Mr. O.	
1..11 to	15	23 to	18	12..7 to	16	23 to	18
2..8	11	27	23	13..16	23	18	11
3..4	8	24	20	14..12	16	24	20
4..12	16	28	24	15..16	19	20	16(c)
5..8	12	23	19 (a)	16..23	26	30	23
6..16	23	26	19	17..19	26	16	12
7..9	14	18	9	18..26	31	22	18 (d)
8..5	14	31	26	19..31	27	18	14
9..14	18	26	23(b)	20..10	17	21	14
10..18	27	32	23	21..27	23, and Black wins.		
11..11	16	20	11				

(a) This divides White's forces, and weakens his game. (b) His best move. (c) White's game was "bad enough" before, but this makes it hopeless. (d) If B had moved 31 to 26, this would have drawn very prettily.

Solution of Position No. 63.—Vol. XIX.

BY C. M. WILDER.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..9 to	6	1 to	10	5..6 to	10	15 to	19
2..5	7	10	15	6..11	16	18	23
3..1	6	14	18	7..10	15, Drawn.		
4..7	11	19	24				

Solution of Position No. 64.—Vol. XIX.

BY O. LINDSAY, OF ALLEGHENY CITY.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..28 to	32	2 to	9	4..23 to	14	9 to	18
2..27	23	20	27	5..32	14, and White wins.		
3..26	22	25	18				

Position No. 65, Vol. 19.

BY C. M. WILDER.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and draw.

Position No. 66, Vol. 19

BY C. M. WILDER.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

CRICKET.

THE LARGE SCORES LAST SEASON.

Bell's Life in London, in a long article on the high scores made during the season of 1871, says:—The highest scorer of the year is Mr. W. H. Game, who has thrice made over 100 runs, and in one instance accumulated 281. Next in numerical value comes the 268 of Mr. Gilbert Grace, followed by 242 contributed by Mr. H. A. Lake, 219 by Mr. Alfred Lubbock, and the 217 scored respectively by Mr. Gilbert Grace and Mr. W. H. Hadow. Mr. F. Greenfield has also made 216 (not out), and Mr. T. G. Mathews 201; these eight comprising all the single innings within our knowledge of over 200 runs this year. Deducting these, how many have been played between that point and 106 may be gathered from a glance at the lengthy list appended.

The name of Mr. Gilbert Grace appears ten times. His highest scores we have already notified; his lowest is 116. Messrs. E. M. Grace and C. R. Nepean figure five times each; the largest scores of the former being 142 and 140, while the latter made 178 once and 139 twice, being not out on all three occasions. *Apropos* of Mr. E. M. Grace, we may mention that we believe in June he also made over 100 runs for Bedminster against Swindon, and on August 14th scored largely for Thornbury vs. Bedminster, but in neither case have we any record of the total, or his individual score. Four times we notice the name of Mr. G. M. Kelson, who boasts of 164 (not out) as his largest contribution in 1871; and Messrs. W. H. Game, J. M. Mare, E. F. S. Tylecote, F. Tobin, E. Baker, and Hon. G. Harris have all thrice got into three figures. Mr. Game's largest score we have already drawn attention to as the top one of the year; Mr. Mare has made 158 (not out); Mr. Tylecote, 197; Mr. Tobin, 135; Mr. Baker, 164 (not out), and Mr Harris, 107.

Amongst the names in July will be found that of F. Alleyne, who in a House match at Eton College scored 106 in his first and 105 (not out) in his second innings. It is not often that a boy shows such consistent batting in two consecutive innings, and we shall be curious to see how he acquits himself in the future. In all probability he will form one of the Eton Eleven next year at Lord's, and will therefore be put through a most critical schoolboy test, from which we may be able to judge whether his performance in this match in 1871 was a fortuitous one or a foretaste of more than average merit.

VERY NEAR.—"Cæsar," said Sambo, "I berry nearly got a house de oder day." "Deed, Sambo, how was dat?" "Why," replied Sambo, "I asked a man to gib me his house and he said no. If he had said yes, I should hab bad one."

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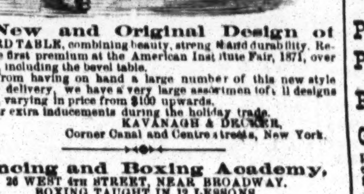

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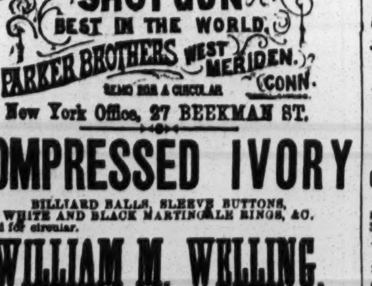

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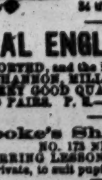

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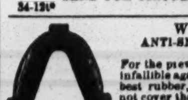

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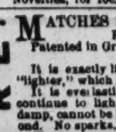

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Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Dec. 25th, '71.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" It *looks* like it. Here we are, on our desk, this merry Christmas morning, working just the same as if it was any ordinary day. And what makes it appear worse to us is, that every now and then some well-meaning individual knocks at the door of our sanctum, and exclaims "Merry Christmas!" Mockery, isn't it? Every time the devil comes near us for copy *he* shouts "Merry Christmas!" And yet we *know* that we do not feel at all merry, and we do not believe that we bear a very merry facial aspect. The holidays come the wrong time for us this year, and deprive us of our share of the general enjoyment. But with a fiendish maliciousness we glory in the fact that our associates and compositors and pressmen *all* have to work just the same as we have. Some of them attempted the "indisposition" dodge, but it wouldn't work; we showed them that they must either go to work, or have doses of castor oil and jalap and antimonial wine and such un-Christmas like stuff forced down their lying throats, so they went to work, and without the least remorse we take pleasure in giving these "sick" people the worst copy we can find, solid figure work and the likes of it. Many of them are grumbling about their Christmas dinner. Let them grumble—what have we to do with their Christmas dinner. Dirtier degraded small boy—"Merry Christmas—black 'em?" Now what is the use of having police, if a taxpayer is to be tormented in this way by every Tom, Dick and Harry who has been taught to say "Merry Christmas!" [Enter "Our Jim" in a hurry, which is something unusual for him. He was much more like "Most Private."] "Now, see here, tell the compositors that it'll be time for them to get their dinners when the paper's out." "Yes, but old Mrs. Starboil told us fellers that we must be in at twelve, or we'd git no dinner." "Tell Mrs. Starboil to mind her own business, and you go about yours." "Hell of a free country, this—I'm goin' back—a man can't have time to eat his dinner." This is one source of mirthful enjoyment, to know that while we are deprived of all Christmas pleasures, we can prevent others from enjoying themselves. [Enter janitor—"*Merry* Christmas. Goin' to keep open all day?" "The same to you—*yes!*" *He* wont come again.] And while the heart is almost breaking we are *compelled* to assume a merriment and festivity we can *not* feel. We suppose we ought to make a big punch here, shed a few pious tears, and "think of friends of our youth," and all that sort of nonsense. What kind of poetry can be looked for from an empty stomach? [Enter a Five Points' Missionary—"Merry Christmas—come around and take dinner with the Pointers? They'd like to see you among 'em once more." The man means well, but he'd a blurted it out the same if the sanctum had been full of company. "We should be delighted to sit down to the board once more, but the remorseless readers of a newspaper force us to serve *them* before indulging in luxuries ourselves.") We must do a bit of poetry for the old timers, or we shall never hear the end of it. But while we accede to the demands of our friends, we enter our solemn protest against this unnecessary desecration of the day.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

In the rusty beams of this Christmas wine,
Strange figures I call to and fro;
And with them I think of the days that once were our's,
Ere those head showed them streaks of snow;
Strange figures indeed! of the early friends,
Of our companions on life's stage)
In whose features the tincture of ruby still blends,
[Enter Jim in a terrible rage.]
Oh, where are they now, the friends of our youth,
"How much more of your stuff is to come?"
Shall we never again see that face from Duluth?
"Say, look a here now, I'm goin' home."]
Where is he who set all our pulses aglow,
In the part in whose points he won fame?
[The printers all see they want a fair show
And want to know what's to pay the game.]
Where that lady dame who could sorrow or woe
Portray with a mistress' skill,
Or ask who the thoughts of the soul could reveal,
And the breasts of her hearers could thrill?
Where she who in comedy high took her stand,
And showed the *ne plus* of her art?
["Come here, now, let's pull out the sandbar,
And see if we can't get it out."]
The beautiful maiden, her too, we see well,
["Oh cut it short—dam it,") who wrought such a spell?
All, all have departed, and others now share
The smiles of the people in front.
["What'll I tell the printers up there?
What can they "spect from a pig but a grunt.' "]
Then bless our good Christmas, to us it is dear,
And we wish it every time.
It comes with its joy and its goodly cheer,
And brings back its remnant china.

"Now, hurry up with that, Jimmy, while we try to force out something funny."..... Boston is getting hold of all the curiosities. Its latest is a live whale, said to be 71 feet long. They will next tell us probably that *that* whale is the identical fish with which Mister Jonah's name is so unpleasantly associated.....[Enter small boy with shoe laces—"Happy Christmas, mister—two cents a dozen."] Now, here's another item, "a southern concertizing troupe consists of twenty-five confederate orphan girls." Well, we wish 'em a merry Christmas and full houses. We once knew an orphan girl—[Enter strange man who carts away our ashes—"Merry Christmas to yees—may ye enjy yer dinner."] You see what adverse circumstances we write under, don't you? We were about to tell you a first-rate yarn concerning that orphan girl, but *he* has knocked the idea out of our head. .....Here's another scandalous thing. A mother in Louisville, Ky., is going off in raptures because *her* babe was born with teeth. She hasn't much to brag of, for there was Richard Third—*he* was born with teeth, which "signified that he should snarl and bite, and play the dog." That Louisville mother will find that she has been bitten by that infant before it is much older. [Enter janitor—"*Merry* Christmas. Goin' to keep open all day?" "The same to you—*yes!*" *He* wont come again.] And while the heart is almost breaking we are *compelled* to assume a merriment and festivity we can *not* feel. We suppose we ought to make a big punch here, shed a few pious tears, and "think of friends of our youth," and all that sort of nonsense. What kind of poetry can be looked for from an empty stomach? [Enter a Five Points' Missionary—"Merry Christmas—come around and take dinner with the Pointers? They'd like to see you among 'em once more." The man means well, but he'd a blurted it out the same if the sanctum had been full of company. "We should be delighted to sit down to the board once more, but the remorseless readers of a newspaper force us to serve *them* before indulging in luxuries ourselves.") We must do a bit of poetry for the old timers, or we shall never hear the end of it. But while we accede to the demands of our friends, we enter our solemn protest against this unnecessary desecration of the day.

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It comes with its joy and its goodly cheer,
And brings back its remnant china.

"Now, hurry up with that, Jimmy, while we try to force out something funny."..... Boston is getting hold of all the curiosities. Its latest is a live whale, said to be 71 feet long. They will next tell us probably that *that* whale is the identical fish with which Mister Jonah's name is so unpleasantly associated.....[Enter small boy with shoe laces—"Happy Christmas, mister—two cents a dozen."] Now, here's another item, "a southern concertizing troupe consists of twenty-five confederate orphan girls." Well, we wish 'em a merry Christmas and full houses. We once knew an orphan girl—[Enter strange man, abruptly. "Look a here—are you the editor of this dam sheet?" "Merry Christmas, sir, wait us; glad to see you. What can we do for you to-day?" "Now, I don't want any lallygagging—who writ this?" "That? Oh, oh! ha! ha! that we copied from the *Blade of Freedom*." "Where's *he* live?" "Spruce street." "Well, I'm going to mash his nose—I don't 'low none of your newspaper thieves to talk about me in yer papers, d'ye hear that?" "Did they write that scurrilous article about you?" "Some pimp done it. But I'll cook his Christmas goose for him, I bet yer. Here, Carlo, come out of the gentleman's parlor." "I think if the Grand Jury would indict some of these disgraceful newspaper scribblers who seek to destroy the character of good and useful citizens, they'd do the state some service." "Bully for you, boss; Spruce street, did you say? Merry Christmas to yer. If you down our way, in Water street, drop in. I'll giv yer a drop out of me *own* bottle. So long."] There's too many such people allowed to roam at large in pursuit of editors. Let Judge Bedford bring this to the notice of his Grand Jury, or there's no knowing how many besides the *Blade of Freedom* in that'll get their noses mashed. Prevention is better than cure. A high old merry Christmas we're having, ain't we?.....Here's another lamentable case of ignorance:—An afflicted individual wants to know if the nightmare isn't a spirited horse. Let us reply to this noodle by saying that while a mare is a horse, a spirited horse is not necessarily a mare of any sort. Any fool of a horse doctor could have told him this without his coming to us. ["Merry Christmas, boss; here's an invitation to the largest shock of the holy rollers for New Year's day. Come and see us. We've got *enough* of silver cups and 'casters.' Merry Christmas."].....Have you seen the "Black Crook" *recitivus?* No? If you like to look at girls and their *jolli lambs*, go one eye on the "Crook." But on this awfully merry Christmas day we enter our pronunciamento *against* the whole tribe of them. How many of us have been deluded and ruined by girls. And how many more of us are destined to fall by the same rapacious hand. [Enter James, out of breath:—"Just got through with me dinner—hurry up, boss, the compositors essain like the mischief—hain't you got through with that stuff yit?"] This pernicious youth has been fed. Well, there, we throw up the sponge. "James, get out the machine, and wind up this Christmas article with a fierce assault on girls." "Slather 'em?" "Yes—now let her go!—"

NAUGHTY BELLE BEAUCHAMPS.

La Belle Beauchampe was a ballet girl
With figure of matchless grace,
And her bust was a dazzling sight to see
Which she dashed in the finest of silken gauze
And the coolest kind of lace;
She was, with her winning and dashing style,
The gayest of dancing sprites,
And, although she never indulged in gin,
She frequently got on lights.

Her face was as fair as a poet's dream;
Her eyes had a laughishing light;
And her bust was a heavy paradise,
That nightly *knew* in sight
As she tripped on the lights fantastic toe,
And sinew the elastic heel
In some graceful dance of Spain or France
Or an old fashioned Irish reel.

But Belle was a cruel and fatal coquette
Who laughed at her own killing dupes,
And fooled every man in the company,
From the manager down to the "supes."
She led the leading man to despair;
The "heavy" got tired of his life,
She prompted the prompter to cut his throat,
And she wollooped the treasurer's wife.

La Belle was adored by the door-keeper,
A chap by the name of Green,
But "she bored" his watch to take medicine by."
And never again was seen.
That door-keeper watched for Belle's return,
But, alas! he watched in vain,
For she went out west with a circus-clown,
Who wears the watch and chain.

.....It is now eight o'clock, Christmas night, and the slow compositors are not yet through with the labors of this merry Christmas day. We have had a jolly time of it—no dinner yet, and with slim prospect *now* of getting any. This is one of the much-boasted pleasures of an editor's life.

City Summary.

Notice to City Managers, their Treasurers and Doorkeepers.

We have recently ascertained that certain parties have been imposing upon our city managers by representing themselves as being connected with the CLIPPER, and seeking free admission and other favors on the strength of such alleged connection. We shall feel greatly obliged to managers, their treasurers, doorkeepers, etc., if they will hereafter refuse free admission to all such parties. The gentleman detailed to report as to what is going on at our theatres, halls, etc., is well known, and he will exhibit his credentials where required to do so. Should we find it necessary to send others, they will pay their way.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM the "Ticket-of-Leave Man" was acted the first four evenings during the past week, and "Satan in Paris" formed the attraction as all the *matinee* performances, and was performed, in conjunction with "Nick of the Woods," on Friday and Saturday evenings. In the former, J. W. Albaugh acted Bob Brierly in a natural manner and won the commendation of the audience. J. B. Studley's impersonation of Hawkshaw was among the best that we have witnessed, being vigorous and deserving of high praise. His various disguises were skilfully managed. Jean Dalton found a fair representative in T. Jonson. J. H. Sheldon made much interesting by the acting of Green Jones. J. J. Wallace invested Melter Moss with much character, and was quite successful in his acting of it. Miss Alice Atherton played Sam charmingly, and found ample opportunity to give free play to her mercurial spirits, with which she is so freely endowed. Miss Susan Denin gave a quiet, artistic impersonation of Mary Meadwards, and touched the hearts of her auditors in the pathetic scenes. Miss Therese Wood gave a correct and humorous portraiture of Emily St. Evremond, and Mrs. Rysar, as the garrulous Mrs. Willoughby, was quite satisfactory. The remaining minor characters received due attention in the hands of W. H. Wilder, Harry Rynar, L. R. Willard and R. J. Lyle. To-day, Dec. 25th, performances are given at 11 o'clock A. M. and at 2 and 8 o'clock P. M. The attendance during the past week was good. A new drama, entitled "Benedict Arnold," is announced to be acted at the evening performances during the present week.

DICK RALPH, a minstrel performer, made his metropolitan *debut* upon the dramatic stage at the Bowery Theatre on Monday evening, Dec. 18th, when he produced a new drama entitled 'Fate; or, the New York Newsboy.' The "drama" consisted of a collection of scenes strung together without the slightest regard to unity, and if viewed only as a vehicle for the production of Mr. Ralph's specialties, could not conscientiously be pronounced a success. In the well worn sketch of "Barney's Courtship," which was lamentably introduced in the first scene, the impersonation of fairly an elderly Irish woman, and afterwards a young man, named Barney. In his endeavors to perform upon a large number of musical instruments he was but partially successful, as he only succeeded in playing correctly two or three. In a song and dance he was more at home; but even this performance elicited but slight recognition from the audience. In short, the entertainment as a whole was by no means better accomplished, quite recently, by other performers upon the same stage. There was little or no scope for acting in the other characters (which numbered thirty-one upon the bills) assigned to the company. The attendance was rather limited during the week. The farce of "Brother Bill and Brother Ben" commenced the evening's entertainments of the week, and during the first five evenings of the week and on Saturday night the drama entitled "Yankee Jack" concluded the performances.

THERE HAS BEEN NO CHANGE at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, nor any likely to occur at present, as the comedy drama of "Divorce" continues to attract a numerous attendance and gives eminent satisfaction.

MISS OLIVE LOGAN AND MR. WM. SYKES were united in marriage in this city on Dec. 19th, by Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, Ill. There were very few persons present besides the bride's own family, and there were no bridesmaids or groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Sykes left for Warwick, N. Y., where the lady lectured on the 20th.

"JOHN GARTH" continued the attraction at Wallack's during the past week and attracted a fair attendance.

NO CHANGES WERE FOUND necessary in the New York Circus during the past week, as the programme presented was very attractive, embracing the names of Mlle Caroline Roliand, Miss Lucy Watson, Charles W. Fish and William Dutton, equestrians, who hold high rank in their profession, and in fact may be pronounced among the best in this country; F. Siegrist and his three little sons, acrobats; the Levantine Brothers, gymnastic Parantis, contortionist, and D. and E. Almonie, clowns. A pantomime, entitled "Goody Two Shoes and the Black Hen; or, the Giant of the Crimson Castle," is to be produced this afternoon, Dec. 25th, and until further notice *matinees* are to be given every day, for the especial gratification of little children who are now enjoying a vacation from their scholastic duties.

THE DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION held at their rooms on Dec. 19th, for the purpose of revising the rules and regulations governing that society, among others the following important changes were made:—The *minimum* rate of admission was fixed at five dollars, and the *minimum* rate of annual subscription was reduced to ten dollars and upwards, according to the ratio of age. No member is to have a vote in the affairs of the association until after the expiration of six months from the date of membership, and he must be clear upon the books. Hereafter fifty per *centum* of the profits arising from all benefits and annual dinners is to be paid to annuitants, widows, orphans and sick members, in addition to their present allowance. In the future each application for membership must be accompanied by a physician's certificate as to the health of the applicant, which will then be referred to the appropriate committee.

MISS ELLA WESNER, protean character vocalist, and W. H. Lester, contortionist, were the new features at the Theatre Comique during the week past. Miss Wesner sang, in male costume, a number of songs, which met with great favor. W. H. Lester displays suppleness of limb, combined with grace and agility.

THE FIRST PART of the programme at Bryant's Minstrels during the past week was very enjoyable. Mr. Dempster sang "Evangeline" with pleasing effect; Dave Reed gave a humorous ditty called "Farewell, My Pretty Yaller Gal;" G. D. Alberto found an ample opportunity to display his excellent baritone voice in "Ill Deeds Don't Thrive;" J. A. Barney in dialect tones described "Dreaming of Home;" Dan Bryant created much laughter with some "machine" poetry, and W. F. Stanley sang about the "Beautiful Girl of Kildare."

THE ST. JAMES THEATRE will probably remain closed until the *debut* of James Steele MacKaye, early in January.

MISS KATE RAYMOND is to play an engagement at the Bowery Theatre early in January, when she will produce Thaddeus W. Meighan's new drama, entitled the 'Waifs of New York," which was written expressly for her.

MISS JENNIE HUGHES, serio-comic vocalist, is to leave the city early in January, to fulfil engagements at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Fox's American, Philadelphia, Pa., and some of the western cities.

"BEWARE OF THE DOG" is the title that has been applied to a laughable little sketch which highly fascinated the performances during the past week at the San Francisco Minstrels. Birch and Backus, assisted by the principal members of the company, created much merriment therein. A number of familiar airs made up a pleasing programme.

HARRY CUNNINGHAM, dramatic agent, 636 Broadway, advertises that James Holloway, tragedian, can be engaged through him. Mr. Cunningham has purchased McGlenlyn's drama "Poverty Flat," in which he will play Tom Flynn, opening at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on Dec. 26th.

DANIEL E. BANDMANN is announced to commence an engagement at the Stadt Theatre this evening, Dec. 26th, in the "Iron Mask."

THE MANIFOLD ATTRACTIONS including the novelties recently added, in "Humpty Dumpty" have served to attract a good attendance at the Olympic Theatre during the past week. With the present week the holiday vacations at the schools commence, and C. L. Fox and his brother Charley are preparing to receive their annual visit from a legion of their little admirers.

THE "BLACK CROOK" was revived, for the third time, at Niblo's Garden, on Dec. 18th. This spectacle was first presented to the New York public at the same theatre, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 15th, 1866, and was withdrawn after the performances of January 6th, 1866, having been performed four hundred and seventy-four times. It was re-produced on Dec. 12th, 1870, and withdrawn after the performances of April 8th, 1871, during which time it received one hundred and twenty-two representations, making a total of five hundred and ninety-six representations. On the present occasion it was produced with music freshly selected and arranged by Signor D. Operti, who also introduced some original compositions from his own pen; some new scenery from the pencils of George Heister and Mr. Laren; prismatic light effects, by Prof. Smith; stage mechanism, by Benson Sherwood; new costumes, by Laureys and Auguste and Co., and properties by John Lundy and assistants. The incidental attractions consisted of the Majiltons; a ballet comprising the following principal dancers: Miles. Fiorina Rossi, Cora Adriene, Bedon Felicita, Bonni Rambina, Clotilda Marchesi, *premieres;* Miles. Isabella, Leontine, Lehman, Kruger, Josephine, Antoinette, Caroline, Jeanette, *secundos*, and an efficient *corps de ballet;* an infant *ballet* troupe, some Egyptian jugglers, and Prof. Samwell's troupe of trained animals. In the first scene a fete champetre is in progress, when the ballet corps is introduced, viz: "I'll be True to Thee," was rendered by Miss Bessie Sadduc, "I'll be True to Thee," was rendered by Miss Bessie Sadduc, "I'll be True to Thee," was rendered by Miss Bessie Sadduc,

[illegible] as Miriam Lane, were excellent in their support. The piece was well put on the stage; the scenery and tableaux [illegible]. Mr. Adams closes here on the 23d, and opens at Albany, N. Y., on the 25th, for one week........ Joe Emmet appears on the 27th and 28th inst., at Mechanics Hall, in 'Fritz' and 'Carl, the Fiddler.'"

AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" was produced last week, but only ran four nights and at the matinee, the attendance being moderate only on Friday. "The Lady of Lyons" was presented and on Saturday night "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. and Mrs. Conway, with Miss Minnie Conway, appeared in the "Romance of the Poor Young Man," and the piece was finely mounted, but still it did not draw profitable houses. The fact is, the prices of admission were placed too high in the beginning and in these hard times the high tariff tells against the interest of the establishment. For Christmas week the "Three Guardsmen" is the feature of the bill and it will be performed by the full strength of the establishment, including Mr. and Mrs. Conway, Frank Roche, Ella Burns, Minnie Conway, Mrs. Farren, Messrs. Lamb, Chippendale, Kennedy, Queen, White, Loveday, Eaves, Mackay and Shannon in the cast.

THE STOCK COMPANY of the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., opened the bill Monday, Dec. 18th, with "Captain of the Watch," after which the Hyers Sisters and J. L. Le Count (colored), vocalists, appeared in operatic selections. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 22d, says: "The sisters are very fine singers, and make a neat appearance. J. S. Le Count, the baritone of the party, is only fair, and has, what is commonly termed, a mechanical voice. They appeared on Tuesday and Wednesday, preceded each evening by a farce. The business during their engagement was light, especially Wednesday evening, when the thermometer stood 14 degrees below zero. The Parepa Rosa Opera Company opened on the 21st at this house, for three nights, with 'La Gazza Ladra.' To-night they give 'Martha,' and 'Fra Diavolo' for the matinee to-morrow afternoon. 'Don Giovanni' is announced for the closing bill Saturday night. 'Elfie; or, the Cherry Tree Inn,' will constitute the bill for Monday evening, Dec. 25th, and the 'Streets of New York' will be given at the Christmas matinee."

W. H. LINGARD and company opens at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., for one week, commencing Dec. 25th, the opening plays being 'A Wonderful Woman' and 'Marriage at any Price.'......Mrs. Macready is billed for January 22d and 23d at this house in her great character of Shylock.

EDWIN ADAMS performed at Wieting Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., under the management of Messrs. Meech Bros., from Academy of Music, Buffalo, as follows:—Dec. 18th, "Enoch Arden;" Dec. 19th, "Hamlet;" Dec. 20th, as Pythias in "Damon and Phythias." Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 23d, says:—"Wednesday evening was set apart for a benefit to Mr. Adams, who complimented Mr. Andrew J. Smith, a popular gentleman residing in Syracuse, by requesting him to perform the character of Damon to Mr. Adams' Pythias. A large audience was assembled, partially in compliment to Mr. Adams, and also to witness Mr. Smith's first appearance on any stage. Mr. S. sustained the arduous *role* admirably, was called before the curtain two or three times, and was also greeted with loud cheers at the close of the performance. Mr. Adams was ably supported during his stay in Syracuse by Messrs. Meech Brothers' excellent stock company. Mr. Frank Mordaunt as Philip Ray in 'Enoch Arden,' also as the Ghost in 'Hamlet,' was capital, and made a decided impression. Mr. Ben. G. Rogers as Polonius was also excellent. Mr. Mortimer Wright was very good, and Miss Amelia Waugh as Anna Lee, Ophelia and Calanthe was first rate, and received merited applause on her every appearance..........J. K. Emmet in 'Fritz' and 'Carl' will perform at Wieting Opera House Dec. 25th and 26th.

KANSAS CITY, MO., THEATRICALS up to Dec. 20th are given as follows by "Casca":—"Chanfrau closed an excellent engagement at the Opera House on Saturday night last as Mose in 'A Glance at New York' and 'Toodles.' 'Sam' was repeated for his benefit, Friday evening, also for the *matinee*. On Monday the Lingard Comedy Combination began a three nights' engagement to good business, although the weather was very much against them. The opening piece was 'Naval Engagements,' Miss Alice Dunning (Lingard) as Mary Mortimer, Miss Blanche Galton as Mrs. Pontifex, Mr. Frank Evans as Lieut. Kingston, Mr. John Mathews as the Admiral, B. F. Dunning as Dennis Magrath, and D. Duncan as Thomas Short. The afterpiece was 'Marriage at Any Price,' which was very amusing, with Miss Dickie Lingard as Kate, Miss Alice Dunning (Lingard) as Matilda, and Wm. Horace as Peter. For the second night's performance the comedietta, 'The Day After the Wedding,' and the excellent comedy entitled 'A Wonderful Woman.' To-night (the last) 'Delicate Ground and the amusing farce of 'Little Toddlekins.' Each evening Mr. Lingard appeared in some of his original sketches, singing many old favorite songs and personating several celebrities of the present day, to the gratification of the entire audience, Miss Blanche Galton presiding at the pianoforte. During the evening the orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Wildman, gave some very fine selections......Edwin Forrest begins an engagement of four nights, Monday, Dec. 25th."

"ON THE TRACK," with G. Swaine Buckley as Harry Romley, was the attraction at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., during the past week. It was acted until Friday, when, for the benefit of Mr. Buckley, was produced an entire new play written for him, and entitled "Zip; or, a Life's Devotion," in which the *beneficiaire* appeared as a negro through the entire play, and says our correspondent, writing on Dec. 23d, "appeared to advantage. 'Zip' is a very nicely written drama the situations and language being good, the plot a very interesting one, and by judicious pruning may become a success. L. W. Harris, who supports Mr. Buckley, played Mons. Newville, a Frenchman, but did not have the right conception of the character; J. Clinton Hall, as Raymond, made as much out of the part as possible, Mrs. Hamilton, as Mrs. Grierson, was good; Miss Peterson, as Mad. Newell, was quite effective; W. H. Everett was very funny as Shanks. W. H. Southard, W. F. Dulany and Mrs. Miller in their respective characters did well. Mr. Buckley closes his engagement this evening. Next week 'Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl,' and first appearance of Miss Kate Singleton. On the 29th inst., J. Clinton Hall is up for a benefit.

MR. AND MRS. J. W. LANERGAN played under the management of E. M. Leslie, at Fall River, Mass., Dec. 23d, and are billed to perform at Lowell, 25th.

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS, under the management of E. M. Leslie, performed at Lowell, Mass., Dec. 23d, and is billed to play at Fall River the 25th.

W. H. POST, an actor, and a son of Mrs. E. M. Post, now playing with J. A. Stevens' dramatic company, died at Omaha, Neb., about Dec. 19th. He was about twenty years of age, had suffered from consumption for some time, and visited Omaha, hoping the climate would prove beneficial to his health. His mother was unable to reach that city until several hours after his death.

TONY ROIG, who has purchased the right of "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," has engaged Miss Addie Kunkel to play the leading *role*. It will be produced at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O., Jan. 8th.

J. K. EMMET is announced to play in the following places under the management of B. F. Lowell:—Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 25th and 26th; Utica, 27th and 28th; Springfield, Mass., 29th; Worcester, 30th; Providence, R. I., Jan. 1st; Hartford, Conn., 2d and 3d; Bridgeport, 4th and 5th, and New Haven, 6th.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, Lotta opened a week's engagement on Dec. 18th. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 24th, says:—"The initial performance comprised the play entitled 'The Little Detective,' in which the star sustained six characters with vim and vivacity. She was ably supported by the popular comedian C. B. Bishop as Stuyvesant, W. H. Power as Harry Morrison and Miss Virginia Howard as Stella. All three of these have been absent from the city for some time. 'The Little Detective' was repeated on Tuesday. On Wednesday 'Little Nell' and 'The Marchioness' was presented. Mr. Charles Degroot made his first appearance here in the part of Old Grandfather Trent, which he rendered very effectively. The personations of Dick Swiveler by Mr. Bishop, Quilp by Mr. Power, Ned Trent by F. Stedman, Mrs. Jarley by Mrs. Fred Williams, and Sally Brass by Mrs. Germon were very good. Thursday evening 'Little Nell' again. 'Firefly,' with Lotta as the piquant and impulsive heroine, was given on Friday and Saturday. Mr. F. S. Chanfrau opens here Dec. 25th, in 'Kit.' The attendance at both the Opera House and the Holiday has been only tolerable .....At the Holiday, 'Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl,' entered upon the second week of its run last Monday. The artistic personation of the heroine by Miss Rosa Rand, and the enlivening song and dance scene by Miss Olivia Rand and Mr. Howard, were the features of the play. 'Bertha' was withdrawn on Thursday. On Friday and Saturday evenings 'Satan in Paris' was performed, Miss Rosa Rand enacting the powerful protean *role* of the gentleman whose name it is not polite to mention. For Christmas week the comic pantomime, 'Humpty Dumpty,' is in preparation. The following new people will appear in connection therewith:—Messrs. Kynock and Smith, Hernandez Foster, Frank Donaldson, the Snow Brothers, Signor Vayo, the Raynors, Little Vic and Charles Carle, Lillie Carle and Emma Carle. A grand complimentary testimonial has been tendered to John T. Ford, who is the manager of both these theatres and the incumbent of numerous offices of trust in Baltimore. Amongst the signatures are those of Postmaster General Creswell, Governor Bowie, Mayor Vansant, and the members of Congress from Baltimore. The interesting event will very likely occur on Friday, Dec. 29th."

ROSE AND HARRY WATKINS closed their season at Selma, Ala., Dec. 21st, and played at Montgomery, 22d, and went thence to Charleston, S. C.

Musical.

EDOUARD GASSIER died at Havana, Cuba, Dec. 18th, of *vomito*. He was a Frenchman, and born in 1823, consequently at the time of his decease he was forty-eight years of age. He graduated with the first honors from the Conservatory at Paris in 1844, which entitled him to a *debut* at the Grand Opera, which he made the following year. He then played engagements at Vienna, Milan and Palermo. From 1849 to '52 he was engaged in Spain, singing at Seville, Barcelona and Madrid. In 1847 he married Senora Pepita Cubas, a Spanish soprano, who had been educated in Italy. He made his *debut* in London, Eng., at Drury Lane, April 12th, 1855, singing Rodolpho in "La Sonnambula." He made his American *debut* in the same *role*, at the Academy of Music, in this city, Sept. 7th, 1857. His last appearances in this country were at the Winter Garden, during a season which commenced April 11th, 1860, and terminated on the 20th.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists and Swiss bell ringers, under the management of D. G. Waldron, have their annual Christmas gathering at Bloomington, Ill., this year. They appear Sunday night, 24th, Christmas Eve, at the Congregational Church of that city, for the benefit of the School Library, and on Christmas night open at Schroder's new Opera House.

A NEW SONG AND DANCE, "The Mississippi Twins," written by Frank Dumont, has just been issued by Messrs. C. H. Ditson & Co., of this city.

THE BERGER FAMILY, Swiss bell ringers, and Sol Smith Russell, humorist, are billed to perform at Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 25th; Athens, 26th; Pulaski, Tenn., 27th; Columbia, 28th; Franklin, 29th, and Nashville, 30th and Jan. 1st.

BLIND TOM performed at Yorkville, N. Y., Dec. 19th; Harlem, 20th; Greenpoint, 21st; Williamsburgh, 22d and 23d, and is billed to perform one week at Brooklyn, N. Y., commencing the 25th.

WACHTEL, supported by a troupe of artists, opens at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 29th of Dec. for a season of four nights and two *matinees*. The operas to be performed are "Il Trovatore," "Martha," "Dame Blanche," "Huguenots," "La Juive" and "Le Postillion de Lonjumeau." Mme. Louise Lichtmay and Mr. Joseph Hermanns are included in the company, and a chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. A. Neuendorff, have been engaged.

THE SUSAN GALTON OPERETTA TROUPE opens at the Amateur Drawing Room, Philadelphia, on the 1st of January.

THE PAREPA-ROSA ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE is to commence a season of four nights at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 25th.

AT THE SANTLEY CONCERT at Providence, R. I., Dec. 19th, the receipts were not sufficient to cover more than one fourth of the expenses.

THE NILSSON OPERA TROUPE are engaged to appear at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of January for one week.

MR. T. E. HINTON, director of the Conservatory of Music, at Syracuse, N. Y., brought out his operetta, entitled "Christmas," Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, at Wieting Opera House, with an excellent cast, composed of some five or six adult vocalists, and sixty children. This piece was first produced at this house last season, and has since been considerably pruned and remodeled, and now makes a very interesting entertainment for the holiday season. Mr. Frank Roraback, tenor, and Miss Lydia W. Rice, soprano, both formerly connected with the American Comic Opera Troupe, sustained the principal adult *roles*. Mr. Roraback possesses a very fine voice and has been a favorite tenor in central New York for some time past. He won new laurels in "Christmas," and met with hearty and well-deserved *encores*. Miss Rice was cast for a comparatively minor part, but sustained the character well and was a decided favorite. Miss Charlotte McLane, a talented soprano of Syracuse, had a long and trying *role* to render, which she did admirably. Miss Hattie and Master Jimmy Long were the principal juvenile performers, and did splendidly. Mr. Hinton directed an excellent orchestra. The entertainment generally was pleasing, and met with a good attendance, notwithstanding very stormy weather. So wrote our correspondent Dec. 23d.

THE PAREPA ROSA OPERA TROUPE opened to an immense house at Detroit Opera House, Dec. 13th, producing "Martha," which was finely cast. On Tuesday "La Gazza Ladra" (the Maid and the Magpie), was brought out for the second time in this country, but was not a success. The music is very beautiful, but the performers were not up in their parts, and the prompter's *basso profundo* was heard too often. For the closing night, Wednesday, "Don Giovanni" was enacted. The audiences each night were very large....Rosa D'Erina is to give three concerts during Christmas week at Young Men's Hall (which has not yet been converted into the proposed dining room) and introduces "Lischen and Fritzchen" for the closing operetta. So wrote our correspondent Dec. 22d.

THE PAREPA-ROSA OPERA TROUPE is billed for Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 29th and 30th.

MRS. MOULTON and troupe are billed to give concerts at Savannah, Ga., Dec. 26th and 27th.

THE FORMES-HABLEMAN OPERA TROUPE performed during the past week at Savannah, Ga., and is billed ahead as follows:—Augusta three nights, commencing Dec. 25th; Atlanta, Dec. 27th, 28th and 29th; Montgomery, Ala., Jan. 1st, one week, and Mobile 8th; thence to Galveston, Texas.

SEVERAL SONGS by Chas. M. Connolly, "Mark Quencher," are advertised, and will shortly be published by Ditson & Co.

THE PAREPA ROSA English Opera Combination will perform at Wieting Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 1st and 2d.

Variety Halls.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

Every regularly authorized correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is supplied with the necessary credentials, in the shape of a card, with an engraving of the CLIPPER Building on one side, and on the other the name of the correspondent, city, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1st, 1871, affixed thereto, each card running for six months, when new ones will be issued on the return of the old, but one representative being recognized in each place. We particularly request that managers of entertainments will decline extending favors to any person representing himself as correspondent of this paper who cannot produce the card referred to. By acceding to this request, managers will not be imposed on by irresponsible parties. Cards are only issued to correspondents of the amusement department of this paper. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

BUSINESS AT SHELBY'S COMIQUE, Buffalo, N. Y., considering the cold weather, has been uniformly good the past week. The new faces were Charles Arizona and Minnie Wa-Wa, *trapezists*, and Mark Russell and Thomas Granger, vocalists. The usual minstrel scene comprised the first part, and for the olio Mr. Arizona displayed his feats of strength; the Misses Avery and Nagle gave a creditable song and dance called "Mose and Lize;" Mr. Granger sang "Tell 'em you Don't Know" with effect; an act entitled "The New Servant," by Shelby, Kennedy, Redmond and Carrie Wharfe, created great merriment; Mr. Mark Russell gave a medley song, "Across the Continent;" Miss Carrie Avery sang, with great power and effect, "Beautiful Girl of Kildare," and received several *encores*; and the second part concluded with a series of gymnastic performances and a *trapeze* act by Mr. Arizona, and Minnie Wa-Wa, a daughter of the forest, which were given in a manner evincing superiority in their line. No departures to-night and no new faces next week. Last evening, 22d, Miss Malinda Nagle received a farewell benefit. The attendance was good. Next week will be the last of the season, and on Tuesday evening, Jan. 2d, Mr. Shelby will receive a complimentary benefit at St. James' Hall. Mr. S. is deserving of a substantial testimonial, as he has, during the past season, established with reasonable success a first-class variety theatre, and has spared no expense in procuring the best talent obtainable. At the conclusion of the present season Mr. Shelby intends to put his company on the road for three months, the route including the states of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 23d.

JOHN T. KELLY and Andy Hughes, Irish comedians; Jennie Jerome, vocalist, and Macey Roadcap and Emily Vaughn, *danseuses*, opened at Metropolitan Hall, in Washington, D. C., on Dec. 18th. In the female minstrel part James Porter blacked up and took the bones, and Shimer continued at the tambo end. Kelly acted as interlocutor. The olio opened with a dance by M'lle Irma, who is steadily increasing in popularity, which was followed by one of the funniest sketches ever seen here, entitled "Gaily the Troubador," in which Porter, Shimer and Hughes appeared. John T. Kelly then sang his version of "My Father Sould Charcoal," which won several *encores*, and Macey Roadcap, a young lady who possesses a remarkably pretty face and figure, followed in a very nice dance. Jennie Jerome sang two or three songs with good effect, and Jester introduced his talking hand and Polish lady. He was succeeded by Kelly and Hughes, who did a double song and dance, entitled "The Irish Couple," and Kate Barrown and Emily Vaughn also appeared in dances. The whole concluded with a farce entitled "One, Two, Three, Bounce 'Em," in which Shimer was the principal feature. Business immense. No changes next week. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 22d.

CHARLEY H. AUSTIN, song and dance man, advertises that he can be engaged.

MCLAUGHLIN AND BOYCE, gymnasts and *trapezists*, are at present performing at Wild's Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., where they can be engaged.

AT THE MUSIC HALL, Des Moines, Iowa, under the management of S. T. Crawford, with Dick Oglesby, stage manager, and Adolph Meyer, leader of the orchestra, the following company was performing during the past week:—Harry Dunlap, interlocutor; Dick Oglesby, bones; George Spence, tambo; Andy Collom, song and dance; Pauline Hall, serio comic; Emma Ince, dancer; Joel B. Sanders, contortionist, and George Spence, song and dance and general performer.

JOHN DICKSON, the husband of the lady professionally known as Miss Millie Smith, died at the hospital in Boston, Mass., of small pox, on Dec. 18th, aged 26 years. He had been at one time connected with Forepaugh's circus, and some little time since established himself as a billposter at Norfolk, Va.

AT ADA FRANKLIN'S Theatre Comique, Austin, Texas, Miss Maggie Maguire, serio-comic vocalist, Cal. Mandeville, stage manager, and W. D. Ready, jig dancer, withdrew Dec. 9th, and Alf. La Crosse, Dutch comedian, made his first appearance the following week. Ada Franklin, vocalist; George Thompson, Ethiopian comedian, and Charles Howard, sensation performer, still remain.

ANNIE ADAMS, late of the Union Square Theatre, N. Y., can be engaged. Address as per advertisement.

BROOM'S OPERA HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., is steadily improving in popularity under the able stage management of Marsh Adams. The olio is made especially attractive by the introduction of some of Mr. Adams' excellent sketches in which he appears to good advantage. Milt. G. Barlow is gaining in favor nightly, as is also Geo. F. Moore, while Mr. J. W. Berkley loses none of his prestige as an actor and banjoist. Miss Lucy Adams wins much applause nightly, and her songs and lightning changes seem never to grow old. Miss Helene Devere retains her popularity as a vocalist. Misses Ida Morton, Mollie Melville, Mattie Bianca, Kitty Henderson and Millie Rosa are each good in their particular line and meet with much favor......The Olympic continues to flourish with a good company and attractive programmes. The album of beauties here embrace the Misses Susie Starr, Millie Coleman, Julia De Lee, Carrie Bentley, Lizzie Florence, Alice Williams, Rosa Sanders and Maggie May, and these are supported by Dave Williams, Shang Griffith, Byron Davis, Joe Rennells, Chas. Christy and Billy Mills......The manager of the Olympic introduces two new stars this week, Misses Lizzie Buchannan and Millie Coleman. The attractive features on the bills this week are the burlesque sketch of the "Ki-Ye Cannibals," and the pantomime of "Statue Blanche." So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 18th.

AMY LLOYD'S SENSATION and Charles Gardner's Olio performed at Albion, N. Y., on Dec. 18th, and St. Catherines, 19th.

ED. BANKER, character vocalist, can be addressed through his agent, Col. T. A. Brown.

EDWIN BLANCHARD, pantomimist and actor, can be engaged. He can be addressed at the Philadelphia Varieties up to Jan. 6th. See advertisement.

A LEADING JUVENILE LADY is wanted for the Walnut Street Theatre, Kansas City, Mo., and artists and combinations are also requested to apply at once. Address as per card elsewhere.

HARRY E. MOORE, serio-comic vocalist, and Prof. T. G. Moran, pianist and baritone, can be engaged through their agent, Harry Cunningham.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON, MASS., the usual amount of patronage has been received this week, and the entertainment has been first-class. The burlesque "Luna" is completing its second and last week, and begins the performance. Other features are the Spanish Minstrels, one lady and two gentlemen, who play remarkably well on stringed instruments—one of the gentlemen showing wonderful skill. Charles Howard has reappeared and given his well-known delineation of the old Southern darkey, and has found favor, as usual, with the audiences. Delehanty and Hengler have produced "Larks upon the Common." They are, without doubt, among the best cards for drawing a manager could have—at any rate, in Boston. They have also continued another week in their Silver Clog Dance. Gus Williams and Sadi D'Jalma have been retained throughout the week. The dancers have appeared in the burlesque and also in M. Blandowski's *ballet*, "The Water Nymphs." "Les Miserables" and "The Blackbirds"—Ethiopian farces—with Bloodgood and Hart and the company, have proved successes, and the performances have concluded with the pantomime of the "Schoolmaster," in which Maffit, Bartholomew and some of the company, including the *ballet corps*, have appeared. Next (Christmas) week, Jennie Worrell will continue her engagement, and the burlesque will be "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." The Christmas pantomime of "Jack and Gill" will also be produced. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 22d.

CHAS. M. CONNOLLY, "Mark Quencher," song writer, composer, character and dialect vocalist, who can be addressed care of this office, is prepared to accept engagements for his specialties and musical business.

THE NUMEROUS FRIENDS of Master Charley Reinhammer, of Philadelphia, the well-known song and dance performer, will be glad to hear that he has entirely recovered from a severe attack of the small pox. The report of his death published in our columns a few weeks ago, originated from the fact of a Master Charley—also a song and dance man—having died about the same time as when Master Charley Reinhammer was lying sick with the small pox, and his friends naturally supposed that the latter had "shuffled off this mortal coil."

AT SACRAMENTO, CAL., on Dec. 5th, a new variety theatre was opened, with the following company:—Mlle. Aline La Favre, statue performer; Johnny Manning *trapeze* performer; Mark Quinn, Irish comedian; Ethel and Edgar Stanley, duettists; Louise Somers, balladist; Johnny Campbell, Ethiopean comedian; Bobby Scott, clog dancer; Annie Lamar, singer, and John Gregg, vocalist. The proprietors are Chamberlin and Ballinger, assisted by R. G. Marsh, stage manager; Emile Dreyfous, leader of the orchestra, and S. Fiedler, musical director.

THE EXTREMELY COLD WEATHER, accompanied by snow hail and rain, has had the effect of thinning the audiences at all the places of amusement in Baltimore, Md., the past week. At the Front, Charles Moore appeared Dec. 18th, and made a most telling hit. As a singer he is only fair, his voice being by no means powerful, but his changes are mystifying and wonderful. He executes them in full view of the entire audience, but it is a dead conundrum to all how he does it. Sam Devere introduced his Teutonic acts this week, most of them being new and good. Sam, than whom a more popular performer never appeared at this house, will be tendered a benefit on Dec. 28th. The "Female Song and Dance" *ballet* is still an attractive feature of the performance. D'Atalie, M'lle Angela and the infant Zephyr, in their feats of strength; Pattie Stewart, in her comic Ethiopian sketches; J. S. Edwards, in his popular rhymes; and Miss Sallie Mason in serio-comic songs, constituted the principal part of the programme, which wound up with the drama entitled "The Unknown; or, the Felon's Brand." For the holiday week the following novelties are hailed:—M'lle. Adeline Fontainebleau, Miss Kate Brevoort, Burnell Runnells and sons, Mons. Montiverde and Pete Lee.....At the Baltimore Opera House, Miss Fannie May, *danseuse*, an old favorite here, made her re-appearance Dec. 18th, and met with a warm welcome. The songs and clever changes of Miss Viola Clifton are still very acceptable. Miss Clara Burton's terpsichorean evolutions meet with rapturous applause. She also presented a new *ballet*, arranged by herself, entitled "Surse' Dream," in which the *corps de ballet* participated. The double songs and dances of Messrs. Peasley and Fitzgerald are good and appreciated by the audience. The Foy sisters are as popular as ever. Both of them, by the way, were recently the recipients of handsome presents, Miss Bertha's being an elaborately finished banjo, and Miss Ida's a Chinese work box. The uproarious local sensation, "Base Ball," with Dick Parker as the unfortunate Mr. Grab, held the boards a second week. Miss Burton closes Saturday; Mr. Harry Brown, the London comique, is announced to appear Christmas day....The new American Theatre was re-opened last Monday. The officers of the establishment are the following:—Geo. E. Tucker, proprietor; Robert Gardner, business-manager; Chas. O. White, stage-manager; Tony Harvey, Ethiopian director; A. E. Voos, leader of orchestra. The company is constituted of Thomsen and Mendel, double Dutch song and dance artists; Harry Armstrong, song and dance; Carr and Franklin, acrobats; Chris. Quincy, balladist; Charley Stanley, song and dance; H. M. Williams, half-bushel measure dancer; John De Forest, *trapezist*; Miss Julia May, vocalist; Miss Sallie Ellsworth, *danseuse*; and Miss Dolly May, vocalist. So wrote our correspondent, Dec. 24th.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA VARIETIES some additional attractions were presented last week, including a new *ballet*, introducing the Jockey Dance. Paddy Rooney, in his delineation of Hibernian peculiarities, made his first appearance here on the 18th inst., and was favorably received. In the concluding piece, "The Streets of Paris," Miss Belle Graham plays with great vivacity, and dances with an *abandon* that is refreshing to behold. John Mulligan, comedian, and Kernell and Carroll, song and dance men, close there on the 23d inst. George S. Knight, delineator of Dutch eccentricities, and Edwin Blanchard, the well-known melo-dramatic actor, open on the 25th inst.

AT VALER'S, Philadelphia, Miss Kathleen O'Neil, in Irish vocalism, and Miss Lizzie Shelton, in songs and dances, were the latest features of attraction.

AT THE THIRD STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, Miss Lizzie Legrange, jig dancer, made her re-appearance last week, and Kearney and Moran, song and dance men; Mlle. Salina, song and dance performer; Miss Lew Edwards, vocalist; and Miss Kate Morrete, *danseuse*, were also added to the company. The sensational sketch of "Paris Before the Seige," concluding with the Can-can, continues to be the chief feature.

MR. JOSEPH M. MORTIMER, proprietor of the Philadelphia Varieties, was a depositor in the Fourth National Bank, of Philadelphia, which suspended on the 19th inst., but the stoppage of that institution will cause him but a slight temporary inconvenience.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Richmond, Va., has been doing a paying business this week, no other place of amusement being open. Joe Allen, song and dance man, and general performer, has been added to the company. The Hyams Sisters, M'lle Carolista and Miss Clair receive many plaudits nightly. Messrs. Howe, Bropel, Frank and Allen all do their several parts excellently well.

FROM CINCINNATI we have the following advices, up to Dec. 22d, from our correspondent:—"Business at the different theatres this week has been light, and the National has suffered with the rest, Wednesday's *matinee* being about the best house of the week. The new faces this week have been Harrigan and Hart and Johnny Shay. The former were playing at the Winter Garden, on Fourth street, last winter when it burnt, but were not then performing together, Harrigan and Rickey being at that time yoked. They have appeared in two of their best known acts this week, 'Little Fraud' and 'Bad Whiskey,' in both of which they have taken immensely, their acting, singing and dancing being excellent. Johnny Shay, in his very agile song and dance, in which he displays great ability as a contortionist, also made a hit. Martha Wren and James Collins appeared last night, for the first time after a week's sickness of the lady, in one of their original musical acts, 'A Lesson for Husbands.' They close here this week and open in Pittsburgh on Monday. The Hernandez party gave the 'French Dancing Master' the first part of the week, and the amusing burlesque of the 'Japs' on the change of programme, besides taking the leading parts in the concluding pantomime. Johnson and Powers, in 'Let Me Be,' continue to create a small *furore*. The absentee of the Freeman Sisters has not yet returned, but the remaining one and Lisle Riddell gave a double song and dance in good style, and the latter also appeared in new character vocalisms. Fred. Wilson has been successful this week in representations of statuary, having a fine, athletic figure, and also worked up a burlesque on 'Under the Gas Light,' introducing the railroad scene, the characters being taken by Wilson, Kruger, Willis, Kelley and Shay. The wind-up has been a pantomime styled the 'Cincinnati Coopers.' The new attractions for next week are to be Elise Scott, Maggie Willet, John Denier, James W. Ward, Harry Causland, Castelotti and the Davenport Brothers (gymnasts). The pantomime of 'Humpty Dumpty' is also to be brought out.......Business at the Race Street Theatre has been rather better this week than of late. Annie Gibbons and Georgie May were billed to appear on Monday night, and were here, but owing to their baggage being detained in Buffalo, were unable to act until last night (Thursday), when they received a warm welcome. Annie Gibbons appeared in her clog hornpipe, and afterwards in a song and dance. Georgie May danced a fancy dance. Joe Childs and George Wild continue to please in their comic acts, and Ida Wallace and Belle Williams in ballads. Phil. Gibbons gave an old fashioned essence of Old Virginny. An original farce, written by Wild, 'If Ever I Cease to Love,' in which the entire company appears, constitutes the wind up. Augusta Lamereaux and Laura Delano closed with last week, the former going to Chicago, and the latter to Getz's Varieties......At the Pacific there were three new appearances this week, viz., James Robinson, cannon ball performer; Andy Morris, pantomimist, and Ed. Murray, comic vocalist. Chas. Gregory has left, and is to open at the Olympic on Monday, with one Reynolds, in double gymnastic acts. Mons. Vantini and Eddie Gregory do a double hat spinning act and double gymnastic and *trapeze* acts. Business excellent.........James Jackson, comedian, and Lizzie Jackson, vocalist, have been added to the Olympic company this week......At the Apollo there is no change in the company, and business only strong on Saturdays and Sundays......A party has been organized here to travel, opening at Union City, Ind., on Monday, 25th. It will consist of Johnny Mex, James Jackson, Master Willie, Mlle. Carlotta and Lizzie Jackson......Another party has been engaged to open at Owensboro, Ky., next week, consisting of Tommy Dayton, J. K. O'Neil, Johnny Donaldson, Julia Barton and Emma O'Neil......Charley McCastlin leaves to open in Nashville next week......At Getz's business is quite flourishing. The Misses Laura Delano and Birdie Coons, vocalists, have been added to the company, and under the management of Harry Alberts the programme has been materially improved."

THE BROOKLYN OLYMPIC did a good business last week, the house being crowded on Friday at Donnelly's benefit. This week Marie and Eugene Romellis, in their performance of the "Iron Cradle," are to be the attraction. In addition, the Kincade family are engaged; also, Kelly, Ashcroft, Charles Kimic and Frank Dillon.

CARD.—SCRANTON, Dec. 15th.—ED. CLIPPER.—Your Washington correspondent, "Fathom," stated that Miss Braddon is supposed to have eloped from her husband, Henry Victorelli, in my company; or, in his more flowery language, "To have gushed away with the Scranton manager." That Miss Braddon left Washington in my company is utterly false, and the first of my knowledge of her leaving her husband was when I saw the article from Washington in your last issue. As for Miss Braddon, she is under engagement to open at my theatre; but as to her leaving Washington in my company or any other gentleman's, I believe it to be utterly false.

Respectfully yours, LON CHAPIN.

AT PEORIA, ILL., the past week has been one of the most propitious for the varieties. Four new people have made their bow to large and appreciative audiences. J. P. Hill, a first class performer on the *trapeze*, appeared on the 18th, and so far has given good satisfaction to both audience and managers. Miss Maggie Mortimer, serio-comic vocalist and Grecian statues, is a very fine performer, and is nightly *encored*. Both of the above have magnificent wardrobes. Miss Roscelle, as a comic vocalist, has made a decided hit, and is good in that specialty. Larry O'Neil, jig dancer, is a clever performer. The programme this week has been varied, and the rendition of it has given general satisfaction. This (Friday) evening Miss Annie Sherwood was the recipient of a fine benefit, both artistically and financially. This week (Christmas) a new sensation, entitled "A Trip to the Moon," will be produced, introducing the entire company. Miss Annie Sherwood closes her engagement Dec. 23d, as also does Miss D'Arley. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 22d.

MRS. J. S. BERRY, formerly known as Belle Graham, was, on Dec. 16th, presented with a set of jewelry by her friends, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., a correspondent informs us.

A COMBINATION of juvenile variety performers are advertised for by M. S. in another column.

M'LLE ADELINE FONTAINEBLEAU, gymnast, who goes through her performances unaided by a male partner, and who has several specialties and a good wardrobe, can be addressed care of this office. She is at present performing at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

AT THE WASHINGTON GARDEN, Providence, R. I., C. H. Wilcox, the proprietor, is said to be doing a good business with the following company:—Andy Showers, Chas. Seaman, Mickey Moran, Jimmy Roche, St. Hutchinson, Al. Pease, Billy Craven, Alida Showers, M'lle Gertrude, Jennie Victoria, Adela Marshall and Harvey Blodgett, stage manager. Performers are wanted.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Springfield, Ill., the business has been good during the past week. On Dec. 18th Miss Fanny Keenan and Sophie Goodard opened to good business. Miss Keenan, in her singing, made a good impression in the first part, and both did very well. Miss Gordon, in her dances, is good. Harry Thompson closed on the 10th and was succeeded in the stage management by Mr. Cool Herbert. Eddie Haley, the lively song and dance boy, is still a favorite. Mulgro, on the end, is good, and in his pathetic ballads seldom fails to bring down the house; and the same may be said of Katie Whitland in her singing of character songs. Last evening Mr. Cool Herbert made his appearance as interlocutor in the first part. On Dec. 25th "The Shadow Pantomime" will be produced, on which occasion Kitty Rowell and Maggie Clark will appear. Harry Raynor broke his contract with the managers of this house and failed to put in an appearance. So wrote our correspondent Dec. 21st.

CLARA BURTON, jig and character *danseuse*, is at present performing at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

AT WILD'S OPERA HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., the attendance during the past week has been somewhat limited, owing to other attractions in town. Miss Louis Boshell, slack-wire performer; Mr. Harry Miller, song and dance man, and Jimmy Quinn, banjoist, have been the new faces appearing. Quilter and Goldrich, in double song and dance, have taken well. A burlesque base ball match was put on the stage Thursday and Saturday evening. Several laughable local hits were brought out, and the piece has been so well received that it will be retained on the bills during the week to come. For next (this) week Miss Polly Daly, serio-comic, is announced. So wrote our correspondent, Dec. 23d.

SHERIDAN AND MACK vocal and terpsichoreal artists, closed their engagement at Fox's Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst. There are very few people in the profession who can equal these stars in their elegant acts and their new one entitled "Little Fraud," has been received nightly with deserved applause. It is a neat, artistic and finished act.

THE ARABIAN BROTHERS, gymnasts; Payette Welch, Ethiopian comedian; Mons. Etoile, swordsman; Miss Kate Brevoort, with her specialty, "Crystal Chimes;" and Miss Minnie Gray, serio-comic vocalist, closed at the Theatre Comique, New Haven, Ct., Dec. 23d. Payette Welch received a benefit Tuesday evening, Dec. 19th, and had an excellent house. The evening's performance concluded with a scientific display of the manly art between Mons. Etoile and Patsy Sheppard, the noted boxer of this city, which was vociferously applauded. Wednesday evening, December 20th, Mr. J. S. Murphy appeared as Paddy Miles in the farce of the "Limerick Boy." In this character Murphy is immense. He was ably supported by Miss Annie Rochfort, Miss Somers, Harry Fox, Frank Harrison and Teddy O'Lynn. Mr. Fox was particularly good in his rendition of the character of Harry Coats. Business has been first-rate during the week, the orchestra having been much improved by the addition of Mr. A. J. Cooper, as leader. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 23d.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., the same company appear as last week, excepting Lizzie Sherman and Harry Watson, who closed Dec. 16th, but are still in town. Business is very good. Andy McKee, Steve Rogers and Luke Schoolcraft are great favorites, and deservedly so. Julia Emmons in her new song, "Picolo," just suits the audience, being received nightly with great *eclat*. "Crolose" is the closing drama, in which Frank Frayne shoots an apple placed on Clara Butler's head, a very daring and successful act. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 22d.

ELLA SHELDON, Nellie Howard, Nellie Edwards, Mary Morealis and Messrs. St. George and Gibbons made their first appearance at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on Monday, Dec. 18th. Fannie and Harry Wood are tendered a farewell benefit to-night (Friday, Dec. 22d). Miss Lizzie Mitchell emigrated to Detroit yesterday; Dollie Sherman goes to Toledo, and Millie Leotta to Buffalo tomorrow. Fannie and Harry Wood, during their short stay, have won hosts of friends and admirers. So wrote our correspondent, Dec. 22d.

VARIETIES AT KANSAS CITY, MO.—Business continues brisk at the Walnut. The new faces are, for this week, Billy Diamond and Miss Lillie Melville; both are very good. Billy Diamond appeared in "Uncle John's Dream." Mlle. Pauline's character dancing and Lillie Melville's singing are all well executed. So wrote our correspondent Dec. 20th.

AT THE VARIETIES, Scranton, Pa., one of the best programmes of the season has been given by Manager Chapin and the attendance has been very good. Nicolo Norton appeared on Dec. 18th and performed some difficult feats in juggling. He is one of the best in the business. Miss Lillie Antonio, *danseuse*; Sallie Ellsworth, vocalist, and little Maggie, jig and clog dancer, also put in a first appearance on Monday evening, and have been well received. Manager Lon announces a "Shadow Pantomime" for holiday week; also the first appearance of Mme. Zoe Zeonetta, who flies through the air on the *trapeze*; Charley Barrett, comedian, and Prof. Lee, gymnast, the old favorites being retained. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 22d.

Negro Minstrelsy.

AT SIMMONS AND SLOCUM'S Opera House, Philadelphia, the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty" was produced on Monday evening, Dec. 18th. The first scene was entitled the "Retreat of Romance," in which Justin Robinson appeared as Romance, Little Nellie Centre as Burlesque, Slocum, Lehr and Crosher as Europe, Asia and Africa, while New Jersey, another foreign country, was ably represented by "that eminent tragedian," Lewis Simmons. This scene, being local in all its allusions, was received with great applause. The second scene represents the "Farm of Plenty," and is brim full of fun. Alexander Zanfretta appears as Humpty Dumpty, T. M. Vance as One, Two, Buckle my Shoe; Billy Sweatnam as Old Mother Goose, Justin Robinson as Goody Two Shoes, and W. Welch as Tommy Tucker. The next scene is the 'Subterranean Grotto," in which "the celebrated Asiatic *ballet* troupe" appears, and which the programme describes as "six beautiful *premiere danseuses assoluta*," the "six beautiful" being Lew Simmons, E. N. Slocum, Harry Lehr, Charles Stevens, Billy Sweatnam and another, all being dressed in full *ballet* costume and wearing blonde wigs. Billy Sweatman is the *primiere* of the troupe, and his graceful evolutions, as well as all the others, are grand in the extreme. The sublime beauty of Lew Simmons' grand *pas* is rich beyond expression, and Slocum's *fairy* jig is simply delicious. At the conclusion of the *ballet* the "six beautiful" depart and the transformation of characters takes place, viz.:—Humpty Dumpty, to Clown; Buckle My Shoe, to Pantaloon; Tommy Tucker, to Harlequin; Goody Two Shoes, to Columbine. Then follow the tricks, most of them having never been seen here, and all of them executed very neat and clean. The tricks occupy forty minutes, when the scene transforms into the gorgeous coral abode of the Naiads, which is thought to be the handsomest ever placed upon the minstrel stage in that city, while the whole pantomime would do credit to a much larger establishment. Pretty little Nellie Centre, a child of twelve years, sustains the part of burlesque with credit, and all the troupe receive round after round of applause. An excellent first part precedes the pantomime. Since the opening night crowded houses have witnessed its production.

JOS. E. CAVEN is requested to address Chas. H. Davenport as per advertisement.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS opened at Weisiger Hall, Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 19th, but the weather being intensely cold, the hall was not more than half filled. With the exception of Cal Wagner, the troupe does not amount to much. Following the first part came Ben Brown in a challenge jig, which was fair. "An Unwarrantable Intrusion," by Cal Wagner and McAllister, kept the house in roars of laughter. Hallett and Goss appeared in a song and dance, but Goss did not sing at all, on account of a severe cold, and Hallett's attempt was very poor. "Scenes at the St. Nicholas Hotel," concluding with the usual stuffed club, by Fox and Hallett, created considerable mirth. The Southern Plantation Melodies, by Cal Wagner, were the features of the performance. The conclusion, "Aunty Johnson's Barbecue," was given by the full company. They gave two more performances here, and left for Lexington, Ky. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 21st.

THE BRIDGEPORT, CONN. MINSTREL ASSOCIATION, Harry Hapgood, manager, are to occupy the Opera House on Dec. 30th.

FRAZER'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment at Harrisburg, on the 18th, to a crowded house. The performance gave universal satisfaction. Matt Wheeler and Harry Talbot occupied the ends, while Harrisburg's favorite, Theo Jackson, was interlocutor. Frazier's pantomime, "The Village Blacksmith," concluded the entertainment.

A PARTY, calling themselves the Georgia State Minstrels, gave a performance on the 20th inst., at Norristown, Pa., to a slim audience, and their agent, it is alleged, "skedaddled" with the funds, leaving the performers, consisting of eleven colored and three white men, to shift for themselves.

MORAN AND DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, are only doing moderately well. During the past week J. C. Lacey sang a new ballad, "Sweetly Sleep, my Little Birdie," with much taste and expression. The song and dance of Hogan and Cummings, an excellent banjo solo by Harry Stanwood, J. C. Lacey and J. G. Russell in their duet, "Larboard Watch, Ahoy," and the sketches of "Nitro Glycerine Oil" and "Van Amburgh's Menagerie," were the most prominent of the remaining attractions, the entertainment concluding with the sketch of "Uncle Eph's Dream," in which G. W. H. Griffin gave an original and effective impersonation of Uncle Eph. A new piece, entitled "Santa Claus," written by G. W. H. Griffin, will be produced for the first time on Dec. 25th.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn, L. I., was opened under its old proprietor, Mr. R. M. Hooley, on Dec. 18th. The house was crowded to repletion, and all the old favorites were received with great applause. Mr. Hooley was sick, but a letter was read by Manager Cool White in response to the call for Mr. Hooley. The bill of minstrel fare was one of the best ever presented, and the house was largely patronized during the week. This week the bill includes Eugene in his feminine burlesque ballads, Unsworth with his famous stump speech, Stiles and Phelps in their excellent dances, Pitcher and Shepard in their specialties, and Dorrego, the guitarist, together with the capital burlesque of "Trovatore," in which Eugene Unsworth and D. S. Vernon appear so prominently.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS commence a week's stay at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, O., on the 25th.

FRASER'S Minstrel and Pantomime Troupe was to occupy the Scranton, Pa., Opera House the entire holiday week, giving a *matinee* on Christmas afternoon as an opening.

RENTZ' MINSTRELS, under the management of M. B. Leavitt, are announced to close their traveling season at Fitchburg, Mass., Dec. 25th. The company will not start out again until spring.

BILLY MANNING'S MINSTRELS performed at Delhi, N. Y., Dec. 19th.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS MINSTRELS are to perform at Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 26th, 27th and 28th.

HART, RYMAN AND BARNEY'S MINSTRELS performed at Albany, N. Y., Dec. 18th and 19th; Providence, R. I., 21st and 22d.

LOUIS GUMPERTZ and Ernest Linden joined Dupres and Benedict's Minstrels at Syracuse, recently, at which place Joe Fox, cloggist and song and dance, rejoined the troupe, and will appear with his old partner, Ward, and they have both signed contracts for two years. The troupe is to perform at Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 1st. The quartet is now Gulick, Dumont, Beers and Richards.

Circuses.

JAMES DE MOTT has secured, by written contracts, for next season, the services of the Van Pelt family of dwarfs and George Payne, the armless wonder.

THE LE CLAIR BROTHERS, gymnasts, can be engaged for the tenting season of 1872. They do *trapeze* and juggling acts, and can be addressed care of this office.

JOHN O'BRIEN, whose address is in another column, wants leading male and female performers, canvasmen, grooms, &c., for the next tenting season. He has also a lot of second hand circus property for sale.

A NEW CIRCUS, museum, menagerie and caravan is at present being organized by the Sells Brothers at Columbus, O., to start on the road on April 18th, 1872. Performers are advertised for.

THE VICTORELLI BROTHERS, gymnasts and acrobatic artists, use and spin four hats at once in their great hat-spinning act, and their bar act on the stage is different from all other acts in that line.

MADAME CODONA, the tight rope artist, and Harry Codona, pantaloon, are engaged to open at Fox's Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, on New Year's night.

THE COSMOPOLITAN CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, traveling by the steamer Emperor, exhibited at Jacksonport, Ark., Dec. 16th and 18th and Grand Glaze, 19th.

A MAN FISH is wanted to travel with the concert of Older's circus and menagerie. Address as per advertisement.

MAD. ZITTELLA, female acrobat, in conjunction with the Verilia Brothers, gymnasts and acrobats, recently from Europe, advertise that they can be engaged for the tenting season.

THE CITY AND COUNTY LICENSE for circus and menagerie performances at Vicksburg, Miss., has been reduced one hundred dollars per day.

BACKENSTOSE'S Cosmopolitan Circus, Museum and Menagerie is billed to perform at Vicksburg, Miss., Jan. 1st and 2d.

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS commenced a brief season at New Orleans, La., Dec. 18th. A correspondent says:—"Over a thousand persons were turned away the first night unable to gain admission."

LEVI J. NORTH, with his trick horse, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS opened in Charleston, S. C., on Christmas night, for one week. The Paris Pavilion was erected on the Citadel Green. Billy Morgan, the popular bareback hurdle rider, is with the show, and Billy Burke, the clown, has left.

ROBERT AND SAM STICKNEY are about organizing a circus, at least so the rumor goes.

ANDY HAIGHT & CO.'S Empire City Circus and Menagerie, is billed for Albany, Southern Georgia, Jan. 1st, 1872.

Miscellaneous.

THE MIRROR OF IRELAND, under the management of McGill and Strong, closed on Dec. 19th, at the Opera House, Auburn, N. Y., a very profitable and successful engagement. The paintings are very much superior to those we have seen in similar entertainments, and many of them are really artistic in design. A neat little farce is played throughout the performance, which adds much to the enjoyment. Sadie McGill, as Molly, showed much versatility, and her singing and dancing being of a high order, she became, after her first appearance, a great favorite. Mr. Brian Lynn as Tim the guide did exceedingly well, and for a young man who is little known to the profession showed that he is an actor who has a bright future. Mr. J. C. Dunne acted the English swell capitally, whilst the melodies of Moore were rendered in a sweet voice by Mrs. O'Connell, whose husband acts as pianist for the party. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 20th.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is billed to appear, at Maynard, Mass., Dec. 28th; South Acton, 29th; Fitchburg, Jan. 1st; Groton Junction, 2d; Westminster, 3d; Leominster, 4th, and Gardner, 5th.

G. P. CUTE, comic lecturer, can be addressed through H. E. Lockwood, as per advertisement. "The Funny People We Meet" is one of his humorous lectures.

A. L. COOKE advertises scenery to let or for sale.

THE MUSIC HALL, Dayton, O., is furnished with a complete set of scenery and the stage appointments of a first class theatre. It is on the ground floor, has two entrances and will seat fourteen hundred persons. For further particulars in reference to renting, &c., address L. P. Thompson, the agent, who advertises.

STACY AND WILLEY are the proprietors of the Green Room, in Concord street, Manchester, N. H., and showmen stopping there will find a warm welcome and cordial reception. Sam Burbank, "Knight of the Brush," has his bill posting office at the same place.

A PANORAMA of the burning of Chicago has just been painted by the American Art Association of this city, whose advertisement is in another column. They are prepared to furnish theatrical scenery, show work, banners, signs, etc.

COL. ROUTH GOSHEN, the dramatic giant, is sojourning in Philadelphia at present.

GEORGE H. TYLER, late agent for the Howard Athenæum, Boston, in New York, advertises that he can be engaged as business manager, treasurer or agent.

A MANAGER advertises for a person with a capital of $1,000 to take an interest in a newly organized business.

A. F. LEACH advertises for a situation as agent for a traveling company. For the past three years he has been with Leavitt's bell ringers.

PROFESSOR MARK BAILEY, of Yale University, gave a reading in Washington, D. C., Dec. 19th.

B. F. TAYLOR lectured in Washington, D. C., on Dec. 18th under the auspices of the G. A. R.

MISS LILIAN EDGARTON lectured at Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 21st.

NICKLE THE MAGICIAN, and his manager, C. P. Sherman, got into difficulty among themselves at Omaha, Neb., during the week ending Dec. 16th. Nickle accused Sherman of larceny, for which he was arraigned, tried and acquitted, then Mrs. Nickle cowhided Sherman for circulating slanders against her character, and Sherman had Nickle and his wife arrested for assault and battery, and they were fined, which they paid, all of which we glean from the *Omaha Tribune and Republican* of Dec. 15th.

SO SMALL AN AUDIENCE was present at Charley Shay's exhibition at Utica, N. Y., on Dec. 18th, that the money was refunded, and the company did not perform. So states our correspondent writing on Dec. 22d.

CENTRE HALL, Hamburg, Pa., is advertised to rent. It will seat about six hundred persons and is furnished with a stage.

KRENTZBERG advertises for sale a collection of European views.

WHEELER OPERA HOUSE, Toledo, O., was opened on Dec. 15th and 16th by the Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe. The house will seat fourteen hundred persons and is said to be furnished with all modern improvements by the proprietor, who advertises it for rent.

W. F. SOMERLD, whose address is in another column, has for sale wax statuary and moving automatons.

MADAME HALLEAN, the American bearded lady, and Miss Sarah Belton, the accomplished little lady, closed at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., on the 23d. Both are to go to St. Louis, Mo., and appear there Jan. 1st.

A STEREOPTICON is offered for sale by Chas. B. Thompson, whose address is in another column.

SHRODER'S OPERA HOUSE, Bloomington, Ill., which has recently been refitted, is advertised to rent.

UNION HALL, East Attleboro, Mass., is recommended by W. M. Lannier, whose card is in another column.

JUDD AND CO. insert in another column a list of magical toys and magicians' tricks which they have for sale.

SMITH advertises for sale an oblong tent, 36x66, and he makes to order flags, tents and awnings.

CASEY OPERA HOUSE, Auburn, N. Y., has a seating capacity of about twelve hundred, and it has recently been re-fitted, decorated and upholstered. Parties wishing to rent it will find the agent's address in another column.

LUBIN, in his magical and gift entertainment, opened at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on the 18th instant.

SIGNOR BLITZ and son are giving their feats of magic and ventriloquism at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, having opened there on the 18th instant for the holidays.

KATE STANTON is announced to lecture at Norristown, Pa., Dec. 27th. Subject, "Whom to Marry."

THE PEAK FAMILY were announced for two entertainments at Norristown, Pa., Dec. 25th.

MRS. STODDART, assisted by Master DeWitt Hough, gave two exhibitions at Harrisburg, Dec. 18th and 19th. Their feats are said to be equal to those performed by the Davenport Brothers.

KRODEL & CO.'S PANORAMA, Burning of Chicago, was announced for two exhibitions at Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 22d and 23d.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS are billed ahead as follows: St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 1st; Burlington, 2d, 3d and 4th; Rutland, 5th and 6th; Whitehall, N. Y., 8th; Saratoga, 9th; Troy, 10th and 11th; Albany, 12th and 13th; Cohoes, 15th; Schenectady, 16th; Syracuse, 17th and 18th; Utica, 19th and 20th; and are to open in New York city the 27th for two weeks.

CHARLEY SHAY'S Monster Quincuplexal Exposition performed in Troy, N. Y., Dec. 20th and 21st; Albany, 22d and 23d, and is billed for Poughkeepsie, Christmas, and Trenton, N. J., New Year's day.

MACEVOY'S Hibernicon has been holding forth the past week at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md., to fair houses.

PARSHALL OPERA HOUSE, Titusville, Pa., with a stage, scenery, &c., and a seating capacity of fifteen hundred, is advertised to rent. The following is copied from the *Daily Courier* of Dec. 21st:—

THE PARSHALL OPERA HOUSE.—The term of lease to McCrum, Smith & Mathews, of the Opera House, expired on the 18th inst. We understand that the management of the Opera House during the past year has been very satisfactory to the proprietor, Mr. Parshall, and we are confident that we speak the general sentiment of the public in saying that the lessees are entitled to much credit for the successful manner in which they have conducted the business of the Opera House during their term. Of course for the first year much in the way of experiment had to be undertaken. Some time was required for the house to become well known to the theatrical profession. In pioneering dramatic entertainments in Titusville, McCrum, Mathews and Smith have been governed by liberal ideas, and they are entitled to the gratitude of our people for the enterprise they have shown in furnishing so much of first class amusement. And in bidding good by to these gentlemen, in their relations as a firm, we desire to add the testimony of the *Courier* as a tribute due them for the very honorable and courteous manner in which they have uniformly transacted business at this office. For the coming year Mr. Parshall has engaged Mr. McCrum as general manager of the opera house. We congratulate Mr. Parshall upon his selection, assured, as we are, that Mr. McCrum possesses rare qualifications for the position. As we announced a few mornings since, Mr. McCrum has already made engagements for the winter with several first class artists, among whom are Joe Jefferson, John Owens, Louisa Kellogg and Maggie Mitchell.

Amateur.

THE SCRANTON, PA., DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION will occupy Kiein's Opera House, in that city, on the evenings of Jan. 1st and 2d, opening with the "Drunkard," to be followed by "Barney the Baron."

THE CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE CLUB have arranged to give the "Day After the Wedding," and "If I had a Thousand a Year," on the 26th, and on January 2d, they are to give the "Maid of Croissey" and the "Two Puddifoots."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS in London, Eng., and elsewhere, our advices are up to Dec. 10th. We have but little novelty to report, changes in the programmes at the various theatres being few, owing to the near approach of the holidays. At Drury Lane, James Guiver, the treasurer, was advertised to take a benefit on Dec. 14th, but no change in the bill was announced......At the Haymarket, W. S. Gilbert's new and original comedy, "Pygmalion and Galatea," was produced on Dec. 9th......Mr. Cooper, a veteran actor, was to have taken a farewell of the stage at the Haymarket Theatre, Dec. 23d......The Princess was to have re-opened on Dec. 14th, under the management of Benjamin Webster, when an original drama, by Watts Phillips, entitled "On a Jury," was to have been performed, with "Down in a Balloon" and "A Domestic Hercules." The company comprises Messrs. Phelps, B. Webster, J. G. Shore, H. Forrester, H. Ashley, Travers, etc., the Misses Furtado, E. Stuart, Julia Daly, Hudspeth, Lovell, Hubert, Phillips and M. Edmonds......The Adelphi was to have closed on Dec. 18th to prepare for the Christmas novelties........At the Gaiety, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault were acting, the former in "Night and Morning," and the latter in "Elfie."......The pantomime to be produced at Covent Garden on Dec. 26th is from the pen of Henry J. Byron, and entitled "Blue Beard."......Sadler's Wells was closed Dec. 9th, to prepare for the Christmas pantomime. It was to have been re-opened Dec. 15th, for that night only, when Miss Bouverie was to have acted the character of Hamlet......At the Standard, T. Swinbourne and Henry Marston continued their performances in the legitimate drama. The pantomime to be produced here on Dec. 26th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, is entitled the "Butterfly Queen; or, Harlequin, Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp."........The Alfred was to have closed until Dec. 22d to prepare for the pantomime, save Dec. 16th and 18th, when Charles Harcourt, the manager, was to have taken a benefit......The Pavilion was to have closed Dec. 16th, to prepare for the pantomime. No change had occurred at Drury Lane, Lyceum, Olympic, Strand, Globe, Vaudeville, Court, Queens and Prince of Wales theatres.......At the Adelphi Theatre, on the evening of Dec. 8th, the drama of "The Hidden Treasure" had scarcely begun when a loud report was heard, which was instantly followed by the house becoming filled with clouds of dust and smoke. The stage was splintered, and altogether the scene was alarming. The audience at once made for the doors, and many rushed from the theatre into the street; but the manager appealed to the affrighted people to retain their places, as no real danger existed. This assurance, to an extent, was successful; but it was a considerable time before the audience could compose itself to witness a continuation of the performance. The cause of the disaster was an explosion of some of the gases [Probably used for the calcium lights.—ED.] used to heighten the scenic effect in the drama, which on this particular occasion was really and truly a sensational one......The pantomime at the Crystal Palace was to have been produced Dec. 21st and to be called "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS is passing a few months upon the continent.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.—The London, Eng., *Era*, of Dec. 2d, says:—"A gentleman suddenly sank down, on Wednesday night, when sitting in the Paris Opera Comique, enjoying the performance. When taken up he was found to be dead. From papers in his pocket it was found that he was a Mr. Lowry, of New York, stopping at the Grand Hotel. His body is being embalmed to be taken to the United States."

MISS LOUIS MOODIE was playing at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., in "Notre Dame," the last representations of which were announced to commence on Dec. 11th.

MISS MARRIOTT acted the title role in "Hamlet," at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 9th. Her engagement was to have closed on the 15th, and on the 23d, the comic pantomime, entitled "Dick Whittington," was to have been produced.

JOHN JOHNSON, comedian, of Leicester, Eng., died at Addenbrooke's hospital, Cambridge, Oct. 10th, aged 47 years. He had some time previous undergone an amputation of a leg, and was to have left the hospital on the very morning of his death. He had been a member of Douglas' and other dramatic companies. He left a widow and five children to mourn his loss.

J. L. TOOLE commenced a six nights' engagement at Manchester, Eng., Dec. 11th.

BARRY SULLIVAN was to have commenced a six nights' engagement at Leeds, Eng., Dec. 11th.

Musical.

THE SEASON at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, London, Eng., closed Dec. 9th. "Don Pasquale" was performed Dec. 4th; "Il Flauto" on the 5th; "Lucrezia Borgia" on the 6th; "Don Pasquale" was repeated on the 7th and "Der Freischutz" on the 9th. The season resulted in a heavy pecuniary loss......At the second oratorio concert at Exeter Hall on Dec. 6th, "Elijah" was performed. Sims Reeves was to have sung the tenor airs and Herr Stockhausen Elijah. Sims Reeves was unable to sing and Herr Stockhausen's performances were much marred by a severe cold.

HARVEY LEALSE'S opera bouffe company was performing at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., at our latest advices.

HENRY HAIGH's English opera company were at Cheltenham, Eng. [illegible]

OFFENBACH has a four comic operas in rehearsal at Paris, France: "Fantasio," from a poem of Alfred de Musset, at the Opera Comique; "Le Corsair Noir" (The Black Pirate), at the Varieties; "Boule de Neige" (Snowball), at the Bouffes; and "Le Roi Carotte" (King Carrot), at the Gaite. The last named is a grand magical spectacle, of which the libretto is from the pen of Victorien Sardou, the well known author of "Fernande."

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists and Swiss bell ringers, under the management of J. M. Boulard, closed a brief season at Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 9th.

Variety Halls.

BUT LITTLE VARIETY is announced at the London, Eng., music halls, and few changes would probably be made until Christmas. The performers remain about the same as detailed in our last report.

JOHN WIGLEY, the father of J. B. Wigley, of Wigley and Bradbury, duologists, died at Nottingham, Eng., Dec. 1st, aged 65 years.

JOHN FITZ, proprietor of Jude's Concert Hall, died in Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 27th, aged 46 years.

HARRY LISTON performed at Bath, Eng., Dec. 4th and 5th.

VANCE and company performed at Peterborough, Eng., Dec. 9th.

ARTHUR LLOYD and company were announced to perform at Huddersfield, Eng., Dec. 11th and 12th; Oldham, 13th; Bury, 14th; Blackburn, 15th, and Bolton, 16th and 18th.

AT LIVERPOOL, ENG., the changes at the various halls may be found in the following summary:—At the New Star Music Hall, the management have added Mrs. F. R. Phillips, serio-comic; also, F. Mordaunt, ventriloquist, and Messrs. Deroy and Durish, negro comics........At the Theatre Royal Palace of Varieties the management have added to their programme the Offenbach operetta, "Breaking the Spell," with Mlle. Albertazzi and Mr. Brennir as the principal artists.......At the Alhambra Music Hall the new engagements have been Mr. Albert De Vey, comic; Miss Marion Johnson, serio-comic; Albert Brady, comic, and the brothers De Vey, gymnasts.......At the Casino and Cambridge Music Halls the additional features are F. Brooks, comic; Dan Monerhan, Irish comic; [illegible], ballad vocalist; Messrs. Tranter, Holley and Nutt, [illegible]; Trant, negro comic, and Pat Folley, Irish comic.......At the Rotunda Music Hall the company has been strengthened by the engagement of Madame Douti, operatic vocalist; W. West, negro comic; Miss Herberte, serio-comic; Mrs. W. West, serio-comic, and la petite Dente, character vocalist and danseuse.

Negro Minstrelsy.

DAVE CARSON and troupe commenced a brief season at Poona, India, Oct. 19th.

THE ROYAL CHRISTY MINSTRELS commenced a season at Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 2d.

CHARLES CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS performed at Manchester, Eng., Dec. 4th.

SAM HAGUE, proprietor of the slave troupe performing at Liverpool, Eng., had a benefit Dec. 7th, when, in addition to the troupe, the Two Headed Nightingale combination appeared. The new additions to the company were the brothers Clasr, accordeon duettists, and Burns, Whiteley, Clasr and Richardson, boot dancers.

Circuses.

ASTLEY'S GRAND AMPHITHEATRE, London, Eng., was announced to have closed Dec. 16th, to prepare for the Christmas pantomime......At Hengler's Grand Cirque the chief performers were John Milton Hengler, tight rope; Miss Jenny Louise Hengler, rider; James Lloyd, rider; Myers, vaulter, and M'lle Caroline, rider. A Christmas spectacle was to have been produced Dec. 23d.

AT PINDER'S CIRCUS, at Barrow-in-Furness, the Gulleans and "Little Jim," gymnasts, commenced an engagement Dec. 4th...... The company from the Royal amphitheatre Holborn, London, Eng., opened a season at Bath, Eng., on Dec. 4th......Wombwell's Menagerie was located for a brief season at Belfast, Ireland......Manley's Circus was at Birkenhead......Moriece and Eugene had been added to the company of Hutchinson and Tayleure's Circus at Cardiff, Wales......The Hogini family, acrobats, had joined Ginnett's Circus, Eng......The Brothers and Mons. Nemo, were the stellar attractions at Allen's Circus, Darlington, Eng......A troupe of Arabs from Alley's were the attractions at Newcastle's Circus, Edinburgh, Scotland......Blondin, the tight rope performer, continued the attraction at Macollin's Circus, Exeter, Eng......Frederick Jinnett's Circus was at Leamington, Eng......Woods' Royal Circus had commenced a season at Manchester, Eng......Wombwell's No. 1 Menagerie was located at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng.......At Adams' Grand Circus, Norwich, Eng. Mlle Lucelle and Emilie were the chief features......Croueste and Nelle's Circus was located at Stockport, Eng......At the National Circus, Swansea, Eng., Mons. Levial on the invisible wire; the brothers Holtzmidt on the high trapeze; master James and Miss Powell, riders; D'Alvini on the horizontal bar; and Rose Bell, rider were the chief features.

AT CHIARINI'S ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, Rio Janeiro, S. A., on Nov. 21st, a benefit was given in aid of the Chicago sufferers. Admiral Lanman, Mr. Stevens, U. S. Minister, and a number of American naval officers were present. Our correspondent informs us writing on Nov. 23d:—"That the American consul told him that over $7,000 had been raised by subscriptions for the same purpose, which would be forwarded by the mail that takes my letter. G. F. Orrin and family joined this circus Sept. 28th. Chiarini has had a very fine season of three months, performing every night and twice on Sundays and Feast days. The troupe leaves for Bahia on Nov. 24th."

Miscellaneous.

MACCABE has met with success at his entertainment at the Charing Cross Theatre, London, Eng. Some few nights during the week ending Dec. 9th he was unable to appear, through indisposition.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS read at Cheltenham, Eng., Dec. 6th and 7th.

AMUSEMENTS.

514. THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 BROADWAY.
JOSH HART..........MANAGER
Now open for the fall and winter season, with one of the largest and most complete novelty companies ever organized.
MATINEE
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 37-tf

TONY PASTOR'S
OPERA HOUSE.
HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.
THREE GRAND GALA MATINEES.
THREE GRAND GALA MATINEES.
NEW YEAR'S DAY MATINEE AT 2.
MATINEE TUESDAY. MATINEE SATURDAY.
Engagement with the celebrated
HERNANDEZ PANTOMIME TROUPE.
A. M. HERNANDEZ, ARTHUR HERNANDEZ,
IDA HERNANDEZ, YOUNG AMERICA,
In the jolly
HOLIDAY PANTOMIME,
entitled
THE CLOWN'S MISFORTUNES.
A. M. Hernandez plays Solos on 20 Instruments.
TONY PASTOR'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS.
THE GREAT CAMPBELL, VENTRILOQUIST.
THE STAR VARIETY TROUPE OF AMERICA. 39-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
Manager..........MR. WM. B. FRELIGH
Engagement for 6 nights only with the great equestrienne,
MISS KATE FISHER,
With her trained horse WONDER.
6 IMMENSE DRAMAS.
Grand Matinee New Year's Day, at 2 o'clock. Doors open at 1.
Drama of LIFE FOR LIFE. Drama of DICK TURPIN.
MISS KATE FISHER..........as..........DICK TURPIN.
BONNY BLACK BESS..........The Trained Steed WONDER.
JOAN OF ARC. CHRISTMAS SPREE.
EVENING AT 7¾. DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.
The Grand Spectacle of
MAZEPPA; OR, THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY.
MISS KATE FISHER as Mazeppa, introducing her trained steed WONDER. Concluding with the drama of GALE BREEZELY.
In active preparation, a new drama by J. W. Smith, Esq., entitled PEDESTIN, in which the great comedian and character actor, MR. CHARLES PETRIE, will make his first appearance in New York. 39-1t

P. T. BARNUM
TO THE PUBLIC.—EXTRA HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.
In consequence of the continued and increasing patronage to my Mammoth Exhibition at the Empire Rink, I have made further arrangements to continue the entertainments until Saturday, Jan. 6th, when I shall positively close.
I have just imported a troupe of wild SABEAN MAMELUKES from the deserts of Arabia, the most powerful athletes of the "sun worshipers" of Egypt. They will make their first appearance in America at the Rink on Monday, Dec. 25th, and continue through the holidays. Their feats of strength and other muscular performances are certainly the most marvelously stupendous ever witnessed since the days of Samson or the Persian giants of ancient Palestine. Also GORGEOUS SPECTACLE and ORIENTAL PAGEANTS, expressly for families and the little folks.
Doors continue open from 11 in the morning until 10 at night. Hippodrome performances commence at 2 and 8.
A New Patent Oxygen Light has been substituted for gas, so there will be no disappointment to holiday patrons of the Rink.
Admission to the whole vast aggregation only 50c.; children half price; reserved seats 25c. extra; children to reserved seats, 10c. extra.
[39-1t] P. T. BARNUM.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
EVERY DAY AT 2 P. M.
J. M. Findall's new sensation drama,
THE WINNING HAND.
THE WINNING HAND.
New scenery, costumes, &c.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.
S. E. Hilton's entirely new drama, entitled
BENEDICT ARNOLD,
BENEDICT ARNOLD,
with everything new.
MISS SUSAN DENIN, MR. J. B. STUDLEY,
and the entire dramatic company will appear. 39-1t

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE
DIVORCE!
THE GREAT DRAMA OF THE TIMES.
SEVENTEENTH WEEK.
NEW YEAR'S DAY. A SPECIAL DIVORCE MATINEE at 1½ o'clock. Seats secured for any date in advance. 39-1t

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
FLORENCE! WACHTEL!
WACHTEL! FLORENCE!
DRAMA! OPERA!
RETURN OF THE CHERRY FLORENCES.
TICKET OF LEAVE MAN,
produced with new scenery and accessories.
BOB BRIERLY
(his great original part),
MR. W. J. FLORENCE.
EMILY ST. EVREMOND
(her great original part),
MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.
WACHTEL,
EUROPE'S GREATEST TENOR,
in his favorite opera,
THE POSTILION OF LONJUMEAU.
Seats may be secured at the box office from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.; at Schirmer's, 701 Broadway, and at the Erie ticket office, junction of Broadway, Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue. 39-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
TWENTY-THIRD STREET.
MERRY CHRISTMAS.
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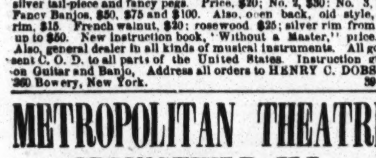

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"On Thursday evening Richard III. was performed to an overflowing house. The alternate insinuation and violence, the hypocrisy and cruelty of the 'Crooked-backed Tyrant,' were well depicted by Mr. Townsend, who was called before the curtain at the close."—Leicester Mercury, Oct. 8th, 1859.

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"He was vastly applauded in the Lady Anne scene, and in the tent scene, and most particularly so in the final combat with Richmond. At the conclusion he was loudly called for, and bowed his thanks."—Kingston British Whig, May 27th.

"Mr. John Townsend sustained the character of Gloucester with great effect, and elicited frequent applause."—British American, May 27th.

"Mr. John Townsend's Richard III. and Shylock are worthy of representation in any theatre."—Ottawa Citizen, July 12th, 1865.

"Mr. Townsend's rendition of Richard was very much admired, and loudly applauded by a very large audience."—Watertown Democrat, Jan. 8th, 1866.

"Mr. Townsend, the great English tragedian, made his first appearance last evening as Richard III. To say he is an actor of very great dramatic ability, is but simply telling the opinion of all who were present. We have no hesitation in pronouncing him the best Richard we have ever had here."—Ogdensburgh Daily Journal, Jan. 4th, 1866.

"Mr. Townsend is a tragedian of very remarkable power, and from his admirable performance of Richard all must accord to him a very distinguished place amongst the great names which will go down in history linked with that of their matchless master, Shakespeare. Mr. Townsend's wooing scene with Lady Anne was exquisitely played. The fencing scene with Richmond (Mr. Harry Townsend) was most excellent, and showed remarkable skill in the swordsmen."—Richmond Guardian, May 5th, 1866.

"The manner in which Mr. Townsend rendered the part of Richard met with general approbation, and merited in every respect the warm reception which he received. At the close Mr. Townsend was called before the curtain."—Belleville Intelligencer, Feb. 21st, 1868.

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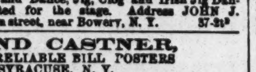

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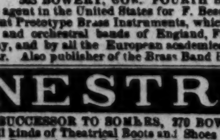

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